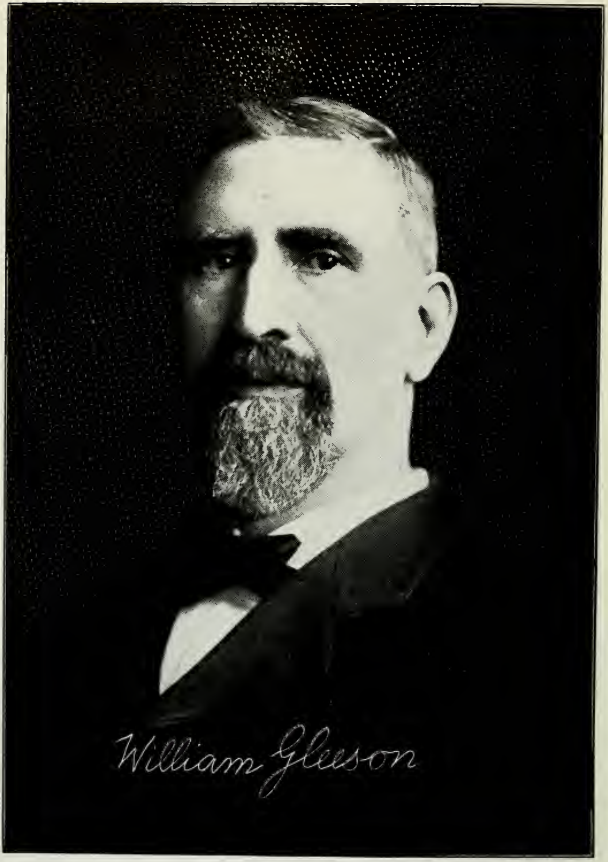
Vice and Virtue

A

Story of Our Times

By

WILLIAM GLEESON


William Gleeson

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A STORY
OF OUR TIMES

By
WILLIAM GLEESON

518 So. Morgan St.
August 1, 1913.

The author's edition of

"VICE AND VIRTUE, A STORY OF OUR TIMES"

is limited to 1000 copies, and has been published by the author at the request of a number of his friends, both lay and clerical, some of whom have read abstracts from the original manuscript. Like all authors, he hopes it will go through many editions, and have a place on the library shelves of many of our leading citizens whose knowledge of social conditions may be improved by its perusal.

It is an old saying, and a true one, "That one-half the world don't know how the other half lives." We hope to enlighten them on some of the conditions and abuses of modern society.

William Gleeson

January 1st, 1915.

P. S.—As stated above the Author's Edition was limited to 1,000 copies which is now in circulation and has been read and favorably commented upon by hundreds of the best thinkers in the country—men in the highest stations in life, both lay and clerical. It has served its purpose and admittedly done more to arouse public protest against the evils it was the author's aim to expose and hold up for condemnation than have the thousands of sermons and million of pamphlets on the same subject.

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AUTHOR OF

"A National Highway"

"Sunshine and Shadow"

"The Modern White Slave"

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PREFACE

To Our Readers—

The author of "A Story of Our Times" lays no claim to any special literary ability, but to merely "a round, unvarnished tale deliver"—descriptive of scenes, characters, and conditions, such as may be found in any of the large cities of the United States.

Those chapters that portray what is vile in our present society can find a duplicate in any of our morning or evening papers, whose records of murders, robberies, rape, drunken brawls, dishonest public officials, tough saloons and the doings of vicious men and women, are of daily mention without any special significance, only as mere items of news.

Michael Scully, the hero of our story, even in the worst period of his career, had noble traits in his character that would ever come to the surface; brave and generous, he was susceptible of higher ideals than were those among whom, through environment, his lot was cast, so that when circumstances, which led him into communication with Father Nolan, arose, they awoke the early teachings of his Christian mother, which had long lain dormant, and kindled afresh the spark of righteousness within him so that he resolved to enter into a new life.

Owen Hooligan, a selfish, sordid, hero-worshiping groggery keeper—how many of his kind are still to be found this side of Hades we leave our readers to judge. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and every big city in the country has an abundance of his type.

Alderman Great might just as well have been named Alderman Graft. And if there are not men of his type, whose chief aim in seeking public office is to sell the people's substance to corporations who are prepared to purchase them, then the criminal records of nearly every city in the country, from New York to San Francisco, are guilty of malicious libel.

Florence Burdett and Tony Murphy were both victims of circumstances, neither of them inherently bad, though both charged with murder. The other characters in our story are types of men and women, such as one may meet in every day life. The author has not tried to exaggerate, but to keep well within the bounds of every day occurrences. How he has succeeded he leaves to those who do him the honor of reading his book to judge, hoping they may find food for thought, but of much more importance, a moral and a lesson in it that will arouse in the minds of many an antagonism to abuses in society—conditions that we are often too apt to condone.

With regards,

I am, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM GLEESON.

PROLOGUE

About the time of the close of the war of the rebellion, there resided on the South Side of Chicago, a German family by the name of Wosta. Mrs. Wosta was a very delicate woman. They had four children, two boys and two girls.

On account of the mother's feeble condition nearly the whole labor of housekeeping was thrown on their first-born, Mary, who from the time she was able, assumed the burthen willingly, cheerfully. Herman, named after his father, was some five years her junior.

When Mary Wosta was about 20 years old, Henry Burdett made the acquaintance of the family, and wooed and won the daughter, which was satisfactory to Mary's parents, who looked upon Henry Burdett as a young man of excellent character, who would make their daughter a fitting mate.

The wedding of the young couple was a very joyous event. John Long, foreman in the foundry where Henry worked, stood up for him, and in a speech delivered on the occasion, paid a high tribute to the bridegroom as a man and a friend.

Mary Maloney, a widow with whom Henry had boarded for some two years, endorsed John Long's eulogy of "her boy Henry," as she called him, and went so far as to say Mary Wosta was a lucky girl to get him.

Henry Burdett had saved some money, so that the young couple immediately went housekeeping, renting a cottage on a little street between 35th and 36th, a short way west of Halsted street.

Mary's experience in housekeeping proved valuable, so that in a brief time they had an ideal home.

Henry, a steady, home-loving husband, set about cultivating a garden in the rear of the house, so that ere the summer was over, it was a bower of roses.

It was less than a year after their wedding, when their cup of joy was filled to overflowing by the birth of a baby girl—

a little blue-eyed angel, as Mary Maloney called it, while Mrs. Sloan, a woman who had nursed Mary when she was a little child, and who now danced attendance on her when a mother, said it was the dead image of its father. This assertion brought a smile to Mary's happy face. Grandpa and Grandma Wosta shared in the general joy, while Herman, Mary's big brother, was so elated that he had to spread the news broadcast—"My sister Mary has a baby, and 'tis a beauty," was the information he gave to his chums.

The child was duly christened Florence Burdett. John Long and Mary Maloney stood up for her. They were not of the same faith as Florence's parents, but that made no difference between such warm friends.

Baby Burdett was truly a beautiful child, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—her fond parents' treasure, a delight to the neighborhood, she was like a ray of sunshine. She was welcomed everywhere. The mother's busy needle was constantly employed in making finery for her. The clothes line on wash-day was full of dainty apparel for the young miss, who, when two years old, delighted to run and meet papa when coming from his work, her mother standing on the doorstep beaming with joy to greet them as they came along, Henry Burdett carrying his offspring in his stalwart arms as happy as a king.

But this happiness was not to last: about this time there was a sad accident at the mill where Henry worked—he lost his life and was brought home a corpse.

The wife, who on that fatal morning was on the very pinnacle of hope, was in the evening in the abyss of despair.

All who knew her shared her misery. John Long and his wife (nee Mary Maloney) were grief-stricken. John Long took charge of the funeral, his wife of the home and the baby, Widow Burdett being incapable through the frightful shock, while Mrs. Sloan lent a willing hand.

When Henry's remains were laid away, the Wostas wanted their daughter to come home. But no, she would cling to the little cottage with the garden. It was made sacred to Henry's

memory—the garden would furnish flowers to decorate his grave.

But the bread-winner was gone, the funeral had eaten up nearly all the little savings, what was to be done? Mrs. Long, who herself had been left a widow, had a suggestion. "Mary," she said one evening in talking to Mrs. Burdett, "when my first husband died, I was left like you with little resources. I had to do something for a living, so started a boarding house. You're handy with your needle, what say you if you start a little dress-making establishment? You have lots of friends, and we will all help you." So it was agreed, and in a few days a sign appeared in the front window of the Burdett cottage:

PLAIN SEWING
AND
CHILDREN'S DRESSES MADE HERE.

The friends and neighbors, only too willing to lend a helping hand, furnished Mary with plenty of work, so that ere three months were over, there was no danger of the wolf prowling too close to the door.

Widow Burdett worked late and early, and her vocation and the care of her child helped her in part to forget her troubles.

Her own education had been sadly neglected; she determined that her daughter should not suffer from such a disability. So when she was old enough she sent her to school. At fourteen the girl could have graduated, but the principal appealed to Widow Burdett to let her remain a couple of years longer—he would pay special attention to her.

"She will prove a credit to you," said the friendly teacher; "she is by far the best behaved and most intelligent girl in school."

So Mary consented; she would struggle on, though the constant labor was telling on her—her eyes began to fail her. Florence had to thread her needles for her of an evening.

When sixteen years old, Florence Burdett graduated with the highest honors. Her mother and friends went to the closing exercises of the school and wept tears of joy as they listened to the plaudits of all assembled when Florence received her honors.

Herman, her uncle, now a stalwart man, had bought no less than two dozen American Beauties, and over a yard of broad white silk ribbon, the best they had in the store, to bind them with. His sister tied the bow and arranged the flowers when he handed them up to his niece on the platform. They were an arm full, and her fellow-pupils set up a cheer, while she colored with joy and embarrassment.

Mrs. Long hugged her until she disarranged the dress that her mother had spent many days and nights in making out of a fabric that the good-hearted Mrs. Long had purchased for the occasion.

The fall of the year in which Florence had graduated witnessed one of those periodical depressions which seem to occur at regular intervals in this land of plenty.

Old man Wosta, though still hale, had only half time.

The mill of which John Long was still foreman, and where Herman worked, was shut down altogether. Herman had sought work diligently elsewhere, but had failed in obtaining it. Even Widow Burdett's customers had fallen away—they were nearly all working people, and felt the general pinch. Widow Burdett felt she could weather the storm, but it made her sad to think she couldn't give a helping hand to her parents.

Florence was only too anxious to help her mother, but now as work was scarce there was little she could do. One evening while reading the paper to her mother she noticed in the advertising columns a paragraph that struck her attention.

"Mother," she said, "listen to this."

"WANTED—In the Cleveland store, a number of young ladies to help over the holiday season. Those who prove worthy by their energy and intelligence may secure permanent places. Apply Friday, December 16th, at 9 a. m., in alley entrance, rear of establishment."

"Mother," she said, after reading the above, "you ought to let me go; I'm sure I would do well."

"No, my child, I don't want you to go. They don't pay much to girls in those places, and the work is hard."

"Well, but, mother, you see I am a good scholar, and probably when they see how useful I could be, I might get a job in the office—you see it says those who are energetic and intelligent may secure permanent places. Come, now, that's a dear mother, let me go." She rose, and, placing her arms around her mother's neck, kissed her. "You know other girls go," she continued, "and why won't you let me? I am strong."

A tear came into Widow Burdett's eye as she ran counter to her daughter's wishes.

"Florence, I want to have you always with me. We will get on all right, with God's help; coming on Christmas I may have more work, and in the beginning of the year I will try to get you into some office. You know Mr. Long will speak for you."

"Yes, mother, but you can let me go for a few weeks, anyway, and then, you know, if Mr. Long gets me a place I can leave the Cleveland store, can't I? In the meantime I would earn a little money and you know that would help—it is coming on Christmas. Come, now, do let me go," again kissing her mother—who ultimately gave way to her daughter's entreaties.

Chapter I.

HOLY FAMILY CHURCH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The opening chapter of our story has for the scenes of its operations territory adjacent to the Holy Family Church, which, besides its original purpose, a place of worship, should be a monument to commemorate the memory of that untiring and devoted soldier of the Cross, the Rev. Arnold Damon, S. J., its founder.

It is claimed that at one time there was a larger congregation worshipped at its altars than there was at any other religious institution in the country; or maybe in the world.

The church, when first built, stood out on a prairie; its lofty tower could be seen for miles around. There was little in those days to obstruct the view. The era of skyscrapers had not arrived; and whatever buildings there were in close proximity were dwarfs in comparison to the splendid proportions of the then well known Jesuit Church, as the people used to call it.

This church, like a beacon light, was a great attraction to the devout of the Catholic faith, who began to locate around its sacred shrines.

The surveyor was abroad, defining the boundaries where people were going to locate their homes.

In the early '60's this was considered a choice neighborhood; not too far from the center of the city, the growth of this section was so rapid that in a few brief years the Church of the Holy Family stood in the center of a populous district.

It was natural that those desiring to reside in close prox-

imity to this sacred edifice were of the Roman Catholic faith, of which the Irish furnished nearly the whole.

A few German Catholics, it is true, made their homes amongst them; but it might be said with truth that the Holy Family Church was located in an Irish settlement, owned and controlled by the Irish people.

The bulk of the stores and business places in the neighborhood under consideration were run by Irishmen and Irishwomen; and Celtic names were to be seen on the front of their respective establishments.

Hogans, Mullens, McInernys, O'Briens, Ryans, McCarthys, Bradleys, Foxes, Murphys, Sullivans, O'Learys and others of as distinctively Irish origin. The Irish in those days were the prosperous business people. True, they would not rank with the business magnates of today, but this was at a time when the term "predatory wealth" was not a subject for political or economic discussion. There was hardly a millionaire, or a pauper, in the country.

The Irish had a monopoly of the grocery trade, with the little annex in the rear, where wet goods were dispensed and matters of state discussed in the evening by neighboring men who desired to gossip.

The liveries were entirely in their hands, and a prosperous business was done by those who had conveyances to hire for christenings, weddings, or funerals, as the case might be.

In those days the roads and the sidewalks were far from good; the street car system was not very extensive, so that those who had business which required them to cover much territory had either to "foot it" or hire a coach, cab, or buggy as they might deem advisable.

There were, of course, other industries in which people were engaged, but the livery and the grocery were the most important. In the former, Irishmen still hold their own and will do so for some time to come, as the Irish people follow the habit of turning out to funerals en masse—a foolish custom they have brought with them from their native land. That it is only proper for the relatives and close friends to show re-

A. Damen S.J.

spect to the dead is indisputable; but why the numerous attendance at some funerals is hard to explain.

A good man, a highly respected citizen may die, a few carriages, not to exceed fifteen, may follow him to his last resting place; but on the death of a popular saloonkeeper's wife, a good woman supposedly, the number of vehicles may reach one hundred and fifty.

More surprising still, we remember an incident where, on the death of a saloonkeeper's baby, a mere infant a few weeks old, upwards of one hundred carriages were counted in the long procession that followed the child's remains to the graveyard.

If carriage hire, floral display, and loss of time could have been figured up, the burial of this infant must have cost from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. I leave my readers to reflect on the large sums expended on unnecessary display at funerals of this character, by a people who have neither hall nor institute with which to be identified; nor a single monument in either park, square, or place to commemorate the memory of the patriot, poet, statesman or warrior, of which their native land has furnished so many brilliant examples to the world.

The Irish, in this year of our Lord, 1909, have been either cut out of or have forsaken the grocery business; they have, however, extended the annex.

The names of Irishmen still blazon out over hundreds of saloons in this territory. In most cases the house is leased and the fixtures owned by the brewery. The Celtic landlord, whose name appears over the door, is but a tenant at will, placed there for the purpose of inducing his fellow countrymen to trade with one of his own people. Bless the mark!

In all other lines of business, with the exception of the aforementioned, other than the Irish have taken entire control, even to the selling of beads, prayer books, crosses, and religious goods of all descriptions.

After the famine years in Ireland of 1846-7 and 8 the London *Times* had an article dwelling on the subject of the Irish exodus, in which they said: "The Irish have gone with a

vengeance." How similar the conditions are of the territory we are now considering! On many of the streets of the neighborhood on which, but a few years ago, none but Irish people resided, there is not now a single family of the race left to tell the tale.

It might be said with the poet:

"Their lords were great
In the olden day;
Their might and their power
Have mouldered away.
They wander unknown
In a foreign land,
And their homes have long passed
To a stranger hand."

But, worse than all, we feel shame in having to record it, the Sacred Heart Academy, in which thousands of their daughters received their education, where they were taught religion and morality, has passed into the hands of the Israelites.

The Irish, however, are still the dominant political power; they are natural-born politicians; it is hereditary—bred in them, the result of the ceaseless agitation in Ireland during the centuries of English misrule in the land of their origin.

The Irish politician may lack knowledge of economic questions, or what is known in Europe as statecraft, but they know how to carry primary elections and run conventions. A roster of the managing committee of one of the great leading political parties (at the present writing) here in Cook County might easily be taken for the membership in a Clan-na-Gael camp.

While the other great party, in which but a few years ago hardly an Irish name could be found, now has leaders in twenty of the thirty-five wards of Chicago, men of Irish origin and with distinctly Celtic names. This condition in time will assuredly prove a leavening if not a leveling influence. The

political business seems to harmonize with the other two industries of which we made special mention.

The astute political boss looks to the saloonkeeper to help to furnish the boys when a primary fight is under way. The boss in many cases has been himself a mixer of drinks, and while there is no law to prevent a man in any other trade from taking an active part in the political drama, the saloonkeeper holds a prominent place in the cast, is often the main cog in the political wheel, right bower to the boss, whose praises he always sings; tells his customers what a good fellow he is and that he never goes back on a friend.

The house of mourning is another fruitful field in which the unscrupulous political charlatan gets in his work. Grief in the household makes people susceptible to any little kindness or mark of respect to their dead; the grief stricken are in a receptive state of mind, so the boss makes a point of attending all the wakes in his district.

The alderman, in particular, never fails to pay a visit on at least one of the evenings while the corpse lies in state. His arrival creates a stir, the word is passed around, he looks as solemn as the undertaker, whose trade it is to look sad. He inquires for the most directly affected, and expresses his sorrow. If he visits the death chamber he heaves a sigh, gazes at the corpse for a moment or two, makes a little inquiry as to what he died of, his or her age, as the case may be. Probably he never heard of the deceased in his life until he read the death notice in the paper, or some of his constituents "put him on." If a young man, he may remember all the trouble he had keeping him out of the penitentiary. No matter; on occasions of this character his grief is made to measure. The men present, of course, all know him, and feel pleasure in saying, "How-do, Alderman."

Even the women who are assembled look admiringly at the kindly public official whose condescension in coming they are sure to appreciate, though they may have heard whispered some tough stories about him, which, if only partly true, should put him out of the pale of good society, and lead them

to gather up their skirts as he passes, for fear of contamination.

He inquires what time the funeral will take place, and who is the undertaker. At the mention of the latter's name he looks his approval, remarking, "That's well; Mr. ——— (the funeral director) understands his business." He then takes his leave, looking as downcast as if he had lost a very dear friend.

Such is the close affinity between Death, Drink, and Politics in the neighborhood where our story begins.

Chapter II.

WORKINGMAN'S HEADQUARTERS.

The middle of December, 188—, was cold and bleak. There was an indication of a severe winter.

On the day on which our story opens there had been snow flurries; a piercing wind followed. Ere the night was far advanced a coating of ice began to form on the surface of the puddles that here and there formed on the worn-out pavement of the street to which the first scene of our history relates.

The vigor of the chill December blast had sent nearly every one indoors. There were few people astir on the streets, even of a business aspect. The by-streets were completely deserted. On one of the short streets in the locality aforementioned, few people were to be found on any night at this season of the year, except when a brawl or a disturbance of some kind enlivened the surroundings. The street had a forbidding appearance; its reputation was not of the best.

On both sides of the street there were frame dwellings, mostly one-story structures raised up on stilts, as if to keep them out of the mud. A few steps led up to the living rooms. Underneath the buildings were coal-sheds and debris of all kinds. Where the ground was low underneath some of them

the water used to lodge after every rain, forming a miniature duck pond in summer and a place where the children might slide in the winter, if the stilts on which the house stood were long enough to elevate the building sufficiently to give them head-room. There were a few two-story structures of more imposing dimensions, larger but not better, having the same general appearance of neglect and decay.

The street at night was badly lit. Midway there were lamps, which, under the best conditions, gave but a fitful light, many nights giving no light at all. The lamp-lighter, who had to go a half block from his main route to light them, either forgot them or "passed them up" as making little difference. Occasionally, after being lit, they were put out by the mischievous youngsters who wished to play pranks on some of the neighbors, or by evil-disposed persons, who had arranged to escape down the by-way, after their depredations. Few, even of the police, cared to follow fleeing culprits down this narrow street, and if they did, capture was nearly impossible, as alongside every shanty was a passageway which furnished ready avenues of escape to those pursued.

Few having occasion to travel on it, it was shunned by nearly all except those who resided on it, or a class of visitors who were much more likely to rob than to be robbed.

On the corner at one end there was a saloon (nothing remarkable in this neighborhood, as nearly every corner had its saloon). This one in particular was frequented by a noisy, turbulent crowd, especially at night. Many's the altercation leading to a fight was commenced in this establishment. On the front windows in large letters was the name:

OWEN HOOLIGAN, DEALER IN DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED LIQUORS. FINE CIGARS.

From the corner of the building hung a brewer's sign, telling of the particular beer that was dealt in, and right in the center of the sign an enormous big glass overflowing with foam, to illustrate the quantity doled out at every installment. There was a side door, entering from the narrow street aforemen-

tioned, at which there was a sign informing all who chanced to read—"Family Entrance," and right over the front windows, running the whole length, as if to give dignity and prominence to the announcement, in letters a foot in length, were the words: "Workingman's Headquarters."

On entering the saloon one had further proof of the race sympathies of the proprietor. From the walls were hung pictures of scenes, emblems and portraits of patriots dear to the memory of every true Irishman. Emmett was there, standing erect, just as he was supposed to have stood while confronting the brutal Lord Norbury. The great emancipator also had a conspicuous place.

There was a war scene or two, showing how the Irish Brigade was making the Sasenech take to his heels at Fontenoy, and another picturing Brian Boroue's men knocking the stuffings out of the Danes at Clontarf.

Owen Hooligan, the proprietor, was a character, and deserves special mention. He was a man of middle age and florid countenance. He was like a fellow to whom the world had proven kind. He had an assumed sociability, the glad hand for all who had the price. He was a member of all the patriotic societies, and as many benevolent associations as would let him in. He was liberal to the Church and whenever a bazaar was held he made it a point to visit it on one of the evenings, at least, and, fortified with an ample supply of dimes, he had all the old and young women workers in the parish running after him.

Hooligan, fully aware that the burial of the dead was one of the cardinal works of mercy, attended many wakes and funerals, at which he cut quite a figure. He was highly respected by the public officials of both parties, especially by the aldermen who claimed, like Hooligan, to be of the Democratic faith.

Hooligan, however, never let blind partisanship interfere with his business. Though differing in political professions from the Republican manager, he was willing to help him out when he required assistance at a Republican primary, or even to boost one of his friends on his party ticket. Owen Hooli-

gan could supply rye and bourbon from the same five-gallon jug, and why not Republicans or Democrats from the one supply of workers? Besides, Hooligan knew that the Democratic boss and the Republican boss of the ward were the best of friends, and so why not serve them both? It paid! A change in the city government might occur at any mayoralty election, and Owen wanted to be under cover.

The knowledge of Hooligan's influence gave him considerable prestige and brought "grist to his mill," as the saying goes.

The only politicians that Hooligan had no use for were the Socialists and the Independents—the former he could never distinguish from Anarchists, and the latter from "Reformers," a class of individuals that, in his opinion, should have no place in good society, as they were a set of disturbers. He was not so much opposed to the Labor Party, while he would refute the charge of being in any way associated with them, fully cognizant of their foolishness; but from the fact of his hostelry being known as the "Workingmen's Headquarters," he felt he should tolerate them.

A much more appropriate name for Hooligan's joint would have been "Hobo's Headquarters," for he invariably had a number of the sons of rest hanging around, waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up."

Should a transient customer drop in that Owen knew had the price, Owen saluted him in the cheeriest manner, shook hands with him, inquired how he was getting on. This led the consumers present to prick up their ears, and Hooligan took pains to introduce them to the newcomer, whom we will call Smith.

Hooligan said: "Mr. Smith, shake hands with Mr. Riordan; let me make you acquainted with Mr. Snyder; Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith; you know Mr. Brown, of course." Mr. Smith had not the honor, but would be happy to make Mr. Brown's acquaintance.

Mr. Smith by this time began to feel the warmth of Mr. Hooligan's greeting. The gang lined up to the bar and Mr. Smith ordered the drinks, and most likely duplicated the order.

Any stragglers of the house of Hooligan who came in during the interval were duly introduced to Mr. Smith. If Mr. Smith was particularly easy to work, ere he took his departure Hooligan's cash register received many a clang, and all in honor of Mr. Smith, and at his (Smith's) expense.

Just as Smith was about to break away Hooligan would say: "Come, now, Smith, you must have one with me before you go," which often led to a deferring of the departure of the honored guest, who more than likely paid for more drinks before he finally escaped.

Hooligan also ran a kind of Labor Bureau, which was in keeping with the nomenclature of his saloon. The main object, however, that Hooligan had in mind, was to enable his men to be in a position to unload schooners and plant rye. In those days there was no civil service to interfere and prevent Hooligan's customers from getting on the pay-roll; even under the county administration, in virtue of his pull with the Republican boss, he was able to place a few men; he could also get a few in the service of the different railway companies, who, at that time, were obtaining an entrance into Chicago by the influence, partly, of his friend, the alderman, who was securing for them the right-of-way by helping to donate to them the public streets of Chicago free of cost, except a contribution to himself and fellow-aldermen to help defray expenses.

The Gas Company had also a number of laborers in their employ who owed their positions to Hooligan's pull. Another source of Hooligan's strength lay in his ability to go on bonds, if any of the boys got into trouble. He was a well known figure in the police courts—trifling derelictions, such as assault and battery, drunk and disorderly conduct, he could generally fix up either by obtaining a dismissal or having the fine suspended. The alderman, of course, was always there to help him out.

If the charge against any of his patrons was of a serious character he still went on their bonds; few he ever went back on. He knew that the bond ran very little risk of being forfeited.

His friend, the alderman, was as well known and as highly

respected in the State's Attorney's office as he was in the City Hall.

There was no likelihood, however, of the class of criminals that he stood sponsor for "flying the coop"—they ever pinned their faith to the pull of their political friend and the laxity of the law, with the innumerable methods of delay by which trial could be deferred until the prosecution was worn out, or the witnesses "squared."

Hooligan, when out for the day, was a prince of good fellows. He called in to see a number in the same line of business as himself.

On his entrance he always received a kindly welcome. "How are you, Mr. Hooligan," was the general acclaim. He was overflowing with good nature and acted as if he was going to buy out the stock. He was going to pay for a drink; he beckoned those in the rear to advance, which they did without coaxing. "What are ye all going to have?" On giving their orders, he was careful to remind the barkeeper not to forget himself—an unnecessary precaution (in most cases). When he had to pay, he never asked the score, but threw a handful of silver on the counter for the barkeeper to take out what he thought was right.

In some cases, where he was sure of a return visit, he ordered another drink, and so went the rounds. After a day's outing, Hooligan's popularity grew, and while it cost something, he knew full well that from every place he called he might expect a return visit from the landlord—a surmise in which he seldom erred, and as he generally had more consumers around his place than had most of those he had called on, he came out at the right end of the mutual visits.

Hooligan, of course, stood well with the police. The men on the beat as a rule made his house a kind of resting place, after their arduous duty of pulling the box. They knew Hooligan's influence in municipal affairs, and might want his timely intercessions with the aldermen, if they ever got into a scrape and were threatened with dismissal or with being transferred. The policemen were also handy to have around, as some of Owen's customers had to be bounced oc-

casionally, and the police were there to see that Hooligan kept an orderly house; right, according to the Hooligan standard of public and political morals. They were also useful in being able to give him pointers that might be worth knowing to some of his young friends whose liberty was in imminent danger, and could keep him posted when a raid was made or about to be made on the unfortunates that infested the streets in those days.

When such an event came off, Hooligan hurried to the police station, and, after an interview which he could have with the Magdalines in the pen, or a whispered conversation with their lady employer, would go on their bonds for either a cash consideration, or a promise to pay.

Such, then, was Hooligan, one of a type of saloonkeepers, that are now rapidly and happily being starved out.

Chapter III.

A BRAWL AND A TRAGEDY.

Though the weather was cold out of doors, it was warm and comfortable in Hooligan's—the big vulcan stove, which he had the foresight to have put up on the first indication of cold weather, was in full blast—the bottom part was red hot.

Lined along the side opposite the bar was a rack which held barrels. In the space between there were seated a few of the old stand-bys, which made Hooligan's their evening resort.

On one side of the room was a table and some four chairs, on which those who desired could play a game of seven-up, or forty-five, as the case might be. All others who frequented Hooligan's bar had to stand or find a perching place on the rack aforementioned.

On this particular night there were a number of young

men present. They seemed flush, and were paying for drinks for the crowd freely.

Amongst those present were Mike Scully, Red Hart, John Bert, Henry Mort, Joe Phipps, and Squinty Rock. They were all young men, none of them over twenty-five years of age.

Hooligan was paying great attention to them. They were talking about the county election, which was held but a few days before, and wondering if the men to whose success they had contributed would give them any recognition.

Hooligan promised they would, as Alderman Great was satisfied with the good work they had done.

Squinty said, "I will have to have something—I have been playing in hard luck, as you know, this year, and I must lay low for a while."

Red Hart remarked, "You are no worse off than I am. If Great can't fix that old stiff that lost his wad, where am I going to get off?"

Hooligan told them they need have no fear. "Great promised me that he would attend to it."

Scully, who seemed to be somewhat of a leader and also a pessimist, told them they would all get good jobs in the "Sweet-bye-and-bye"—"Little Tommy will take care of you all."

"Oh, shut up," said Hooligan impatiently; "Tommy always went to the front for you."

"Well, if he did, we always went to the front for him," retorted Scully, sharply.

"Come, give us a drink," said Phipps. Hooligan began to gather their empties, and, getting their orders, proceeded to fill them.

Phipps nodded his head to the consumers sitting near the barrels. Hooligan asked them what they wanted. Some wanted the black bottle, others would take a "little tay"—it all came out of the same bottle—Lipton derived no profit from the kind of tea Hooligan sold.

"Hello! Murphy, you are just in time," said Phipps to a middle-aged man, who was just coming in at the door. "I am

buying a drink." Murphy took a little whiskey. "Well, Bart," said Scully, addressing the newcomer, "how are things coming?"

"Pretty slow," replied Bart.

Scully, who seemed bent on mischief, asked Murphy when he was going to get that job that had been promised him.

Murphy said he couldn't tell; he had been at the city hall and spent the whole morning there waiting for the alderman, but he had not turned up.

Scully gave a glance over at Squinty and Hart, as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you the alderman was a 'con man' ?"

Hooligan, who had noticed Scully's significant look, again came to the rescue by protesting against Scully's suspicion, and volunteered the statement that "The alderman was taken up with some matter of importance down town, or perhaps he had to go to Madison or Twelfth streets (the then location of the police stations); you're always suspicious, anyhow."

Scully laughed and ordered a drink, which Hooligan promptly filled, not forgetting himself, his portion amounting to as much as would barely cover the bottom of his glass, one of his vest pockets being already full of cigars, which he had taken with the boys when the drinks were coming too rapidly.

Along toward 11 o'clock a forlorn looking woman entered from the side door, and, looking over toward Murphy, beckoned him to come home.

"Go on, I'll be after you," he replied. "Come on," she said to him. Scully, noticing her, said, "Come in, Mrs. Murphy, won't you have something?" She accepted his invitation. Murphy inquired of her if Tony had got home yet. She replied that he had not, when she left the house, but that she had been away some time.

Murphy gave an order. He had no money, but Hooligan would rather trust him than break up the harmony of the meeting by a refusal.

He also knew that when Murphy got a job he would pay up. Murphy, by this time feeling good, said, "What are you going to have, mother?" She took a little whiskey with cordial.

The Brawl

As the conversation began to flag, Scully issued a challenge that he and Murphy could play any two in the house a game of seven-up; "Come, now, Hooligan, get a partner." Hooligan refused to play.

"Give us a song, Mike, never mind the cards."

"No! We'll play any two in the house, won't we, Bart?" Murphy nodded.

Henry Mort and John Bert, who up to this time had not taken much part in the conversation, accepted the challenge.

They played a number of games with varying success, Hooligan noting the losers, serving the drinks, and putting it down on a tab.

Close upon twelve o'clock, the crowd was in a maudlin condition; Murphy could hardly see his cards. The game they were playing was a close one, each party had two to go; diamonds were trumps; Mort had the ace and king; he led in an attempt to capture the jack; it wasn't out; Scully had the deuce, so on it depended the game. The trumps were exhausted. At the third lead Mort led the queen of spades; Murphy put the three of clubs on it; Scully gave up the seven of spades; Mort then led the jack of hearts; Murphy beat it with a king, giving the table a thump that could be heard outside. "Well done, Murphy," shouted Scully. Murphy led a club that went good. "Game," said he, leading the ten of spades, at the same time extending his hand to Scully, who grasped it, laughing. "Stop! stop a moment," said Mort; "what did you put on my queen of spades?" laying his hand on the cards. "You reneged." Murphy didn't know, but he was sure that he put a spade on it. This led to a wrangle, in which Mrs. Murphy, then well in her cups, took part. Mort told her to keep out—he wasn't talking to her. She persisted in abusing him. Hooligan, seeing trouble, came from behind the bar, taking the cards away. Mrs. Murphy made a pass at Mort; Scully came between them, at the same time telling Murphy to take his wife home.

Murphy replied that he would go home when he got ready.

Hooligan, seeing that matters were getting ugly, attempted

to pacify Mrs. Murphy, at the same time telling Murphy it was time to go home, anyway.

The two policemen, who had just come in after pulling the box, went to the back end of the bar, silent observers of the wrangle, but giving it little attention. Such trifles as a drunken fracas in that locality, being no novelty, were unworthy of their notice, unless Hooligan wanted them to interfere.

Murphy and his wife were ultimately prevailed on to go home, after Mrs. Murphy had given utterance to some opinions about the "dirty gang," as she called them, that would not look well in print.

Mrs. Murphy and her lord and master left Hooligan's in very bad humor. As they reeled along in Indian file, Mrs. Murphy in the rear, she was soundly berating the gang of young hoodlums (as she called them) she had just left behind. She also scolded Murphy for not resenting Mort's insult to her, when he told her to keep out.

Murphy made no reply; he knew from long experience there was no use in talking back. She had a jag, and a grievance, and Murphy at that time had no antidote for either; besides, he had troubles of his own. On reaching their place of abode, Murphy saw rolled up on the top of the steps leading to his little flat, what an ordinary observer might have mistaken for a large bundle of worn-out clothing; on close investigation it would be found to be a boy; his cap, pulled well down over his ears, met the collar of his little jacket, in an attempt to keep the cold from his face and ears. Murphy knew at a glance it was his son Tony (he had often seen him in a similar position before). On reaching him, he gave him a kick to arouse him. This being insufficient, reaching down, he grasped him by the collar of his coat, lifting him to his feet; as he did a number of newspapers fell from under the boy's arm. "I see you have not been able to sell your papers tonight, you lazy rascal!"

The boy, now fully awake and in fear of his drunken father, pleaded as an excuse that the night was so cold there was no one on the streets to buy papers. "How long have you been

sleeping here?" said his father in a gruff tone of voice. "I don't know," replied the boy; "not long." This last was said with a view to palliate his offense.

His mother, during the time taken up in this colloquy, was fumbling in her pocket to get the key. Finding it, she opened the door, which gave young Murphy an avenue of escape; running along a passage, after receiving a cuff from his father to accelerate his movements, he ran to the rear of the house, to find an asylum in the little room in which was his bed. He was cold, hungry and sleepy. Exhausted nature soon made him oblivious to all worldly troubles.

The Murphy homestead consisted of three apartments. An entrance from the passage to the left led to the front room, which served as a bedroom and parlor; continuing towards the rear, access being had from the parlor to the kitchen, which also served as a dining room. Those two, and the little back room in which Tony slept, comprised the whole suite.

On Murphy reaching his parlor bed-room, he threw himself into a chair. Placing his arms on a table which was convenient, he rested his head on them. Mrs. Murphy with difficulty busied herself lighting a lamp, which she placed on the table on which Murphy's head was reclining. She then shook him violently, telling him to get up and go to bed. He growled out for her to go to bed herself if she wanted to—a proposition she availed herself of, and, disrobing, rolled in, leaving Bart, as she had many times before, to follow when he had slept off his first drunken stupor.

In a brief time all was still in the Murphy household, except the heavy snoring of the man in the chair, his head still resting on his arms. About three in the morning he must have got restless, and while still in a stupid condition rolled off the chair, upsetting the table on which was the lamp, falling heavily to the floor, where he lay, the lamp overturned, the blazing oil spread over the floor, setting fire to the rug and Mrs. Murphy's clothing, with which it was littered. For a time it smouldered, giving off a dense volume of smoke, followed by a blaze as the woodwork of the table and the floor took fire.

Ere the fire was observed, at that hour of the winter morning, in that still neighborhood, it was well under way.

At length a belated traveler, in passing, seeing the ruddy glow, gave the alarm, and the shout of Fire! Fire! Fire! awoke the slumbering neighborhood. Immediately, it seemed as if the dead had come to life—the noise of hurrying feet seemed to come from all directions, windows were hastily thrown up and screaming women, in their nightgowns, added to the babel of voices.

Those whose homes were in close proximity clasped their children in their arms and sought refuge in the street, terror-stricken, while others, men and women, began to remove some of their worldly goods. Panic reigned everywhere. "My God!" screamed Mrs. O'Brien. "It's Murphy's—can nothing be done?" as she held up her hands to her face to shut out the horrible sight.

From the time of the first alarm was but a few moments, though it seemed hours to the anxious crowd, who waited the coming of the fire department, when Hooligan's side door was thrown violently open and out rushed Scully, Mort, Phipps, Hart, Bert and Rock in the order named. By this time the blaze was coming through both of the front windows, while from the front door issued a dense volume of smoke. The case seemed hopeless, tenants and house were doomed; no earthly help could save them.

Scully was the first to reach the burning building. He made an attempt to enter, somewhat out of breath, and, suffering from the effects of Hooligan's drink, he fell back before a rush of black smoke. He seemed to sober up in a moment, and, drawing a long breath, he drew his coat over his head and face, and rushed for the stairs. Mort and Phipps grabbed at him in an effort to detain him.

They were too late, however; Scully was lost in the dense smoke that poured out from the front door and down the stairs leading from the Murphy apartment. As he entered, a shout arose from the assembled crowd; women fainted, men turned away at the terrible spectacle; up the stairs he ran, reaching the landing; it was but a few steps to the sleeping

apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy. When Scully reached the door tongues of flame were already breaking through it—to enter was hopeless. He groped along the short passage and entered the small room in which Tony lay. He felt weak; the smoke was suffocating him. He groped around, felt the bed, and, finding a body in it, snatched it up in his arms, and, turning, made for the direction by which he had entered.

If time had permitted he might have found an exit by the rear, but there was no time to enter on a voyage of discovery. As he staggered to the front door with the body in his arms, the door leading to Murphy's bedroom gave way with a crash, fire belched forth, scorching his face and hands. He jumped for the few steps, still bearing his burden in his arms, and rolled into the street, to be picked up by a hundred willing hands, the crowd assembled at the same time giving a roar of approval that nearly drowned out the clang of the fire engine that was just then turning the corner of the street, followed by the reel and ladder.

To those who have seen Chicago's magnificent fire department in play a brief statement will suffice.

Other engines followed in rapid succession. Hose was attached to different plugs, engines snorted, chiefs shouted instructions, the water began to belch forth from the nozzles attached to the hose, and in a few seconds the fire was as effectually quenched as if the building had been covered by a huge extinguisher, which completely shut out the oxygen. But Murphy and his wife had perished in the flames—poor Tony, whom Scully had so miraculously saved, was the sole survivor of the entire family.

Mike Scully, in a state bordering on collapse, through the effect of the excitement, the smoke he had inhaled and the drink he had taken during the evening, was led into Hooligan's, followed by a crowd, who were eager to get a glimpse at the man who had so heroically risked his own life in the attempt to save that of others. Newcomers craned their necks to get a look at "the man of the hour," or listened attentively to the stories of those who had been eye-witnesses. The bar was soon crowded from end to end, keeping Hooligan and

Rock, whom he had pressed into the service, busy serving drinks.

It was not so long ere the night reporters arrived to get the story for the morning papers. They importuned Hooligan as the most important personage present to give them the particulars. Hooligan in advance insisted they should have something and give him time to collect his thoughts. "I am so put out," he moaned.

He pointed to Scully, who was sitting on a chair in a corner surrounded by his friends, some of them pushing the crowd back, telling them to give him air. He was hardly conscious; some were fanning him with their hats; Henry Mort, with all the tenderness of a mother over her baby, was bathing his forehead and moistening his lips with brandy and water.

The time was passing with the news gatherers, as the early morning edition was then ready for the press, so Hooligan was appealed to for information. He gave the names of the victims in full; said "they were highly respected in the neighborhood. I am as sorry for them as if they were my brother and sister. Murphy was a hard-working man, but had been out of employment for some time; he occasionally visited my place—in fact he had looked in that evening and talked with some of the neighbors who happened to be in at the time. I was about to close, at 12 o'clock, according to my regular custom, when Mrs. Murphy, who was passing, called for her husband, and they went away together."

"Had Murphy been drinking?" inquired one of the reporters.

"He had a drink or two," replied Hooligan, "but nothing worth mentioning. They have but one child, a boy about ten years old. My friend in the corner, Mr. Michael Scully, rescued him by jumping into the fire and dragging him out. How the fire started I don't know—the lamp must have exploded. The first I heard of it was when the alarm was given. As I said, I had closed my place at the usual hour, and was talking to a few friends about a business affair. It was a blessing I was, or poor little Tony would have burned up with the rest." He was asked as to the names and occupa-

tions of Mike Scully and his associates. "They are all neighbors' children. I don't know just what they work at."

As there was little time to spare, and as they had news enough to make a good story, they folded their copy, shoved it into their pockets and made a rush for the door.

"Here, take something before you go."

"No time, Mr. Hooligan, will see you later."

"Well, have a cigar." Hooligan reached his hand back to the board at the rear of the bar and presented the box. The four of them dove their hands into it, taking one each, and away they ran.

Scully's vigorous constitution soon asserted itself. Rising from the chair, he pushed aside those who were fanning him. "I am all right now, but what has become of the kid? I suppose it's all over with poor Murphy and the wife?"

"Dead as door nails," replied Hart.

The crowd pressed closer to get a better view of Scully.

A man a little better dressed than the average of those present insisted upon the honor of treating him. He had been an eye witness of what had taken place.

Mike thanked him, but said he did not feel like taking anything—he was a little sick.

Hooligan, knowing the cure-all in every case, put up the black bottle.

The gentleman, who was unknown to all present, signaled Hooligan to serve them all. Squinty Rock walked along the bar, asking them all what they would take. After the drinks were served, Hooligan picked up a five dollar bill that the gentleman had laid on the counter, and, looking along the line, as if he was counting them, turned to the cash register and rang up the five. Before leaving, the gentleman pulled out his card case, and, handing one to Mike Scully, shook hands with him, said he was proud to make his acquaintance, and left. After he was gone, Scully looked at the card and saw that it bore the name of F. P. King, a then rising young lawyer.

Many stayed; other drinks were ordered and drank, until the break of day, when the crowd dispersed, Scully and his

friends going to the rooming house on Halsted street, where they stopped to get a few hours' sleep, and Squinty Rock remaining until Hooligan figured up the register, which showed up beyond his most sanguine expectations. "A very good night," he remarked to Squinty, giving him two silver dollars, as he folded the bills to put in his pocket.

"A very bad night," said Squinty, just as the newsboys could be heard shouting on the street:

"Full account of the great fire on the west side—two lives lost!"

"Get me one of those papers, Squinty; let us hear what they have to say." Rock went out and brought in the paper.

There were great scare headlines—"Disastrous fire on the west side—two lives lost; heroic rescue of the son of the two victims; miraculous escape of the rescuer from the burning building!" followed by a column of closely printed matter giving a graphic description of the locality and its surroundings, a brief history of the deceased, a vivid picture of the rescue by Scully, and the probable cause of the fire.

But not a word about Hooligan—not even the mention of his name. He read it carefully, expecting that he would be a headliner. As he put the paper down, he said to himself: "Well, that's a pretty cold deal!"

The day man having arrived, Hooligan left for his home, fully conscious of a day and night well spent. Reaching the Holy Family church, which was on his way, he took off his hat and held it in his hand while passing.

Chapter IV.

FACING THE WORLD.

On the Friday morning on which applications were to be made for employment at the great Cleveland store, Florence Burdett was up early. She was determined to make a good appearance; so dressed herself neatly in her most attractive raiment, combed and brushed her hair with as much care as

if it were the morning of her wedding; it was arranged in German fashion, two long braids down her back, and shone like amber and was nearly the color.

She wore short skirts, which reached to the tops of her laced boots. "How do I look, mama?" she inquired, when she was about ready to start out.

"You look all right, Florence. I am sure there will be few if any of the girls who may apply more presentable. I don't know whether to be vexed or pleased at your going."

Florence was in high spirits as she kissed her mother good-bye. She felt that she was going to push her fortune and had but one ambition—to help the mother she loved so dearly.

She had started out early, determined to be amongst the first to make application.

On arriving at the alley in which the place to apply was situated, her heart sank within her, for there in advance of her arrival were girls by the hundreds—little and big, fat and lean, long and short, blonds and brunettes—some neatly dressed, others whose attire gave proof of their poverty-stricken condition; there were some whose little pinched faces and anxious looks were a sure index of their desire to secure places. Many others, who, like Florence, were neatly dressed, stood back as if indifferent as to whether they secured employment, or had perhaps lost hope when they saw the surging crowd in advance of them that already blocked their way towards the entrance.

Two policemen, one on either side of the door, attempted to keep order. They had to submit to the jokes of the girls, many of which might be considered rude.

The Great Cleveland store's employment bureau had not opened its labor headquarters before Florence found herself mixed up in the jam, many coming after her, so she might have said, with Macbeth, "There is no going forward or tarrying here." There she had to stay, until the managers of the establishment saw fit to throw open their portals. When they did there was a surging forward.

A young fellow, whose classic features showed his race, gave orders: "Officer, keep those girls in line." "Now, girls, keep

back, keep back," was the remonstrance of the policeman, as some of the more aggressive struggled to get towards the front.

Florence began to wish she were at home, but retreat was impossible. "Who are you pushing?" was a frequent complaint. "Leave me my hat," remarked others, whose millinery had become deranged. "You're on my skirts," was the protest of many.

The young man at the door looked back into the rear of where he was standing, and, seeming to have got some signal, turned around and said: "Now, only a few at a time—there, that will do," when about twenty of the girls had broken in, some badly mussed up in the effort.

They were lined up in Indian file, a young fellow being there to keep them in place. A man sat behind a desk, pencil in hand. Before him was a small block of paper. One could see by glancing at his countenance he was neither Celt or Teuton. The first to reach him was a little girl poorly clad. She was nervous in her anxiety to secure a place. She had stood two hours before the door, jammed against it by the pressure from behind. As soon as the door had been opened she was pushed forward.

The man at the desk looked at her and lowered his shaggy eyebrows.

"You won't do."

"Why, sir, I am sure—if you give me a trial."

"You're too little. How old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir." This was a fib, but the angel who keeps the records will never use it against her.

The man behind the desk beckoned to his assistant to keep her moving.

"But my mother, sir—we are poor."

"O, I've no time to listen to your story."

"Come—this way out, miss," said the usher, and the poor little destitute one was shoved towards the main entrance that led to the street.

"What's your name?" This was addressed to a medium-sized girl who was neatly dressed. "Mary Jones," sir. He wrote her name on a slip of paper, the usher told her to go

up to the second floor and wait till she was wanted—she was one of the elect.

The next applicant was poorly dressed. He looked at her for a moment (seeing at a glance that she was the proper size and age), told her to come back tomorrow—he would see what he could do for her. This instruction was given to her for fear he would not get enough of suitable stock in answer to his first advertisement.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen? Why, you look as if you were thirty; you won't do."

"Next—Well, what's your name?"

"Genevieve Brown, sir."

"Well, Genevieve; here's a slip for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Come, be lively there, talk as you go out," and the two that were caught whispering were kept going towards the front door without any inquiry as to their names or ages.

"We can't have any chumming here," remarked the man behind the desk. "We are here for business."

One of the girls gave a look back at him, which she sincerely hoped would paralyze him.

Out of the first twenty he secured but six. About one hundred and sixty had gone in before Florence reached the door. Many of those who had been rejected came back to the alley and gave vent to their feelings in expressions far from complimentary to the manager of the Great Cleveland store. Florence had long since given up all hope of securing a place, nor did she care. She had heard some of the uncomplimentary allusions to the concern. There was, however, only one way for her to go, and that was forward.

At length she reached the desk of the despot. He looked at her for a few seconds, and then in the smoothest tones, inquired:

"What is your name, Miss?"

"Florence Burdett, sir."

"Where were you employed before, Miss Burdett?"

"I never worked any place before, sir."

"Indeed." He looked at her so pointedly that she cast her eyes down. She began to think that probably he thought she was telling an untruth, so she reaffirmed her former statement with the addition that she had always gone to school.

"Well, Florence, I will give you a trial," and Florence was ushered to the second floor, where she found about sixty girls already in waiting.

When all the selections had been made from the applicants, the man who had given them the slips came upstairs and made a little speech to them, saying: "Now, girls, what we want is cash girls; that is, to take the goods and the cash to the counter where the wrapping is done; see that the goods are wrapped up, get the change, if any, and return to the saleslady, giving her the parcel and whatever change there is. You will find it very simple. You will have to attend strictly to business, nothing else goes here; those who are proven worthy by their industry and intelligence, we will probably keep after the busy season is over. Some of you may get a counter if I think you are worthy of it." As he made this remark he looked over at Florence, who was listening attentively, and who, without a thought, nodded her head as if in approval.

"Miss Levy, you will take their addresses. I may assign some of them today. The rest I will tell when to report for duty." With this he turned away and left them. It was long past lunch time when he returned. Many of the girls felt faint. Miss Levy gave him the list, he scanned it over, seemed in doubt for a moment, and then told them to report Monday morning at 8 o'clock prompt.

Florence, who had walked all the way home, was nearly famished. Her mother had her lunch ready for her, and sat down beside her to listen to the girl's experience, while she was eating.

"My! mother, there were hundreds of them. The gentleman was very kind to me; when I told him I never worked before, he would hardly believe me. My! what a fine store it is, and

such nice ladies behind the counters—I think I'll like it, and you'll see I'll do well."

Her mother smiled at her enthusiasm, so said nothing to discourage her.

On the following Monday morning the girls were furnished a uniform, consisting of a long striped slip, and a brass tag with a number on it. Florence's was No. 71. They were all assigned to different floors by the manager. Florence was sent to the one on which was located the ladies' cloaks and millinery. She was shown where the wrapping counter and cashier for the department was located.

"Cash! Cash! Cash!" shouted a young saleslady. "Here," shouted Florence, running towards her, "Here, 71," and some goods and money were given her. She rushed off with them. Ere noontime had come No. 71 had made many journeys to and from the wrapping counter.

Under the sidewalk fronting the Great Cleveland store there was a space partitioned off where the cash girls hung up their outer garments and their hats. The place served the double purpose of toilet and dining room; at noon the girls came here in batches and arranged to eat their lunch. Most of them had sandwiches, some with an addition of a little pie, which they washed down with a drink of water. A few brought a little tea or coffee in a flask or bottle, which they had to drink cold. On the first day of Florence's service she retired with others. When she entered the place she saw a number of strange faces, some of whom were old hands. They assembled in groups, and while eating discussed subjects that seemed strange to her; she went to the farthest corner of the place and, unwrapping her sandwich, a piece of pie and an apple her mother had provided her with, she ate it standing; taking one of the tin cups that was chained close by the water faucet, she washed her frugal meal down with a drink of water and awaited the ringing of a gong that was in the place to summon her to her work. On the third day, while at lunch, two other girls, a Miss Brown and a Miss Jones, who had come to work on the same day that she did, came over and

spoke to her. "How do you like your job?" said the Brown girl, addressing her.

"All right," replied Florence.

"We have to work for all we get here," remarked Miss Jones.

The first who spoke seemed to be a very well behaved girl, about Florence's own age. "My!" she exclaimed in an undertone, "but there are some brazen things employed here."

Florence looked blank. She had kept herself aloof from the crowd and had not noticed anything.

Just at this moment there was an altercation at the other end of the room. "I'm just as good as you are," one was saying, "and I'll do just as I please." "Oh, you're sharp, you think. It's not your good looks that strikes him," said the other sneeringly.

"Well, as long as he thinks I'm all right it don't matter to you, and I never heard that you got a prize in a beauty show, either."

"You can keep him for all I care; I don't want him."

"Well, I noticed that the other night at the dance, you slobbered all over him."

"Me slobbered over him!" replied the other, assuming a more belligerent attitude. "Me slobber over him!"

"Sour grapes!" replied her opponent.

Just then the bell rang, which ended the controversy for the time being.

Florence and the other two girls whose acquaintance she had made looked at one another as they left to attend to their work.

Florence, Miss Jones and Miss Brown generally went to lunch together. During the half hour allowed them, they chatted socially; occasionally they talked of the events happening in the big store, or listened to the noisy controversies that were taking place between others.

"My!" said Miss Brown, "you should hear what some of them say about one another."

"Yes, it's a disgrace," said Miss Jones. "Hear them now."

"Well, what if I did, that's my business," one was heard say-

ing. "If I did stay out with him, what's that to do with you?"

"Oh, get out, you little cat," replied the other, who was about an inch bigger.

"Come, now, Minnie," chimed in another, "you're just a little jealous of Margy."

"Me jealous of her? Well, I should smile! I wouldn't be seen going to a dog fight with him—he is not in my class. See how he shook Tillie Birg, when she got into trouble with him."

"He did right to shake her when he caught her dead to rights with dat slob Mike Farley," replied Margy.

The bell rang time on them and the round was over, to be renewed at the first opportunity.

As soon as the holiday season was over there was a general dismissal of the girls, few of the new girls being retained. Those who had been kept were the ones who had proven themselves well worthy of the very small stipend that was allowed them. The regular trade required a better grade of girls. Miss Burdett, Miss Brown and Miss Jones were in this class, so the day after the staff had been reduced the three girls met and congratulated one another. Some of those who had proven quarrelsome were also let go, so that there was a much smaller muster at lunch time. Margy was amongst those still remaining, and gloated over the fact that Minnie, and a few others who seemed hostile to her, had got the "grand bounce." She determined to make the acquaintance of the three girls, so remarked to them: "Well, girls, I see you are going to stay. I suppose some of you will be getting counters in a short time. I am going to wrap—that means a dollar more per."

"I am pleased to hear that," remarked Miss Brown.

"Thank you," said Margy, continuing: "You see, I am no scholar, but I am sure you girls will be promoted in a short while. I hope you will, anyhow."

This kindly piece of information, coupled with her good wish, made the girls feel kindly disposed toward her.

Chapter V.

THE MORGUE.

The inquest over the remains of the Murphys was to be held the following day. Scully and his friends started early, so as to be able to visit the morgue.

Scully was far from well. He was still suffering from the effects of the smoke and drink, his face pained him where the heat from the flames had reached him in passing the Murphy bedroom door with Tony in his arms.

On their arrival at the morgue, with its terrible memories, a settled calm seemed to come over the crowd. They were in the presence of the dead. The place was cold and dismal.

On a slab close to the entrance lay the remains of a young woman who had been taken from the river that morning.

Her face was bloated, froth stood on her lips, her hair was damp and disorderly, as it lay around the support on which her head rested.

The man at the morgue said that most likely she was an unfortunate who had lost all hope, tired of life and committed suicide.

"She was somebody's child, poor thing," remarked Scully to Mort.

On another slab lay a negro. He had been cut with a razor in the hands of another man of color, who had used the weapon so deftly as to have severed the jugular vein. It was said they had quarreled over a white woman with whom both were intimate. "It was a case of jealousy," remarked the attendant.

On another slab lay a workman who had fallen from a scaffold the day before. He was brought in unconscious and had died ere his wife could reach his side. He had four little children depending on him. He would be removed that afternoon, as a committee from his union had been there and had given notice to the undertaker who was coming for him.

There was the corpse of a little girl who had suffered from

hip disease and had died while undergoing an operation. "Her parents," remarked the attendant, "are so poor that they would be unable to remove her until some friends who were out soliciting a collection would enable them to do so. This poor child suffered a great deal," said the man sympathetically. "It is just as well she is dead."

This recital seemed to affect the boys very much—even Hart and Rock, callous as they were, gazed on the little pinched face of the girl, who, judging from her appearance, would be about thirteen years of age and had suffered from the time she was an infant.

Others who had died in the hospital, or who had been brought in by the ambulance but a day or two before, were awaiting claimants. Others, friendless or unknown, would be used in the dissecting rooms to furnish subjects for the profession, and to perhaps enable the doctors to discover the causes of certain complaints, and by that means find a remedy from which others might profit.

Side by side on two separate slabs lay the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy. Murphy's face was covered with a sheet, as he had been severely burnt.

His wife lay as calm and composed as if she was asleep. The group that gathered where they lay looked very solemn—not a word was spoken for some moments. At length the silence was broken by Mort, remarking: "She must have been a very handsome woman in her day."

Scully stood as one transfixed. He remembered the incident of her coming into Hooligan's on that fatal night to seek her husband. He saw her as if she stood before him. He remembered his invitation to her, "Come in, Mrs. Murphy, won't you take something?" and of her accepting his treat. Oh, how he wished it hadn't occurred, but instead that he had said to Murphy, who was then pretty well intoxicated, "Murphy, go home with your wife—this is no place for you to keep her waiting." He stood still, gazing on the face of the victim, until Mort laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Mike, come along—we've seen enough of this." And so they

departed from that temporary resting place of the unfortunate, and oft-times forsaken, dead.

The inquest on the Murphys was a mere formal affair. Both coroner and jury had read of the facts in the case in the papers of the previous day. The remains were identified, after which the doctor testified that the immediate cause of death was suffocation; that the fire had not reached the body of the female, and that while the male was burned somewhat about the neck and face, those injuries of themselves were not sufficient to cause death.

A representative of the fire department testified as to how the bodies were found, and that in his opinion the fire was caused by the accidental upsetting or explosion of a lamp. So a verdict was found in accordance with the evidence.

To Hooligan's relief, there was no reference to the condition of the Murphys when they left his establishment, or the fracas that had taken place previous to their departure, the coroner having no time to waste on such details.

Hooligan, in the fullness of his generous business practices, invited the coroner's jury and gentlemen of the press who were present to come and take something with him. He also wanted Scully and his friends to go along, but as Scully was in no mood to be sociable, he and his friends declined.

The boys were approaching a restaurant on their way from the county hospital, when Bert remarked: "Isn't it about time we eat?"

"I guess it is," said Hart. "I'm about famished, and after that sight in the morgue I feel I require something to brace me up."

"Well, let us go in here," said Phipps. After they had been seated and had given their order, Mort, turning to Scully, said: "I wonder who is going to bury the Murphys?"

"Why, the county, to be sure," replied Hart. "Who else?"

"I am decidedly opposed to the county burying them," said Scully. "Bart was a good fellow in his day—many's the dollar he gave up to pay funeral expenses."

Hart, who was a rank materialist, chimed in: "What's the difference? I don't see any use in going to much trouble

over a pair of stiffs—they're dead, and that's the end of them."

Rock agreed with Hart. "If anything should happen to me I don't want you fellows to go to any trouble. I'd just as soon be thrown in the lake."

"No fear," said Bert, "when you're laid out, to the soap man with you."

This sally caused a laugh at Rock's expense.

"Well, I think we could raise enough money to give them a decent funeral," remarked Scully. Mort, Bert and Phipps agreed with him.

"Why, it will take over a hundred bones to give them any kind of a set-off," said Hart, "and I don't see where we're going to get it."

"Well, we'll try," said Scully, in a positive manner, which settled the controversy, Hart and Rock knowing full well when Mike made up his mind there was no use of offering further objection.

"I suggest, then," said Mort, "that Phipps make out a few subscription lists and that we meet at Hooligan's tonight to make arrangements about collecting, and in the meantime a couple of us could go over to Bradley's and see what it would cost."

"Well, I propose that you and Scully go over and see the undertaker," said Bert, which was agreed upon.

That same night, as prearranged, they met at Hooligan's. Mort reported they had seen Bradley and told him they were going to make a collection, and that they thought they could raise enough money to pay the funeral expenses.

"Bradley told us to go ahead and do the best we could, and that he would take care of the funeral."

"Bradley's all right," remarked Bert; "many's the poor family he has helped out."

The question of a wake was discussed, but had to be abandoned. There was no time, nor had they a suitable place to bring the dead.

"Phipps," inquired Scully, "have you made out those subscription lists?"

"Yes, here they are," taking them out of his pocket. Mort

took one of the lists in his hand, saying, "Here, Hooligan, put your name to this." Hooligan hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"I don't think you should expect much from me—I have lost considerable already, as Murphy owed me quite a bit, and of course it is all lost now."

Scully, who had little patience with Hooligan, said: "Give over crying, and let us know how much you feel like giving." Hooligan thought about five dollars was as much as he could afford.

Scully told him to keep it and buy Moll Runt a Christmas present with it. "Oh," said Joe Phipps, "put him down for ten; he is getting off cheap at that."

"That's so," remarked Squinty, "for if it hadn't been for Hooligan's dope Murphy and his wife would be living yet."

This angered Hooligan, who resented any inference as to the legitimacy of his business or the virtue of the goods he vended. "I won't stand any of your impudence," he said, looking fiercely at Rock; "nor do I care for your custom."

Squinty, who had been in hard luck for some time, was not bringing much grist to Hooligan's mill. Hart, who invariably stood up for Squinty, looking at Hooligan, said: "You needn't get so gay."

Henry Mort, seeing a storm brewing, poured oil on the troubled waters by remarking: "This is no time for a quarrel; you can afford a tenner, Hooligan, a great deal better than I can; and I am going to give a ten-spot."

Scully promised to raise ten, Phipps, Bert and Hart were going to give five apiece. Scully remarked that "As we know Rock is in hard luck, we'll make him work his share out. We will visit the stores where Mrs. Murphy traded, but as for the neighbors, I don't suppose we will be able to get much from them."

Bert suggested that a collection on the train would realize something.

"That's so," said Mort, "but if it does we should do something for Tony; the poor kid has hardly a rag to his back.

His toes, I noticed one day, were sticking out through his shoes."

It was finally decided that Hooligan should be made treasurer. This proved a sop to his wounded feelings, as he dearly liked to be placed in a position of trust.

Arrangements, as far as could be made at present, seemed completed, when Bert, looking up as a thought struck him, said:

"What about the church?"

They all looked embarrassed at this inquiry. Scully, Mort, Bert and Phipps were strong in the faith, though lamentably weak in practice.

"Oh, leave that to Hooligan," replied Hart; "he is all right with the pastors."

"Yes," said Squinty Rock, laughing; "perhaps he is a member of the Young Men's Sodality."

"I wouldn't wonder," remarked Hart. "It wouldn't surprise me if he isn't a member in good standing in the Father Matthews Temperance Society, too. I know he has the president of the society on his staff, and always rounds him up for the good alderman when he's running."

"That's playing both ends of it," remarked Bert.

At this sally even Scully had to smile. "Such is politics," was his comment. So it was decided to refer the church matter to Hooligan.

During the latter part of this dialogue Hooligan was out of ear-shot, attending to business behind his bar, having left the counsel somewhat abruptly after they had taxed him the ten dollars.

"I think some of you should go over and see how Tony is located," remarked Scully.

"Well, that's up to you, Mike," said Bert, good-naturedly. "You brought him into the world again, so you should look after him."

Scully smiled at the compliment. "Well, Henry, come over with me and we will see how the poor little fellow is getting on."

They found him at Mrs. O'Brien's. He was somewhat

composed, though Mrs. O'Brien informed them that he had cried bitterly when he learned the facts of his mother's and father's death.

"I thought he would break his heart, poor little fellow, God help him! We had a visit from Father Nolan, who left this letter for you," handing it to Scully. "Mrs. Great sent her sympathy with his reverence for the poor boy, and said she wanted to see me and him at our earliest convenience."

This reminded Scully and Mort that Mrs. Great had a reputation of being a very estimable woman; neither had any acquaintance with her, but they resolved to visit her on their mission of charity.

"We will go early in the morning," suggested Mort.

After asking Mrs. O'Brien to see that Tony wanted for nothing for the next couple of days they took their leave. Scully and Mort went back to Hooligan's, where Mike opened the letter Mrs. O'Brien had given him. After reading it carefully he handed it over to Mort, who read it aloud.

It was from Father Nolan, requesting Mr. Scully to visit him at his earliest convenience.

"I hate that job," said Scully. "I would as soon go to the Bridewell. I know if I go I'm in for a roast, and the worst of it is I can't talk back."

"Oh, what are you afraid of?" said Hart. "A little lecture won't do you any hurt—take it in one ear and let it out at the other."

Squinty Rock, seeing room for mirth in Scully's dilemma, volunteered to go in Mike's place. "I'll talk to the old duffer," he remarked with a grin.

Scully looked threateningly at Rock. "Be a little more careful in your remarks about the priest," showing some anger. Scully was a bad man who had many crimes to answer for, he had been out of the pale of the church for many years, but there were two things that he still held sacred. They were his race and his religion, and the man that would belittle either ran a risk of personal injury. His early training could never be totally obliterated. He had often heard his father talk of the old land, and the man who would insult the re-

ligion of his mother could be no friend of his. Rock, seeing that he had angered him by his disrespectful remarks about the clergyman, was prompt in trying to make amends.

"I meant no harm, Mike! It was only a joke on my part, and I'm sorry I vexed you." Scully closed the subject by telling them he would call upon his reverence in the morning.

"Now, as there is not much time to lose," said Mort, "I suggest we divide up in pairs and start out in the morning to see what we can collect."

"Well, Bert and I will go together," said Phipps.

"I'll go with Hart," said Rock.

"Then Scully and I will go out and do the best we can. So let us have a drink, and we'll go home. We'll have to meet here tomorrow night to make final arrangements, and don't you think we'd better have Bradley here?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mike.

"Well, then, what is it to be?"

"I'll take a cigar," said Scully.

"Hadn't you better have a little whisky with it? It seems to me, Mike, you're somewhat out of sorts," said Henry, who was ordering the treat.

"No, not tonight," was Mike's answer in a tone which prevented any further pressing.

Chapter VI.

DEAD, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

On the following morning, about 8, Scully and Mort called on the alderman's wife. The girl who let them in told them that Mrs. Great was at church, but would be home at any minute. "Would the gentlemen take a seat in the parlor and wait till the missus came?"

Mort asked if the alderman was in; the girl said he was not. Mort gave a significant look over at Scully; the girl having left

them, he said to Scully in an undertone, that "Likely he had spent the night at one of his down-town rendezvous."

"Perhaps he is at church, too," replied Scully with a smile.

In a few minutes Mrs. Great arrived. After removing her wraps she entered the parlor. Scully and Mort rose. Bidding them good-morning, she told them to be seated and asked them their mission.

On Mort informing her she became deeply interested. "I read of the affair in the papers and also had some information from Father Nolan in reference to it. I suppose you are Mr. Scully." Mort said, "No, this is Mr. Scully," looking over at Mike.

Mrs. Great, looking Scully full in the face, told him that she knew of his act in rescuing the little boy, "and she hoped that he was as good as he was brave—that she was honored by his acquaintance. I understand those people were very poor," she continued, "and that there is no provision for the funeral."

Scully told her that was the case and what they had decided on doing.

"I sincerely hope that you will be able to raise enough money to have them buried without the aid of the county." She touched a bell, her maid responded to the call. "Mary, make me out a check for twenty-five dollars. Who will I have it made payable to, Mr. Scully?"

"To Owen Hooligan."

"Is that the Hooligan who keeps the saloon?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mort.

On being told this, it could be noticed by the sober look on her countenance that it was not pleasing to her. However, she told the girl, who seemed to act as secretary, to make it out as instructed.

Scully, by way of explanation, told her that the fund to pay for the funeral would be in Mr. Hooligan's hands. To this she made no reply.

When the girl brought the check she signed it, at the same time informing them that if they had any difficulty in raising the necessary amount that they should come back to see her,

and that she would also probably be able to do something for the little boy.

Scully and Mort took their departure, highly pleased with their visit.

On reaching the street Mort turned around to Scully and said: "Mike, what do you think of a woman like that being tied to a profligate like Great?"

"There is a saying, Mort, that 'matches are made in Heaven.' I think it's a libel to say Heaven had anything to do with that one. I had better go over and see the priest," said Scully, "and I'll meet you in about an hour at Hooligan's, or perhaps you had better come with me."

"Not me!" said Mort, laughing. "I'll meet you at Hooligan's."

On Scully arriving at the parochial residence, he felt a tremor in his limbs. He thought he was up against it. He had been in many tight places, he had stood off a half dozen policemen with his gun, nor did he, at the holding up of the Kansas City Limited, where shots buzzed around him fast and furious, feel such an unpleasant feeling as he did when he placed his finger on the electric button at the side of the door leading to the priest's house.

He could not account for it; probably the excitement of the past few days had unnerved him.

On being admitted by one of the Brothers, Scully inquired if Father Nolan was in. On being told he was, he said he would like to see him. He was ushered into a little side room and told to be seated.

In a few moments his reverence came in, and, walking right over to where Scully had been seated (but who had risen when he saw his reverence enter), extended his hand, saying: "You are Mr. Scully, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be seated," drawing a chair close up to Scully.

"Mr. Scully, I have heard a good deal of you in the past few days, and I must say that some things I have heard are highly commendable, and while we are not as well acquainted as we should be, or as I hope we will be in the future, I am

very much pleased to meet you and make your acquaintance."

Mike felt a great relief in the tone of the clergyman's remarks, but remained silent. He had not as yet learned what he was wanted for.

"On inquiring," his reverence continued, "I have learned a little of your early history." (Mike began to feel uneasy again.) "Your parents, I learn, were members of our congregation, and that you, when a little fellow, used to attend our parochial school."

Scully nodded assent and began to show signs of nervousness as the kindly priest looked him straight between the eyes.

Mike began to think to himself: "Now I am in for the lecture." In this he was mistaken. Father Nolan, continuing, said: "We have, however, no time to talk over those matters now. What I want to see you about is what arrangements you are making to give those unfortunate people a Christian burial."

"None up to date, your reverence, except that we have appointed a Mr. Hooligan to come over and see you about it."

"Well, that is good. I am happy to know that you and your friends had it in mind. You know, however, that the church has its rules to observe as to interments of those who die, and who are not considered as being fully within the fold of Mother Church at the time of their taking off."

Mike informed his reverence that he was not acquainted with the rules.

"Murphy and his wife had been sadly neglectful," continued the priest. "They were, however, believers in our doctrines, and their untimely death warrants us in extending to them the charity of Mother Church. Who knows but at the last moment, like the penitent thief on the cross, they might have appealed to the throne of mercy, to forgive them their transgressions; may have said, as I hope we will all be able to say, 'Lord have mercy on me a sinner.' And God in His infinite mercy heard their prayer, as no supplicant who appeals in a proper spirit is ever left unheard."

Those remarks appealed to Scully's better nature. He felt something rising in his throat, and, extending his hand to the

priest, he bowed his head upon his breast, too full for utterance.

"My instructions to you, then, are to notify the undertaker to see to the burial permit and have the remains here at 10 a. m. tomorrow, prompt." Saying this he arose, and, taking Scully by the hand, led him to the door, saying, "God bless you," as he bade him good-day.

"Get out, you old tramp," and an old man was sent sprawling on the sidewalk. "If you come back here again I'll have you pinched."

The old man gathered himself up and walked silently away.

Hooligan went back behind his bar to attend to his legitimate business.

"Please, Mr. Hooligan, my mother wants fifteen cents' worth of whisky, and she says you didn't give her good measure the last time."

"Your mother's piped; here's some candy for you," as he reached the bottle and the candy to a child hardly as high as his counter.

"Ah! how do you do, Mrs. Schultz? A quart, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, my little man, what can I do for you?"

"I want a pint; and Jack says you haven't to give him all froth."

"Oh, Jack's joking; here's a pretzel for you." The boy goes away chewing the pretzel.

"Well, what is it? Three beers? Pretty cold outside today," remarks Hooligan, as he took the price of the beer from the counter.

"I wonder what's keeping Mike?" said Mort, looking towards Bert, Phipps and Hart, who were seated at the table. "Oh, here he is!" as Scully was seen coming in at the door, followed by the undertaker.

Mike sat down on the vacant chair. Bert stood up to give his seat to Mr. Bradley. "Sit down?"

"Keep your seat; I'm tired sitting."

"You sit down, Mr. Bradley."

"The first thing now is to see how much money we've got," said Scully as soon as he was seated.

"We were just talking it over before you came in," said Mort, "and I think we did fairly well under the circumstances."

"Hooligan, bring us a drink; what will you have, Mr. Bradley?"

"I'll take a cigar."

"Make mine a cigar, too," and Phipps paid for the drinks.

"Now, Joe, you get a piece of paper and let us check this up till we find how much we've got."

"Hooligan, lend us your pen and ink."

"I have one here somewhere, Mr. Phipps." Hooligan commenced to search for the pen and ink. At last he located it under the counter, handed it to Rock to give to Phipps, who, on investigation, found that one part of its split point was gone.

"Is this the only pen you've got?"

"That's all."

Phipps threw the pen into the stove, the door of which was open at the time to cool it off.

"Here's a pencil," said Bradley, handing it to Phipps.

It was found that from all sources they had gathered one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents.

"How will that do, Mr. Bradley?" inquired Scully, who was acting as chairman.

"It's a little skimpy, but under the circumstances it will have to do. Of course, you gentlemen will have to hire your own carriages."

"That's all right," replied Mort. "I suppose you can furnish them?"

"All you want."

The young men looked at one another, each waiting for a suggestion.

"We'll want four, at least," remarked Bert; "there will have to be twelve pall-bearers."

"That's so," replied Mort; "suppose we give you an order for four? If we fall short you could likely get us another in the morning."

"Hooligan, you'll want a carriage?"

"I don't know; I think I'll have to ride with the alderman," shouted Hooligan from behind the bar, where he was attending to business.

"Let him alone," said Scully, impatiently; "if he wants one let him hire it. What's that trouble I saw around the corner when I was coming down the street?"

"He was just after throwing old Shaughnessy out," answered Mort.

"What for?"

"He was trying to beg a drink."

"Well, many's the good dollar Shaughnessy put over his counter."

"That's so," replied Hart.

"What did you do about the church, Mike?" inquired Bert.

"I saw Father Nolan and he is going to say Mass at 10 o'clock. Mr. Bradley has the permit from the graveyard."

"Yes, and I have had the remains brought over to my place —one of my men is working on them now. We can't do much with Murphy, because he is burnt about the neck and face; but Mrs. Murphy will come out all right. There is nothing now to be done, only for you gentlemen to arrange for the pall-bearers, and be on hand early at my place; so I'll buy a drink and leave you." Bradley told Hooligan to give the gentlemen what they wanted, which he did, not forgetting the regulars.

"We will have to send a carriage to Mrs. O'Brien, for her and Tony."

"I suppose you'll ride with them, Mike?"

"I don't care, Mort, whatever is agreeable to you all, will suit me."

"I forgot to tell you that on investigation it was found that Mrs. Murphy's people had a couple of lots in Calvary," said Bradley; "so that saves considerable."

"Her people were old settlers, and good stock," continued the undertaker, who was just about to leave.

Hooligan, while serving the drinks, inquired if any of them had seen the afternoon papers.

Yes, they had.

"A pretty good ad! How did you manage it, Hooligan?" inquired Mort, surmising that Hooligan was in some way responsible.

Hooligan, in an off-hand manner, claimed he knew most of the city editors, some of whom were his personal friends. "So whatever I say goes."

"You seem to stand well with the press, Owen," said Bert, winking at Mike. The evening papers had given a report of the proceedings at the inquest, and announced the hour at which the remains would be removed from the undertaker's to the church, and from thence to the railway depot to be taken out in cars, and stated that the cars would leave the Union Depot at 12:30 p. m.

Hooligan was in the main responsible for all this information, having so informed the reporters, whom he had met down town that morning, and insisted upon treating them.

In his interview he told them that more than likely he would have to take charge of the funeral and foot the bills—he had already chartered a car, seeing that the people in the neighborhood were poor and could not afford to go all the way out in carriages.

"The Murphys were nothing to me," he said with emphasis, "still, they were my neighbors, and whether living or dead I will never desert them."

"Come, boys, take another drink." It being early in the day, and having ample time to prepare their copy, they might just as well spend a half hour getting original dope from Hooligan as go elsewhere.

"What's to become of the boy?" inquired the reporter of the *Times*.

"I don't know; I suppose I will have to take care of him. Of course, you know I am a bachelor." (None of the newsgatherers was acquainted with this vital piece of information, so let it go unchallenged.) "If I was a married man and had a home to bring him to, he would be a comfort for me to look

after, but as it is I don't know what I am going to do with him. I see some of you want to be going. Have a cigar before you go. I, myself, have a lot of work to do in connection with this affair. Don't forget to say that we go to Calvary by cars, leaving the Union Depot at 12:30. We expect that Alderman Great is going out with us." (Of course, this announcement he thought important, as giving tone to the funeral.)

When the reporters left Hooligan, one of them remarked, "I don't think he's a bad kind of fellow. I propose we give the funeral arrangements a little space—it will make a pretty good story, but cut the Alderman out." But this inside information was not vouchsafed the little crowd at Hooligan's.

As soon as the undertaker had gone, Mort suggested that they pick out the pall-bearers.

"Hooligan will act as one," said Hart.

"He'll want to be chief mourner," replied Rock, with a grin.

"There is old man Dempsey, a friend of the family, and O'Brien, they will be both going, that is two more," continued Mort, as he looked towards the roost where a number of Hooligan's patrons were perched, but seeing no presentable candidates, he made no further suggestions.

"With us five and Hooligan, Dempsey and O'Brien make eight. We can easily pick out four in the morning," added Phipps.

"I would have liked," suggested Bert, "if we could have a floral piece."

"I forgot that," remarked Mort.

"How much would one cost?" inquired Phipps.

"About ten dollars," replied Rock.

"But who has the ten?" asked Hart. "We have already hired four carriages—it will take us all our time to pay for them."

"I propose we make Hooligan put up the ten; what do you say, Mike?"

"Well, you can ask him."

"I'll tackle him," continued Mort. "Here, Hooligan, we want to see you."

"In a moment." He was busy at the time, putting fifteen cents worth of whiskey in a bottle for a ragged little girl not over nine years of age. As Hooligan took the money from her hand, he gave her a piece of candy, so as to retain her patronage.

"What is it?" inquired Hooligan, coming towards them.

"We have decided to have a floral piece. It will cost ten dollars, and we want you to put up the money. We will pay for it amongst us, but we are all about broke."

"Now, Mort, I have been out a lot of money already, and I don't think you should ask me to share in this expense."

Scully, whose temper was somewhat ruffled and who had no patience with Hooligan at any time, said, "Never mind, you advance the ten and we will stand it ourselves."

"When am I going to get it back?" whined Hooligan.

"Never, perhaps," was Scully's angry reply.

Hooligan, who always wilted in Scully's presence, pulled out a large roll of bills, and picking out a ten-dollar one laid it on the table, went back behind the bar mumbling something to himself.

"Phipps, you go telephone to the undertaker. Tell him we have ten dollars for a floral piece."

"Hold a moment, Mike; he will want to know what to put on it."

"That's so; what do you suggest?"

"Hooligan's victims," remarked Hart, in an undertone; Squinty Rock, laughing outright, thought that would be very appropriate.

Scully, who had been somewhat morose all night, smiled, as did the rest of the group.

Hooligan, who was out of hearing, attending to his customers, looked hard at them. He suspected they were laughing at him.

"What do you say, Mort?" inquired Scully.

"I think out of respect for the youngster we should have something in the shape of a pillow with the words, 'MY PARENTS,' on it."

"A good idea," remarked Bert. So it was agreed, and Phipps was dispatched to give the order. On his return he said it was all right, Mr. Bradley would have it on the coffins by 9 in the morning.

"Now," said Mort, "we will have one more drink and go. I'm tired." Scully would take a cigar. "Take a little whiskey, it will brace you up; seems to me as if you had a dose of the jimjams."

"No, Henry; I have cut it out."

Chapter VII.

THE FUNERAL.

The morning of the funeral, the boys assembled early at their usual rendezvous. Scully and Mort went over to Mrs. O'Brien's to notify her of the final arrangements; a carriage would call for her before 9 o'clock to take her and Tony to the undertaker's; Scully would ride in the same carriage, and Mr. O'Brien would be expected to be a pall bearer. Mrs. O'Brien said that would be satisfactory.

The weather was fine; the sun shone bright though the air was a little sharp; being the middle of December this was to be expected.

The melancholy taking off of the two victims of the fire had awakened a lively interest amongst the public, many coming from a distance to get a look at the funeral cortege; to see the orphan boy, and the hero who had rescued him at the peril of his own life.

It was rumored that Father Nolan was going to preach a funeral sermon over the remains. This alone was sufficient to bring a great number to the church, the priest, besides his great popularity, having the reputation of being a splendid orator.

Long before the time set for the funeral cortege to leave,

carriages began to drive up, in one of which was the good alderman and three of his sturdy vassals.

Mrs. Great occupied another. (She and the alderman never rode together.) She had her maid, Mary, with her.

Many other carriages were there, some occupied by neighbors and friends of the Murphys, some who had known Murphy in better days, when he was an industrious, steady man. Nor was Mrs. Murphy forgotten—women who had grown up with her from girlhood were there to pay their last sad respects.

Some of the acquaintances and associates of Scully were there in carriages, even from the south side of the city. Their occupants did not know the Murphys, but they knew the boys who had taken an interest in them, and that was the same thing—it was a day's outing.

There were two carriages filled to overflowing with newsboys, who attracted a great deal of attention. They were a delegation selected in due form from Newsboys' alley. Hustler Joe was chairman. As soon as they arrived Joe, impressed with the importance of his office, marched them in line on the sidewalk. They had brought a floral piece with them, which was handed down by the driver of one of the carriages, it having occupied the seat with him. Joe saw to it that in the handing down no harm would befall it. Rocco, the Dago, and Skinny took charge of it, holding it in such position as to show the lettering on it, which read, "WE MOURN WITH TONY."

Joe placed himself at the head of the boys and marched them in, leaving the floral piece on the casket containing the remains of Murphy, the one sent by Scully and his friends resting on the casket containing the body of Mrs. Murphy. The newsboys marched around the coffins, glanced at the face of Mrs. Murphy, and filed out again, receiving instructions from Joe as to their future conduct.

The men who came in the different carriages formed in groups on the sidewalk, the good alderman being a central figure. Others sought the nearby saloon, where they took a bracer before they started. Many of the women also got out

of their carriages, and crowded the undertaker's establishment to get a view of the dead.

Mrs. Great did not leave her carriage. Some of the ladies of the parish, hearing she was present, sought her out and conversed with her through the window. She invited a couple to ride with her, but those she invited had carriages of their own, so made arrangements by surrendering their own seats to some less fortunate, but who desired to go, and then accepted Mrs. Great's invitation to accompany her.

The carriage containing Mrs. O'Brien, Scully and Tony drove up, and after some trouble on the part of the driver to get through the crowd, stopped in front of the undertaker's. This occasioned quite a commotion. Some of the newsboys wanted to rush forward and greet Tony, but Joe checked them, "Keep back, there, you Rocky, Skinny, Pickels; you keep in line," was his command, and there was nothing for them to do but to obey. They knew Joe wasn't to be fooled with.

The two coffins lay side by side, with a sufficient space between them for passage. The one containing the body of Murphy was entirely closed, on account of his face being much disfigured; the one containing the remains of Mrs. Murphy had a glass slide, through which the face and part of her bust could be seen, her hands clasped across her breast holding a set of rosary beads with a fine gilt cross. It was whispered around that those had been sent by Mrs. Great.

The face of the dead woman had been completely bleached out. She looked like marble, her head resting upon a pillow, her beautiful brown hair tastily arranged. She had been a handsome woman in her day, and the undertaker's art had in part removed the careworn look she had had later in life.

Those who gazed on the placid, tranquil countenance could not discern a trace of the cause of the calamity which had launched her into eternity. If she had died at the altar, with her upturned face looking towards the throne of mercy, fully prepared and desirous to meet her God, she could not have looked more composed.

At sight of his mother Tony gave a cry of anguish, "Mother! Mother! Mother!" he cried; "Oh, my poor Mother! Will she

never come back to me?" Mrs. O'Brien moved back the glass so that he could kiss her farewell. He threw his arms around her neck and laid his little face against her's, as the tears rolled from his eyes over her cheeks and forehead; he buried his hands in her hair as he entreated her to come back to him, to her little Tony. Women sobbed bitterly; even the newsboys' delegation, which had followed him in, broke up in disorder, Joe himself crying like a lusty fellow, in unison with his mates. Men blew their noses, and wiped away a furtive tear. Scully, who had led him, beat a retreat, leaving Mrs. O'Brien to take care of him. Even Jim Bradley, who had seen many heart-rending scenes at funerals he had supervised, admitted he felt somewhat awkward. Tony clung to his mother until the undertaker had to loose his hands. The boy looked pitifully into his face, as though to say, "Are you going to take her from me?"

Henry Mort came forward, and taking him by the hand, led him out, the newsboys crowding after him. Henry gave him back to Scully, and returned to where the dead lay, acting as master of ceremonies. He held a brief discourse with the undertaker, who screwed down the lids of the coffins.

"Have you got all your pall-bearers, Mr. Mort?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then please have them step this way." He commenced to pin crape on their arms, and handed each one a pair of white gloves, which they proceeded to put on.

Hooligan, who had been giving his attention to the good alderman, arrived just in time.

Hooligan and Dempsey, Joe Phipps and O'Brien, and two strangers laid hold of the handles on Murphy's coffin preparatory to taking it out. The hearse had already been backed up to the curb to receive it. The crowd on the sidewalk jammed the passage, women and children pushed forward to see the coffins come out, men in the rear craned their necks to look over the heads to obtain a better view.

Jim Bradley, who came out in front of the first coffin, appealed to the crowd to make room, but in vain. The pressure from behind was too great. Some of the men came to his aid,

and partly by appeal, partly by force, made room. A solitary policeman came strolling along. The alderman, noticing him, shouted:

"Officer, why don't you keep that crowd back?"

The officer, turning around and recognizing who it was that had spoken to him, immediately came to life. It looked as if hundreds of volts of electricity had been shot into him. He broke through the crowd, club in hand.

"Stand back!" he said, in a threatening manner, and the minion of the law, the enforcer of our constitution, and the chief dignitary of our civilization, soon secured ample room. Murphy's coffin was thrust into the hearse, the door slammed behind it, the driver jerked the reins in his hands, and the hearse moved on, the other hearse taking its place.

Henry Mott, John Bert, Red Hart, Squinty Rock, and two others who had been pressed into service were seen bearing out the coffin in which were Mrs. Murphy's remains, and it was placed in the hearse.

While this was being done the newsboys' delegation had flocked around Tony. Joe, as official mouthpiece, had told Tony how sorry they were for him. "Every kid in the street is with you, Tony," he said, "and we are going to stand by you; aren't we, fellows?" and the crowd of youngsters gave endorsement to the hustler's declaration in such terms as "You bet, we will," "Sure, Mike," and "I should say so." Those expressions of loyalty and devotion gave Tony a little comfort, though his heart was too sad to make proper acknowledgment.

"How many of you are there?" asked Scully, impressed by their manly declaration in favor of his charge.

"Thirteen," replied Joe, with pride, looking over his bunch of street Arabs.

"How many carriages have you?"

"Two, sir."

"I am afraid you will be a little crowded."

"Oh, we're all right."

"Well, as there are only three in our carriage, I would suggest that one of you ride with us."

The whole bunch looked at one another in expectancy, and then at Joe. There was a pause for a minute.

"You go," spoke up Skinny, "you're the chairman of de delegation, and we ll see you at the church."

It was agreed that Joe, the hustler, should ride with Tony, Scully and Mrs. O'Brien.

The carriages drove up and were filled in rapid succession, and the journey to the Church of the Holy Family commenced.

A great number ran ahead towards the church, which was but a short distance, so that when the funeral procession reached the sacred edifice it was seen that the affair had assumed the proportions of a demonstration. The ushers had difficulty in reserving a few of the front seats for the mourners.

As soon as the first hearse had arrived the great bell began to peal forth its announcement of the funeral rite, its dismal, measured tone adding to the solemnity of the occasion.

The coffins were placed in front of the sanctuary, the carriages arriving in turn, many of their occupants entering the sacred building and kneeling down, crossed themselves devoutly, and began to pray, few women who could gain admission staying out.

Most of the men crossed over to a saloon on the opposite side of the street, then kept by a patriot of the Hooligan stamp. Hooligan himself, after the corpse that he bore in part was laid on the trestle, fell back, and leaving the church, joined the group in the saloon, in which the alderman was a central figure.

A solemn High Mass was being said for the repose of the souls of the departed. (Mrs. Great had given Father Nolan the instructions.) After it was over and the officiating clergyman and the acolytes had retired, a boy was seen entering the chancel. He bore aloft a large gilt cross, and was closely followed by the priest, a boy on each side of him, one carrying a censer in his hands, that he was swaying to and fro, the other a vessel in which was holy water and a brush.

The last funeral rites of the Holy Roman Catholic Church had commenced. The priest chanted forth the solemn words.

After a time he came down the steps leading from the sanc-

tuary, and made a circuit of the coffins, waving the censer towards them, chanting the appropriate ritual for the dead. He afterwards sprinkled them with holy water. After the conclusion of this part of the services he commenced his sermon. There was rapt attention.

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

"In the midst of life we are in death, so saith the prophet. What better illustration of the profound wisdom and truth of this saying could be given, what greater object lesson, than the one now before us?

"My brethren, on a fateful night the dear departed, whose remains we now see before us, went to their homes full of life, no danger in sight, no warning of their impending doom. They retire to sleep, no thought of the morrow that never came to them.

"In a brief moment death, the certain, the irrevocable, enters, without a single word of warning, and claims them as his own, launches them into eternity. Ah, my friends, it was sad. Let us hope, however, that there was a brief respite, if but for a moment, in which time was given to those poor people between the call and the execution, to appeal to the throne of the Almighty and cry out in their anguish, 'Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!'

"Ah, my friends; that is a happy thought. God will that it was so. There is, however, in this untimely taking off a lesson and a warning to all of us who survive them, for none there are who know how soon or how sudden the grim reaper may call for any now present. Let us, then, profit by this catastrophe, and be ever ready to stand before the judgment seat—it is but a simple matter, Mother Church shows the way; it is strewn with flowers to those whose conscience, beliefs, and practices follow her holy mandates.

"In every pursuit of life, in peace as well as in war, the good Christian man, and the good Christian woman, is fortified with armor stronger than human ingenuity can devise. No matter how humble their station, or how exalted their position in this world, trials will beset them in this valley of tears, the time

of their dissolution will come, and they must go to render an account of their stewardship.

"The Catholic Christian who tries to follow in the footsteps of our Redeemer, and conforms to the rules and obligations laid down for our guidance by His Holy Church, is ever imbued with Faith and Hope in the great beyond, and 'tis they alone can face the final dissolution with a stout heart, for they know the hour of their redemption is at hand, that the promise of the Redeemer is all-sufficient; the human tabernacle that contains the soul may be racked with pain, but in their agony they are buoyed up with the consolation sublime, in full knowledge that they have tried to carry out God's holy will, that they have led good lives, just to their fellow men, obedient to the rules and precepts of Christ's Church on earth, and for them death is but the way to the resurrection.

"Ah, my friends, I rejoice to see so many of you here this morning to pay your last sad respects to the remains of this poor couple. To bury the dead is one of the cardinal works of mercy, one of the duties and obligations imposed upon all who have the Faith, but the widow and the orphan also demand our care.

"You all, no doubt, are aware of the circumstances connected with this sad event, that there is an orphan left homeless, but not destitute, as willing hands have been outstretched to help him, sympathizing friends have tried to pour some consolation into his little wounded heart; fatherless and motherless, he stands alone in this wicked world, in this more than wicked city. I bespeak for him, the living, your prayers, as well as the prayers of you, the faithful, for his parents who, dead, can never more shield him or provide for his necessities.

"I appeal to you, friends and neighbors, in behalf of this orphan boy, keep a watch over him, and try as far as may lay in your power to keep his footsteps in the path of righteousness, and minister to his little wants as you can best afford. 'He that giveth to the poor but lendeth to the Lord.' Christ made a special appeal on behalf of the widow and orphan, and I, one of the humblest of His servants, appeal to you in behalf of this orphan.

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

The priest having retired, the undertaker signaled to the pall-bearers, who took their respective places beside the coffins.

Hooligan, who had spent the time during the service fawning over the alderman, in the saloon across the way, came crowding his way up the aisle and took his place at the end of the casket containing the remains of his defunct customer.

The bodies were placed in the hearses, the carriages received their occupants, and the cortege proceeded to the Union Depot. On its arrival there it was found that the funeral car which had been arranged for would not hold a third of the crowd who desired to go to the cemetery.

The railway officials protested against them occupying any of the cars reserved for the other people.

Hooligan, who assumed the position of the manager in general when they got to the depot, tried to impress the railway conductor with his great importance. The railway official pushed him aside. "Who do you think you are?" he remarked to Hooligan. Hooligan clamored loudly for the alderman, "He would damned soon let the conductor know who he was."

Inquiry was made, and it was learned that the good alderman had staid in the saloon. This being the case, Hooligan slunk back in despair.

Scully, who up to this time had been a silent observer of the scene, came forward and appealed to the conductor to allow the people to pass, and it would be adjusted afterwards.

The conductor told him to mind his own business; that he could mind his. This curt reply angered many present.

The little gate which allowed the passengers to go through to the platform was open. A man stood sentry over it, awaiting instructions from his superior. There were more outside the gate than had got through.

"Hey, you!" shouted the conductor, "you get off that rail!" This remark was hurled at Joe, the hustler, whose delegation had wheeled a truck close to the high fence and were vaulting over it when the conductor noticed them. Skinny stuck out his tongue at him; Rocco, the Dago, put his thumb to his

nose and shook his fingers at him. The outworks had been scaled.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Joe.

"Stop that fellow!" roared the conductor to a diminutive porter, who tried to prevent Joe's passage.

"I'll give you one under the jaw if you try to stop me," shouted Joe to him. Skinny knocked the porter's cap off while passing. The whole delegation of thirteen menaced the porter, who beat a hasty retreat.

The solitary policeman, who was on hand prepared to do his duty, was an Irishman of robust proportions, with a heart in full keeping with his size. He knew whose funeral it was, and his sympathies were with the crowd; but as his sworn duty was to see that the peace and order of the community were preserved, he thought the best way to do it was to look wise. He surmised what was coming, so conveniently turned his back.

Mort and Hart were still amongst those outside the barriers, as was Hooligan, who, after being snubbed, remained in the rear.

Hart had to be kept in check by Mort, who vowed he would reach the conductor one, if he had to go over the road for it.

Henry Mort, addressing the crowd, said, "I am going with this train, and any of you that want to go follow me." With this he got hold of the conductor and pushed him ahead of him.

Hart grabbed the man who was in charge of the gate, and pushed him through, telling him at the same time he would knock his block off if he gave any lip. The whole crowd surged in after Mort and Hart, and piled into the train, until it was as full as one of Yerkes' street cars during the busy hours.

The depot superintendent arriving, the conductor appealed to him.

"Go ahead," said the superintendent.

The conductor gave the signal, the fireman pulled the bell-rope, the engineer pulled the lever that gives life to the engine, and they were off.

A little way out from Chicago it was decided to take up a subscription. Hooligan, Phipps, Bert, Hart and Mort passed

around their hats, explaining as they went along that whatever was given was to go to the boy. Many gave willingly; others who had come were not prepared to give anything except their sympathy. When the money was counted it was found to amount to seventy-nine dollars and forty-five cents.

Calvary, city of the dead! What memories does it reflect on the minds of thousands of our people! Within its iron railings lie the remains of many of Chicago's pioneers; men who were leaders in their day, and gave to Chicago and its people their best efforts from the time this great city was but a straggling village situated between the forks of its river.

Scene of many a bitter parting, where the living have stood in grief and sorrow watching those who were nearest and dearest to them lowered into their silent graves; the resting place of soldiers and civilians, priests and laymen, poets and painters, men of letters, and men of business whose acumen and enterprise raised them to the foremost rank in the commercial world! Fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers; all lay there. The husband has seen the casket containing the remains of the woman he loved, perhaps his children gathered around him, sobbing in sorrow, and the wife has seen the husband of her youth, the man who had shared her joys and sorrows, lowered into the earth from which they sprang—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes." Brothers their sisters, sisters their brothers, parents their children, children their parents—all gather here. The more fortunate, the exalted, may have had monuments raised to commemorate their achievements, but they know it not.

Others may have left records that have tarnished the fair names of those, the very creators of their being. But Mother Earth treats all alike, her mantle covers their virtues and their vices, and there they remain, till the last trumpet sounds, and the final day of reckoning has come.

The newly dug graves, in which the mortal remains of the Murphys were to be laid, were ready to receive their tenants.

The undertaker stood in the center of the group, the gravediggers had adjusted the straps to lower the coffins into the

graves, the sound of sobbing and crying was heard in many quarters; the chief mourner, little Tony, could not be consoled. His little heart was broken. Men whose natures were stern felt uncomfortable listening to him; tears flowed freely down the cheeks of women, whose tender natures could not stand the strain.

Scully, who still clung to Tony's hand, was afraid to raise his head. He had the heart of a lion; he never knew what fear was; but he, too, had had a mother, and the scene he was now witnessing was the reminder of a similar occasion. She, however, had died peacefully in her bed, surrounded by ministering friends, fortified with the last rites of her church. In this the circumstances differed. He remembered her parting advice to him to be a good boy, a good man. He had not followed her instructions. This scene awakened thoughts in his mind long time dormant; his conscience smote him; he felt uncomfortable; he would like to be away in some secluded place where he, too, like the youngster whose hand he held, could have a good cry unobserved. He let go of Tony's hand, motioning to Mort to take care of him. He left the group, walking hurriedly away. Many eyes followed him, accounting for his leaving by the sorrow which affected him. He walked down one of the paths, graves on each side of him. After going a short distance he turned to the right and scanned the graves on both sides. He paused as if in doubt, then he went on again. At last he found the object of his search. It was a small headstone, nearly obscured with dead weeds. He went over and moved them aside with his hand, then read the inscription:

Anastasia Scully, Beloved Wife of Michael Scully,
Died June 7th, 1872.

After a time he turned around; through the bare trees he could see the crowd that had come to the Murphy funeral going towards the gate. He knelt down and remained some time in prayer. He rose, wiped his eyes, and retraced his steps.

Mort, Bert, Phipps and Rock all wished it over. The tense excitement of the past few days was telling upon their hardened natures. They, too, had mothers, and Tony's wailing disconcerted them.

At length the coffins were lowered into the graves, the pall-bearers threw on top of the coffins the pieces of crape from their arms and the gloves from their hands. The grave-diggers commenced to shovel in the dirt. When the graves would hold no more they formed a mound, and their work was done.

James Bradley, the undertaker, knelt down. Mrs. Great and nearly all the women and many of the men followed his example. Others who had long since forgotten how to pray knelt down for appearance's sake, while the prayers were being offered for the souls of the departed, after which the crowd dispersed, many to visit the graves in which friends or relatives were laid, others to look at the monuments and read the inscriptions.

A number of them sought the place where refreshments were served, while others loitered around until the train was ready to bring them back to the city.

Chapter VIII.

THE ALDERMAN.

The years between 1880 and 1890 might be said to be the golden era for the City Council of Chicago.

The population of the city had increased from 503,185 to 1,099,850. This phenomenal growth not only attracted the attention of the business men and capitalists of America, but also those of Europe.

A great field was open for speculators. What had been farm and prairie was turned into sites for dwellings and factories; a constant flow of emigrants from all parts of the globe; every train coming from the East had a number of them—men, women, and children. They had to have work

and homes, and provided a supply of cheap labor to manufacturers, who commenced to locate in the city by the lake.

Real estate got a great boom from this influx of people, buildings of all descriptions were going up in every direction; this, in turn, brought a great number of skilled mechanics, especially those of the building trades.

Chicago, on account of its central location, became a great shipping point for all kinds of merchandise; so the railway interests became anxious to extend their lines in the city; especially those which had no right of way of their own; they also required a large amount of territory for railway yards, where cars might be stored, previous to being switched to other lines; or to await being filled or emptied at the different freight houses.

The City Council, which by ordinance, had the power to grant valuable concessions, had to be seen and conciliated, when the railways wanted streets surrendered to them, on which to lay their tracks. The value of some of these grants was enormous, acres of property being given to them. Private property they had to compensate the owners for; but other, such as streets and space owned by the city, was given to them free, excepting such private arrangements as they might have to make with the city fathers. A combination of both Democrats and Republicans attended to the negotiations. The lighting of the city—a public utility of the first importance—furnished another fruitful and no doubt profitable field for legislation by the City Council; the spread of the city made the extension of the gas mains necessary. The then company had a monopoly—they bled the people by excessive charges for gas—and the combine in the Council often took a crack at them by introducing new gas ordinances which had (professedly) for their purpose the creating of rival companies in the interest of the dear people; many of those ordinances "died in the borning." by some miscarriage known only to the alderman and the company specially interested.

Some reached the stage of issuing a prospectus, and offering stock for sale; ere they got fairly under way the old company absorbed them.

But the best of all was the local transportation.

In the early eighties there came a man from Philadelphia who had some disagreement with the authorities in that city, which led him to leave it. Coming to Chicago, he started in business. It either proved too slow for his restless energy, or he discerned a greater opportunity in another channel. In this he was right; he saw in the Chicago system of local transportation a vast field in which he might raise an immense crop of nickels. He had little resources of his own, except a fertile brain and an easy conscience. After maturing his plans, and taking full account of the difficulties to be surmounted, he went back East to lay his scheme before the men of money.

He showed them golden opportunity, like the free lances of old who gathered around them a number of kindred spirits, and aroused them to the rewards that might be secured by raids on the property of others, rich in fertile fields, and numerous herds of cattle, of fair women, of gold and silver and jewels, all of which loot they should share in if they would but follow him.

The Philadelphia promoter had graduated from a school in the art of forming and manipulating rings. He was competent, when he undertook the task of showing those he wished to interest a glowing picture of the city by Lake Michigan, its rapidly increasing population, its central position, its level surface, its ever-increasing area, and its easy people.

He impressed the capitalists of the East with his wonderful stories of the opportunities open to speculators with courage and means.

"But," said they, "what of the law? How about the City Council?"

"Leave them to me," he replied. "I know how to handle them—I already have them rated. *They're cheap.*"

So he came back with the carte blanche authority from the men with money to go ahead, which he did with such success that in a very few years he might say in the language of another famous exploiter, "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

During the time of his activity the name of "gray wolf" was

applied to certain members in the City Council, of which Alderman Thomas Great was one of the most voracious.

During the decade under consideration, much local improvement had to be done—streets graded and paved, sidewalks laid, garbage removed, etc. This necessitated the letting of contracts; a fruitful field for graft. True, security had to be given by those who were favored with the work, and bonds duly filed, as binding as if they were tied with a strand from a spider's web.

Great's first start in life was as a runner in the old board of trade—a messenger boy, running back and forth from the office to the operator on the floor, a natty little fellow, attentive and civil. The brokers who knew him spoke of him as being a "sharp kid."

Growing too large for the job, he obtained a position in a bucket shop that one day went up with a crash. We suppose they bought so many puts and calls that they were called, could not respond, and so were put out.

His early training in those two occupations made him somewhat a man of affairs. What he lacked in education he made up in tact. He dabbled a little in politics, purely local, he served as judge at primary elections, and with two other colleagues, with but a single thought; his side always won, often to the chagrin and annoyance of the opposition, who claimed they had the most votes, but that was of little import, as in those days it was the judges that decided.

Great, a young man about this time, made the acquaintance of a woman, the daughter of frugal, industrious parents, who had accumulated between four and five thousand dollars. They dying, she fell sole heir to it. She was some eight years his senior, an exemplary, good, religious woman.

Contrary to the advice of many of her close friends, she married him. A woman's faith in the man she loves is nearly impregnable.

Early in the eighties a number of his political friends suggested that he run for alderman of the ward in which he resided. He coaxed his wife into concurrence; a good woman,

she could only see the honor in it—unlike him, who could only see the profit in it.

She placed her little legacy at his disposal, he ran, and was elected. The remuneration at that time was but three dollars a meeting. He was all attention, and drew the full amount of his salary every month; not an orator, but a worker, he soon showed signs of growing prosperity; he told his wife he was doing some speculating, and she, knowing his early training, believed him. In a year or two he began to furnish his home in style. Re-elected after the expiration of his first term, he built himself a magnificent home—things were coming his way—he had lots of money to be generous with, popular with the saloonkeepers, whom he relied on to boost him and slander his opponents—he became immensely popular.

The corporations he served had every confidence in his audacity and discretion when they wanted anything "put over."

A leading lawyer in the city who had business connections with the man from Philadelphia, spoke highly of him as being all right, differing widely from many who knew him intimately, and were willing to make affidavits that he was all wrong.

Ere his third term was over he rode with his carriage and pair.

Too busy a man to give much attention to his wife, she soon found herself neglected; not that she wanted any of the material comforts of life—he was far from mean, and so supplied the home with a liberal hand, bought pictures—as to who the artist was he had no knowledge—and put in a library of books, few if any of which he ever opened.

He was gay, she was sedate and old fashioned; being religiously inclined, she sought solace in the church, for which she was a willing worker and a liberal contributor; while he catered for the groggery and the thug, she ministered to the needy and the poor.

Rumors of some of his failings sometimes reached her ears —they were buried in her bosom. She had taken him for better or worse, she had married him at an altar whose minister told her it was for life, or till death did them part.

So she devoutly, willingly, if not cheerfully, carried her cross, and hoped that her sufferings would be some atonement for his transgressions.

Thoroughly imbued with Christian fortitude, such as bore up the early Martyrs, so that they quailed not while being led into the arena to be devoured by ferocious beasts—she silently suffered, still hoping that his love might return to her whose love for him neither neglect, nor desertion, could ever effectually destroy, though she had heard rumors of his infidelity—breaches of the marriage vow he had made to her at the altar.

The newspapers of that day, not entirely under the influence of corporate wealth, used to publish many harsh things about him, as it did about nearly all his colleagues, in the city legislature.

"Politics;" he would say to her, "envy at my growing influence."

Is it to be wondered at if this plea from him in part hushed up her misgivings—especially when she knew that he stood high in the estimation of many of Chicago's leading citizens in the commercial world—yea, even in the religious world, which was to her an infallible authority?

Chapter IX.

SCULLY ANNOUNCES HIS DEPARTURE.

On the night of the day on which the funeral had taken place Hooligan's was deserted, except for the regulars that hung round in hopes of a "live one" dropping in.

Hooligan's temper was ruffled; he thought the least the boys might do was to come over and give expression as to the success attending the funeral, how it was worked, and his share in giving publicity to it. He felt he had been slighted in not having received the compliments he deserved, so about 12 p. m. (strange to relate) he sized up the line of expectant consumers that sat on the rail, and knowing that there wasn't a

nickel in any of their jeans, announced the dismal tidings that he felt somewhat tired after the hard day's work he had put in, so would close up and go home; he commenced to put out the lights.

The veterans present looked longingly at the bottles on the shelf behind the counter, but to no purpose. Hooligan was blind to their silent appeal, so, like the proverbial Arab, they silently packed their indignation, lacking a tent, and went out into the chill night air.

Scully and his friends had supper down town; they were all sobered up after the event of the day, and wanted to keep their own company. They ate in silence. After they were through, Mort ordered cigars, the waiter was notified to clear off the table, and after doing so and receiving a generous tip, left them to themselves.

Bert turned to Scully and inquired: "What has become of Tony?"

"The woman who had taken charge of him the night of the fire took him home with her. I suppose he is all right there for a time, but as she is poverty-stricken, and has a husband who is an old toper, it is a poor place for the boy to have to stay."

Mort agreed with Scully, remarking: "It couldn't be worse than the poor little fellow was used to."

"I think it is the best that could be done for him—he was born and raised in the neighborhood, and whatever friends he has are there," replied Hart.

Squinty "didn't know what else they could do for him; the money we collected on the train won't go very far, and he is too young to go to work at anything, only to sell papers."

"Whatever is done," said Phipps, "the woman who took him in should have a say in the matter, and if she is willing to keep him, it's the best place for him to stay; we should see, however, that he gets some good warm clothing out of the money first—the winter is here and the poor little fellow wants them badly; this done, we should give Mrs. O'Brien—I believe that's her name?—the balance to do the best she can

with it. The old dame can board him over winter with it, anyway."

"I don't see any other course open to us," remarked Scully, "so I propose we see Hooligan tomorrow and wind up the whole affair." He rang the bell and ordered the waiter to see what the gentlemen wanted—"Bring me a cigar!"

"I see you are not drinking tonight, Scully," remarked Phipps.

"No, I am on the water-wagon, and am going to try and keep my seat on it for some time."

"I feel like cutting it out, too," replied Mort; "we have all been going it too strong lately."

There was a pause in the conversation, the work of the day had interfered with their usual levity, they were depressed; even Squinty, who could grin at any kind of remark, was out of sorts.

Scully lit his cigar and, rising, said: "Boys, we have all trained together since we were kids. It is no use to go over our past history, we all have had good times and bad times, we have ever been loyal to one another, when one of us got into a scrape the others did the very best they could to help him out of it. I want to tell you, however, that the past few days have had their effect upon me, and I have come to the conclusion we have all been playing a poor game; not worth the risk, in my opinion—there is nothing in it! So I have decided to try something else." At the close of his remarks he sat down.

The company looked at one another, each waiting for some one to make a reply. Mort broke the silence by asking Scully if he were going to seek a job?

"That's what I'm going to do. I may not get one here, more than likely I won't look for one in Chicago, but America is a big place, and I feel I want a change of atmosphere. Wherever I go, I want it understood that I will never forget you fellows, and if I should be fortunate, and in a position to do any of you a favor, you can rely upon me."

Mort, who was always the closest supporter of Scully and his most ardent admirer, ridiculed the idea of Scully leaving

Scully Announces His Departure

the city. "Why, Mike, if you want a job you can get one. Great stands well with the administration—we will see him, and if he don't fix you, and that quick, we will make it hot for him at the next primary."

"He will be only too glad to go to the front for you, Mike," remarked Phipps.

"If he don't," said Hart, "I'll punch his head." Rock grinned and nodded, as much as to say, "That's the way to talk; count me in on that, too."

Scully shook his head as he replied: "Boys, I feel that you are all friends of mine, and would go the limit for me; but what you suggest won't do. In my present state of mind I would not be a tool of Great's, if he would make me Commissioner of Public Works; you know I was never very fond of him—true, I have helped him on many occasions, we all did! But you know my opinion of him, and since my interview with Mrs. Great, I think tar and feathers too good for him. I know some of you don't look at things in the same light as I do. I am not a saint, by a long sight, nor as good as I should be, but I still have some respect for a decent woman. I don't forget that I had a mother, and by the Eternal God, if I had a sister and he was to treat her as he treats his wife, I would cut his heart out."

"Come, come, Scully!" said Phipps, "you are too sentimental tonight. I am afraid Father Nolan has been putting the fear of God in your heart. You know that many of our best people always support Great."

"True for you, Phipps," chimed in Hart. "I know some who would not miss Mass in a morning for fear a house would fall down on them, or eat meat on a Friday thinking it might choke them, but who would insult you if you said a word against little Tommy."

"Ah, those old craw-thumpers!" exclaimed Mort; "the devil, if there is one, will surely get a lot of them. They are only hypocrites."

"Well, if they are," replied Hart, joining in, "even some of the clergy feel very kindly disposed to him. I'd like to know from you, Mike, who is the most popular man when they are

running a bazaar? Were you ever at one when he was present that you didn't see a reverend gentleman trotting him around and introducing him to the members of the married women's sodality?"

"Yes, and to the young ladies of the Sacred Heart, too," chimed in Rock, grinning from ear to ear, slapping Hart, who sat next to him, on the shoulder. "Good for you, Hart," at the same time looking at Scully, as if to egg him on for a reply.

Scully protested against going further into this subject. "I am not going to ask Great for a job. I, however, don't blame anyone that does—different men have different minds. In fact, I know, myself, some men who you would think had character, who profess to think Great all right—that's their affair; so that if any of you fellows can use him, I have no complaint to offer."

Mort agreed with Scully that the subject was getting a little too deep. "But the fact still remains," said he, "that no matter what our personal opinion of the little stiff is, we can not afford to fall out with him, as there is no telling how soon either one of us or some of our friends might want to use him."

"He stands ace-high with the State's Attorney," remarked Hart, "and you know I have a little case pending."

"Yes, and with the police magistrates," chimed in Rock.

"We all know he stands in with the corporations," continued Bert. "Unless you have his recommendations your name's Dennis, and as for the other alderman of the ward, if he wants a job for any of his constits, he has to get it through Tommy—isn't that so, Mike?"

"Yes, I believe it is, but that only goes to show the rottenness of the whole infernal political system. If affairs go on as they have been doing in this city for a few years more, men's souls will not be their own. That being the case, I think it would be good for us all to try new pastures. My mind is made up; where I will decide to go I have no knowledge. I intend to take to the tall timbers, anyway. I think I can rough it for a year or two and if the worst comes to the worst I can come back to Chicago."

Mort told Scully he had a dose of melancholy. "A good night's sleep and you will change your mind. Come, waiter, take this order. When are we going to see Hooligan, to have a settlement with him?"

Phipps told them that he would not be on guard till evening, so there would be no use of going there until after 7 o'clock, so it was agreed to go the following evening.

Hart, changing the conversation, remarked: "Well, poor Murphy had a sad wind-up, but if he was only able to see the grand finale, he would admit we sent him on his last journey in good style."

"Yes, I think we covered ourselves with glory," replied Bert; "but, sure, Hooligan will claim all the credit."

"How the devil did he get such a hold on the papers?" said Phipps, in an inquiring tone. "I would be willing to bet a dollar that fellow will be running for office before another year."

"Why, don't you know what he is looking for?" said Rock.

"No," was Bert's reply.

"You know the night that I tended bar for him, during the rush after the fire?"

"Yes."

"Well, he told me before he went home, after the crowd had gone, that he thought he could get on the bench, as he stood well with some of the judges of the upper court, and that Great had told him to name his place, and that anything he could do for him would be done."

"Well, that caps the climax!" exclaimed Mort. "Why, the fellow is as ignorant as a kish of brogues, and he knows as much about law as does a stray goat."

"That cuts little figure," replied Phipps; "sure, he would be as good at interpreting the laws as most of the ninnies we send to Congress and the Legislature to frame them. Besides, would he not have the valuable advice and counsel of his friend, the alderman, who would put him onto the fine points? Don't be surprised if he is looking for something next fall at the county election. He has got the dough, and that's what counts."

Mort yawned as he said, "Booze and boodle are more of a factor nowadays than ability and respectability, so I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see him land something good."

Squinty Rock (always sarcastic) thought "he would have some of the clergy with him, too."

"Isn't it about time we went home?" inquired Scully, at the same time volunteering the information in answer to Rock, "I know one he won't have with him, and that's the gentleman you heard preach today. Come, boys, let us be going; we all need some rest."

The following night Scully and his friends met at Hooligan's, whose first inqury was: "What happened you fellows last night? Why didn't you come around? I was here all alone by myself. As you didn't turn up before twelve, I closed and went home."

"I suppose business was bad," suggested Mort; "you had the regulars here—surely you didn't turn them out into the cold, bleak world, a night like last night was, did you?"

"What else could I do? Business is so bad I cannot afford a night-man, so had no one to mind the place."

"Too bad! too bad!" said Phipps in a sarcastically sympathetic tone.

"Besides, I was played out," continued Hooligan. "You know I have had a lot of trouble these last few days, what with inquests and funerals, and having to instruct and entertain the press, my business has been sadly neglected. What do you want?" This was in reply to Mort's order.

Scully would take a little ginger ale. Hooligan looked surprised at him. "You mean on the side, I suppose."

"No, I want it straight. I am through with the booze for some time." Hooligan laughed, the others ordered what they wanted. Hooligan looked straight over at the row of wallflowers, who immediately came to the front. Mort tendered a two-dollar bill for payment. Hooligan looked over those present, as if he was figuring up the amount, and for fear he would charge too much he rang up one-thirty-five.

Squinty looked over the group, then at the register, and

after a little mental calculation figured that Hooligan had short-changed Mort just twenty-five cents.

Mort put his sixty-five cents in his pocket, giving no attention to the correctness of his bill.

The vendor of liquors is hardly ever questioned as to the correctness of his figures when a number are drinking together. His prices seem staple—he is not called on to give bargains. It would seem he is the only business man that gives value for the money received, even when he is short-changing his customers, a prevalent habit with many of them. As, for instance, how many politicians when in pursuit of office complain when his good friend and loyal supporter, the bar-keep, rings up a five-dollar bill for seventy cents worth of drinks?

After Mort's treat had been drunk, Scully, speaking to Hooligan, said: "I understand the collection on the train amounted to seventy-nine dollars and forty-five cents. We talked the matter over last night amongst ourselves and thought the best thing we could do with it was to buy Tony a complete outfit for the winter, and make arrangements with Mrs. O'Brien to board him until spring, with the balance. What do you think of it?"

"I have been to a great deal of expense, and Murphy owed me quite a bill," whined Hooilgan.

"What do you mean?" said Phipps. "What has Murphy's bill to do with the seventy-nine dollars that was collected for the youngster? He will get every cent of it."

"Well, I should think so," said Mort, in a tone that made Hooligan back water immediately.

Hooligan protested, "I don't want any of it, but I thought I might as well handle it as any one else; but what about the ten dollars for the flowers?"

There was a chorus of voices: "We owe you that, and we are going to pay you as soon as we can."

"I thought it would be no harm to deduct the ten from the seventy-nine forty-five," continued Hooligan.

This proposition riled Scully, who told Hooligan to shut up, and count the money over, as they were going to settle the

matter there and now, and that Hooligan could come along if he liked.

Hooligan wanted to know the reason for their hurry—"There is plenty of time."

Scully replied by telling him that they wanted to get through with it and get it off their hands.

"The sooner the better," said Mort; "perhaps the poor woman that has Tony has enough to do to take care of her own, and a little ready cash would help considerable."

Hooligan, seeing that further remonstrance would avail nothing, pulled out his roll of bills and counted out eighty dollars, one of which he changed at the cash register and laid the exact amount of the collection on the counter before them.

"Take that money, Mort," was Scully's instruction, asking at the same time if Hooligan would come along. Hooligan informed them he had no one he could leave behind to mind the bar.

So they departed without him, he remarking as they went out about the hurry they were in "and after all my trouble." He felt slighted.

Chapter X.

TONY MURPHY'S NEW HOME.

Tony Murphy's new home was very much like his old one; in the street in which he was born, but a few doors away, on the opposite side of the street; Mrs. O'Brien, the lady of the establishment, knew him from his birth; there was a Mr. O'Brien, her husband—he was only a star boarder, who bothered himself very little with domestic affairs; when he worked he brought home part of his salary; his wages were small, but from the time he got it until he arrived at his domicile, many's the time it grew beautifully less.

He was of a genial disposition, and generally on the day "the cow calved" (as he called pay-day), he visited a number

of his countrymen who were in the same line of business as our friend Hooligan. Hooligan's was the last call on his way home, and no matter what direction he came from—north, south, east, or west—he had to call into Hooligan's while passing, on the eventful day on which the ghost walked. Mrs. O'Brien, about the time her spouse was due, kept all the younger O'Briens running back and forward to Hooligan's, to see if their father was in there celebrating.

If any of the scouts reported that he was, she immediately donned her shawl and her war-paint, stormed Hooligan's temple of personal liberty, and made a prisoner of O'Brien. This interference with Hooligan's legitimate business never caused him to protest—he knew Mrs. O'Brien and was aware of the fact that if he did she would give him his "Sunday name." As it was, she used to give him a look that invariably caused him to face the cash register until O'Brien was led away into captivity.

Mrs. O'Brien was an excellent woman, the mother of four children. The oldest, Mamie, worked in the tin factory. She was minus a finger, which was punched out one day along with the lid of a tin can. She was feeding a stamping machine. This was an error (she should have known better at her age—she was gone twelve); she put her finger in as well as the tin, so it was nipped off as clean as a whistle; the foreman was very angry with her—tied a rag around the stump that was conveniently left, and sent her home with the remark that she should be more careful. She was recompensed with a steady job, and at the time of Tony's arrival was fourteen years old, and drawing a salary of five dollars a week.

Mamie had a brother Pat; he was twelve years old, and besides going to school, followed the same line of business as young Murphy, that of vending newspapers. There was another boy of ten, and a little girl of seven, so that whether old man O'Brien had a job or not, Mrs. O'Brien was never out of employment.

The O'Brien establishment had one more room than that of the late Mr. Murphy, namely, four; parlor, in which she and the old man slept; two bedrooms, in one of which the two

girls slept, and in the other, the two boys. The kitchen served for cooking, dining and sitting room, so that they had plenty of room—not too much, but, as they say of the street cars, there is always room for one more, so Tony was taken in and bunked with the two boys, a handy arrangement in the cold weather, for the fellow whose turn it was to sleep in the middle. In the case of an altercation, which frequently occurred, Peter, the younger boy, changed quarters and squeezed in with his sisters, in spite of their protest, and to the delight of Pat and Tony, who often had the bed all to themselves.

The permanency of the arrangement for Tony's lodging was agreed to by Mrs. O'Brien of the first part, and Mr. Michael Scully of the second part, and was duly ratified later, as our readers will hear.

Mamie worked the day of the funeral. On her arrival home she found Tony still sobbing. On seeing him, a tear stole down her cheek. Brushing it off she sat down on a chair and, pulling him over to her, began to console him as best she could; the mother instinct inherent in the baby girl, when she gets her first doll, was strong in Mamie, and she had practiced in being long an assistant mother to the younger members of the family.

Mamie's heart went out in all its fullness to the little sufferer. She kissed him and gave vent to her most endearing expressions, told him that he should stay with her and her mother, that they would always be good to him, that they all felt sorry for his troubles, but would try to comfort him as best they could. Young Pat, who had just arrived after distributing the evening edition of the paper, joined in the effort to pacify him. He had not the tact of the girl; boylike, he told Tony to brace up and be a man. Tony still lamented for his mother. "Won't you be a mother to him, mamma?" was the boy's appeal.

"Sure I will! and be good to him, don't you know I will?"

Supper being ready, Mamie placed a chair for Tony by her own, and encouraged him to eat, picking out the daintiest pieces in their very humble fare. Tony was too full of grief

to have room for anything else, so ate very sparingly in spite of Mamie's persistent pressing.

After supper they all sat around, even Patsy, much as he would have liked to take his customary evening around the corner with the rest of the urchins, many of whom could be seen from the window looking up and whistling around the door with the object of attracting Patsy's attention, so he would come out and give them the news. The little girls, more sedate and reserved, met a little further down the street, and like females of a riper age kept up an animated discourse in reference to the fire, the funeral and the rescue.

About half-past eight there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, a knock at the parlor door, to which Mrs. O'Brien attended. Letting in Scully, Mort, Bert, Phipps, Hart and Rock, Mrs. O'Brien shook hands with them all in turn, inviting them to be seated.

"I have often noticed ye at the corner," she was lavish in her praise of Scully, to his great embarrassment. She told him that he was the talk of the neighborhood, and she felt that God's blessing would follow him wherever he went.

Scully thanked her for her kindly expression. "But we are here on business," he remarked, and inquired where Tony was.

"He is in the kitchen with Mamie, and the rest of the children. The poor little fellow is broken-hearted; it's a terrible misfortune for him to lose his parents and to be left alone in the world, as he was." She was then going on to give a history of how long she knew the Murphys, and her acquaintance with Mrs. Murphy before she was married, and that Murphy was a foolish man, when Scully told her that they agreed with every word she had said, but now as they are gone it could not be helped, and what they wanted to see her about was what arrangements they could make with her to take care of the boy, at least for a time.

"He will never go without a meal's meat as long as we have it. I knew his father when he was a strapping lump of a boy just after he came from the old country, and if it wasn't for the drink he would have been able to keep a good job he had

in the freight house, but sure, what room have I to talk, my own man has the same failing!"

Mort inquired where Mr. O'Brien was now.

"I suppose he is at the corner, bad 'cess to him, but sure, he is no loss, anyhow!"

This estimate of Mr. O'Brien's worth caused her visitors to smile.

Joe Phipps inquired what Mr. O'Brien was doing at present.

"Warming his shins in Hooligan's, I suppose."

"No, I mean what is he working at?"

"Devil a thing at all; he is expecting a job on the railway, he said the Alderman was going to get it for him. I think the Alderman is a good promiser, anyhow. All Pat has been able to do for the past few years is about four or five months in the year, and that at election time, when he gets a job on the streets."

"Well, Mrs. O'Brien, perhaps your husband does the best he can. You know times are hard, and positions are difficult to get."

Scully, who was getting impatient again, called Mrs. O'Brien's attention to the business that had brought them. "We want to see if you can take care of the boy over the winter?"

Mrs. O'Brien took umbrage at Scully's language.

"Do you think that I'd desert him now, and the winter on? Sure, I was at his christening, and a pleasant time we had—there was great company there that day. There was great rejoicing, and lashings of everything, both eating and drinking. No one could think at that day the poor child could come to this." Mrs. O'Brien placed her apron to her eyes to wipe away a tear that flowed from a generous, motherly heart. This portrayal of feeling was not lost on her young men visitors, who were anxious to conclude the business.

Scully looked over at Mort, who he knew was a diplomat, as much as to say, "You go ahead, Mort."

"Listen to me a moment, Mrs. O'Brien," commenced Mort. "Myself and friends think that this is the best place for Tony to stay. We believe that with you he will receive kindly treat-

ment, and, having company, he will be more likely to forget his troubles, being amongst friends who have sympathy with him, and with whom he is acquainted, than he would be amongst strangers. Isn't that your opinion?" he said, looking at his colleagues, who nodded their approval.

"Well, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mort, continuing, "as you know, we made a collection on the car and got seventy-nine dollars and forty-five cents; what we propose to do with it is to buy him some good warm clothing, that he is very much in need of now, as the cold weather is here, and give you the balance to use as best you know how, as he has not a living relative as far as we knew, to give themselves any bother about him. The entire matter is up to you, and there is none likely to dispute your authority."

"I hope that will be satisfactory to Mr. O'Brien," remarked Phipps.

Mrs. O'Brien told them that Mr. O'Brien gave himself little trouble about the running of the house, a piece of information that her listeners thought was more than probably true.

It was at length decided to give Mrs. O'Brien fifty dollars, reserving the twenty-nine forty-five, and that she and Mort should go down together the following day and buy what clothing she thought suitable.

This was agreeable to Mrs. O'Brien, who told them that she would be ready to go with the gentleman any time it suited him.

Mort counted out the money, which Mrs. O'Brien folded up carefully in a piece of cloth in which there was already some change, and put it down in her breast, the general safety vault in which women of her age and race keep their treasures.

The young men expressed a desire to see Tony, who was called in, followed by Mamie, her brother Pat, and the two younger members of the family.

Tony, on sight of Scully and the others, commenced crying. Scully drew him over towards him, stroked down his hair, appealing to him to be a little man. "You are amongst friends, Tony; I am sure they will all be good to you. Now there is Mamie—you'll be good to him, Miss O'Brien, won't you?"

"We will all be kind to him," the girl replied; "he will be one of the family."

"And there is Patrick, he will be good company for you, and there is the other little boy and girl, all good friends of yours."

"I will see that no one jumps on him while I'm around," boasted Patsy; "all the kids in the street likes Tony" (looking over at the men to see signs of approval); there was only one of them that he ever had any trouble with, and that was the Schultz boy, and that was all on account of Schultz being too fresh; but if he ever says anything to Tony again I'll kick his head off."

Patsy's mother smiled, and then frowned, telling him to "sit down"—she had to admonish him in the presence of strangers. She was, however, confident that Patsy could and would do it, if he had to. Mamie looked approvingly at her brother, remarking that Schultz was a bad boy.

Scully hoped that the necessity of Mr. Schultz losing his head might not occur, that the boys should all be friends, and keep good-natured.

Thanking Mrs. O'Brien, they shook hands with Tony, Mamie and Patsy and prepared to leave. Mort told Tony "I am coming for you at 10 o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. O'Brien and I are going down town to buy you some nice new clothes."

Calling into Hooligan's, they noticed O'Brien, sitting on the bench with a few more of Hooligan's steady customers, just waiting for some one to come in who had the price.

"Come, take a drink," said Phipps, as he approached the bar; "how are you, O'Brien? We were just over to your house."

"Is that so? Well, I suppose you saw the old woman."

"Yes, she sent you her regards," said Mort.

"Is that all she sent?" inquired O'Brien. "I thought maybe she would send me a dollar."

"She said you could have anything you wanted, that you were the best man ever left County Clare, and that you were so good she was sorry she ever met you, because, she said,

she had spoiled you; but that she is saving a little money, so she could divorce you."

"Did she say all that, Mr. Mort?"

"Well, I'll leave it to Bert if she didn't."

"Sure, I would just as soon believe you as Bert, and maybe sooner, but sure, if she did, a good-looking young man like me would soon get another. Isn't that so, Hooligan?" Hooligan nodded his affirmation.

"Well, your wife is all right, O'Brien," said Scully; "and stick to her as long as you can."

"Would wax stick to leather?" said O'Brien, laughing; "here is my regards."

"We gave the Murphys a good set-off, didn't we, Mr. Dempsey?" said Phipps, speaking to the man who had acted as one of the pall-bearers.

"The best that was ever on the West Side for years," was Dempsey's reply. "I suppose it won't be many years till some of us is following him. There's O'Brien," said Dempsey, continuing; "I don't think he will last over the winter. Sure, if he had any decency he would have died years ago."

"With what?"

"Old age, sure," was Dempsey's answer.

"Old age! Old age, you say! Sure, Dempsey, you're old enough to be my father—I know the night I was born."

"When was that?" inquired Phipps.

"The night of the big wind, to be sure," said O'Brien, smiling.

"Well, it's a pity the wind wasn't a little bigger, so that it would have taken you away with it," was Dempsey's rejoinder.

The crowd laughed heartily at this sally.

"Mrs. O'Brien has agreed to keep Tony," said Mort, addressing Hooligan.

"I am glad of that! That will give me a chance to look after him. I want to keep my eye on that youngster, and see that he don't go astray."

Scully looked significantly at Mort; four of the young men sat down at the table on which they had played cards on that

fatal night. Hart and Rock stood up, Hooligan brought over the cards and a piece of chalk.

"We are not going to play tonight," said Scully. Hooligan took the cards away and went back behind the bar.

Scully then reverted to the conversation he had the night before as to his going away.

"I hope you have changed your mind," said Bert.

"No, I have not, my mind is made up. I am going for a time, anyway. I am sick of Chicago."

"Where are you going to?" asked Mort.

"I have not decided yet. I am going West, but how far I cannot tell. I don't know just where I will wind up. I may go to the jumping-off place before I get back. I understand there are good times in San Francisco."

"If you go that far you will never get back," said Rock.

"Well, I suppose we can see you off," said Phipps.

"I have some arrangements to make tomorrow, so I think we had better part tonight. I appreciate your friendship, but I intend as soon as I can arrange a little business I have to get out." He then went up to the bar and asked Hooligan if he owed him anything.

Hooligan replied: "No, except that money for the flowers."

"We are all in on that," Mort replied. "We will see it is paid. You never mind, Mike, you'll need all the money you have."

This remark aroused Hooligan's interest, and he inquired if Scully was going on a journey.

"Yes, I am going away for a while."

"I suppose ye're all going together," remarked Hooligan. (He knew they occasionally went away for a few days at a time on business, but as they invariably returned in a prosperous condition, he never made inquiries as to where they were going.)

"No, I am going away alone."

"I hope it won't be for long," remarked Hooligan. "Well, have one on me before you go."

Scully took a cigar. "Have something with it, Mike. I have some good Bourbon here." Scully declined.

His friends drank Hooligan's treat.

Scully bid Hooligan good-bye. As soon as they got outside, Scully shook hands with his old-time companions, who all expressed their sorrow at his going.

"You'll write us, anyhow, Mike, when you get settled," was Mort's parting words.

Scully made no reply.

Chapter XI.

SCULLY GOES WEST.

The morning after Scully had taken leave of his friends he rose early. After breakfast he sat down to write a lettter to the Rev. Father Nolan. He had made up his mind that he would drop him a line, to explain his reason for not calling on him. He commenced:

"Rev. Father Nolan, Dear Sir:—

"I am about to leave Chicago for a time, for how long I do not know. I should have liked to call upon you before I left, but the truth is I haven't the courage. I am not in a proper state of mind even to hear you advise me as to the matter that I know would be for my good. This admission, I know full well, will cause you some uneasiness. I feel, however, that you will forgive my abrupt departure when I tell you that I see no other way to improve my condition morally than to get away from associates none of whom are worse than myself. But should I stay around I might be induced to change my mind from attempting to seek in new surroundings and amongst new associates that peace of mind I now sincerely long for. The friends I am leaving behind I have been brought up with from childhood, and to sever my connection with them and still remain in Chicago would be next to impossible. On those grounds I hope you will see the justification of my hasty departure.

"I still believe in the Faith of my fathers; my mother was a

devoted member of your Church, and I have not entirely forgotten my early training. She died when I was young, my father married again, and from causes for which I was probably to blame I left home and became what I am.

"The events of the last few days upset me; I am restless and I hope I will be far from Chicago when you receive this note.

"Should you see Mrs. Great, as you most likely will, convey to her my sincere thanks and that of my friends for her kindness both in word and deeds. She is a truly good woman.

"You no doubt will learn what has been done for the Murphy boy, so it is unnecessary to dwell on it here. Hoping at some future day I may be able to meet you in a different spirit and under better conditions, I bid you farewell.

"Yours very sincerely,

"MICHAEL SCULLY."

Taking a little box from his trunk, he opened it and took out a plain gold ring and a gold cross, which had three small diamonds in it, one in the center and one near the end of each of the extended arms. They were heirlooms which belonged to his mother, and which had come into his possession at the death of his father. He placed the ring to his lips and kissed it. He folded both ring and cross in a piece of paper and placed them in his vest pocket. He examined the clothes that remained in his trunk, and taking only what would fill his immediate wants, put those that remained on the floor and some that hung on a rack back into the trunk, locked it, and fastened the key to one of the leather handles on the side. He then summoned the landlady, settled with her, told of his intention to leave, and gave her instructions to give the trunk to Henry Mort as soon as he called for it, and took his departure.

After leaving he walked east on Van Buren street until he came to State, south on State until he reached the pawnshop of Israel Goldberg. On entering, the pawnbroker rubbed his hands together, smiling, and wanted to usher him into an inner office.

"It is unnecessary—whatever business we have to do we can transact here."

"My friend Mike, nothing doing?"

"No," said Mike, in a gruff tone. He had no patience with the old fence. "I have a little business with you, but it's on the square." Taking the little paper package out of his vest pocket and laying them, with his watch and a revolver, on the counter, "I want to see how much money you will lend me on them." Goldberg pushed the gun aside. He knew its value. The watch he gave but a casual glance to sĕe if it was the same he had in his custody at different times before, when Mike and his friends had been pressed for ready money. The ring and the cross he looked at more minutely. He took a little bottle of acid from under the counter to test the metal that was in them, which, from his look, seemed satisfactory. He then put a glass to his eye to get a better look at the diamonds.

Goldberg wanted to draw him into conversation. "I have not seen you for some time, Mr. Scully. I hope you and your friends are not going back on me. You know I always treat you right."

"Come, Goldberg, I am anxious to get away. How much are you willing to loan me? I am going away for a time."

"Ah! on business, of course." This news seemed to brighten the old fellow up. "Of course you will see me as soon as you get back, won't you, Michael?"

"I cannot say when I'll be back."

"Vell, you know best, Mr. Scully. I wish you luck—you know I help you boys when I can."

"Yes, but you take care you have good collateral," replied Scully, snappishly.

"Vell, you know, my dear Mr. Scully, business is business, and I am under great expense here." He never considered the risk—he was immune from the law. There was a mutual interest between him and the police, to whom he frequently gave valuable information, but only when it was absolutely necessary to cover up his own share of the transaction. He

then made a virtue of necessity, and, as the cops put it, "Gave up his guts."

"I want to know how much money you are going to let me have?" said Mike impatiently. "Remember, I am going to release them, so you take good care of them till you hear from me."

"Sure, Michael; how much do you vant?"

"I want as much as you are willing to advance."

Goldberg examined the cross again. "This is very old-fashioned, Michael, and you know there is not much demand for those things around here."

"I suppose not. How much are you going to let me have?"

"How would twenty-five dollars do?"

"It won't do at all. I want sixty. I have use for it."

"My, but you must be going a long journey. I don't think that you should ask me to risk so much money on those things."

"You are not risking anything. It's only that you hate to give up the money."

Just then a couple of young women came in. They lived in a house close by. Israel knew them well; he illumined his face with his blandest smile. "Good morning, ladies; vat can I do for you?"

"Come here, you old stiff," said one of them; "we want to talk to you," as they both walked to the end of the counter.

"Vell, vat can I accommodate you vit this morning? You're looking vell, Miss Montrose." This was addressed to the other female.

"Look here," said the one who first spoke, "we have a bloke at the house—he has been there for a couple of days, and he's broke."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said the Jew, with a grin.

"Seraphene has him."

"Then it's a cert he's broke," said Israel, laughing. The girl produced a watch. "Madam said you should go the limit."

Goldberg opened the watch, which he saw at a glance was a

very valuable one, an indication that its owner was a very well-to-do man.

"Now you are sure, ladies, that this is on the square? You know I never do anything but a legitimate business."

"Ah, go on—none of your con. You think we're not onto your game?"

"Hurry up," said the girl, impatiently. "Madam will want to know what's keeping us. The old sport is a live one."

"Miss Seraphena is a good girl—I always knew she would do well," said the Jew admiringly.

"Come, old Shylock, hand over the dough—we'll listen to your patter when we have a day off."

"Ah, Miss Belinda, you are all business, and as it's on the Madam's account I vill let you have fifty dollars. Whose name vill I put on the ticket?"

"Any old name you like," replied Belinda.

Goldberg proceeded to make out a ticket in the name of John Smith for a loan of sixty dollars.

The article to be redeemed in one month on payment of sixty dollars and ten per cent per month. He then gave the sweet Belinda the ticket and fifty dollars. The ticket he folded up carefully before he gave her it, telling her to be sure and not lose it.

The two young ladies hurried out, paying no attention to the ticket. Israel chuckled to himself as they left, remarking to Scully, who was chafing with impatience, "Two very bright girls." Scully paid no attention.

"Now, before any more of your patrons come in, I want you to get through with me."

"Vat's your hurry, Mr. Scully?"

"I want to get away." This was said in a tone that the Jew could not mistake, so he proceeded to business.

Goldberg protested that he could not give sixty dollars. "But as you are my friend, Michael, I vill let you have fifty dollars."

Scully's impatience getting the better of him, he said: "Well, come, let me have the money; but be sure you take good care of them."

Israel promised he would, after making out the ticket and giving Scully the money.

"I hope you will have good luck while you are away, and if you get anything in my line you will give me the first chance, von't you, Michael?" Ere he had concluded his request Scully was on his way, going north on State street. When he reached Van Buren he turned west to Clark. He read the signs in front of the scalpers' offices till he came to one which read, "Omaha and Denver cheap today." He went in and inquired what was the lowest to Denver.

"When are you going?"

"I'm not particular."

The scalper looked up at the clock in his office. "It is now 12 o'clock. If you can leave by 1, I could let you have a first-class ticket for twenty dollars."

"Is that the best you can do?"

"The very lowest." Scully produced the twenty, the scalper handed him over the ticket. Mike read the dates on it, and, believing that it was all right, started out for the railway depot; finding that he had nearly forty minutes to spare, he went to a lunch counter, sat up on a stool and ordered coffee and a sandwich. As the waiter served his order he told him to have three more made up—he was going to take them with him. At a drug store he purchased six cigars for a quarter, and of a newsboy two of the afternoon papers. Arriving at the depot, and on showing the ticket to the man at the gate he passed through. Being early, he secured a seat next to the window, where he hoped to get a view of the country as the train sped along; while waiting for the train to start his mind reverted to the many friends he had left behind, one in particular, his friend Mort, who had been his constant companion through life; Bert and Phipps he also thought highly of. He felt some anxiety on their behalf; as for Rock and Hart, though he wished them well, there were traits in their characters to which he could never reconcile himself.

Little Tony Murphy came into his mind, and he wondered what would become of him. "Poor little fellow," he said to himself, "he has a hard road before him."

Scully had never been a ladies' man, so had no pangs in parting with any of the many young women with whom he had become acquainted during the wild life he had followed. He awoke from his reveries by a lurch of the train as it moved away.

He took a cigar from his pocket and lit it, and as the train puffed along he looked intently through the windows at the fleeting houses. Soon the suburbs were reached, the clanging of the bell on the engine indicating that they were still within the city limits. At length the country was reached, they were passing green fields, the houses began to get fewer, the bell stopped, the train began to go faster, as it whirled along telegraph posts began to fly by in rapid succession; he leaned back on the cushions of his seat, he felt at peace—a new career was before him. He thought of the letter he had sent to Father Nolan. What would the good priest think of it? His mind wandered back to the interview he had with him, and his parting words, "God bless you." A gentle calm overcame him as he puffed away at his cigar. He felt he was a new man, the world before him; at every station where the train stopped he looked through the window at those on the platform, some receiving friends, others bidding them goodbye. As night set in he partook of some of the lunch he had brought with him. He was fortunate in having a seat all to himself, so about 10 o'clock he folded his overcoat so as to make a pillow, placed it on the arm of his seat next the window, then gathering himself up on the seat in a cramped position he was soon sound asleep. He woke during the night; the dim light in the car enabled him to observe many like himself sleeping the best they could in every imaginable position. He closed his eyes again, and before he awoke the sun shone brightly through the windows. He got up and took a walk through the cars. In some of them women and children were trying to get a little rest. Fathers and mothers, with their families, were going to find new homes. Many of the women and their little ones seemed as if they were worn out, probably they had come from the far East, maybe had crossed the Atlantic, and the long journey and the inconvenience they had to put up

with, were indexed on their pallid, careworn countenances. Some of the men sat upright on their seats, with a child sleeping on their knees. the wife in front with a baby in her arms, and other little ones stretched out on seats that had been vacated by grown-up passengers who had taken refuge in other cars so as to enable the mothers to make their off-spring a little more comfortable, by giving them more space in which to lay. As the morning advanced, preparations were made to serve frugal meals. Fathers of families opened satchels and produced what little eatables they had, the wife dividing it amongst her children in her effort to satisfy her little brood as best she could. In most cases a drink of water from the tank in the car was all they had to wash it down, for in the day cars there is little accommodation for women. She smooths her hair, which has become disordered during the night, and rubs her face with a cloth she has dipped in water that has been brought from the tank aforementioned; her toilet is complete for the day. Her children in turn get a rub of the same wet cloth. She may have a comb with which she makes them somewhat presentable, but for herself she must wait until they arrive at their journey's end.

Scully became very much interested with the sights he saw on the train. In one poor woman he became specially interested. She had six children with her, ranging from a baby in arms to a boy about nine years old. He was a manly little fellow, and kept trotting backward and forward to the tank containing the drinking water, with an occasional trip to the toilet with one of the younger members of the family. The woman had got the seat in front of her turned so that some of her children could face her, and the six children occupied the two seats and the space between them; her husband sat on a seat close by, and was willing to give such help to her as he could, but the children would invariably cling to the mother. There being a vacant seat next to the woman's husband, Scully sat next to him. He was desirous of entering into a conversation with some one.

"It is pretty tiresome traveling a long journey in a train," said Scully.

"Yes, sir; especially when you have children with you. My wife is about tired out."

"Have you come far?"

"Yes; from the old country. We didn't mind the boat so much, though the missus and some of the children were sick for the first couple of days, but you see, on the boat you have a chance to walk around and there is a place for the women to wash up."

"How long have you been on the train?"

"This will be the fourth day, sir. We only had a stop of about an hour in Chicago, and then we were taken from one station to another, so you might say the journey has been continuous. My missus hasn't had her clothes off for four nights, and you see the children are such a drag on her."

"Well, this is a fine little man you have here," said Scully, laying his hand on the boy's head. "What's your name, my little man?"

"Patrick Burns, sir."

"And all those little ones, I suppose, are your brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I see you are a good help to your mother." The boy looked over at his mother, to see if she would acknowledge in advance his usefulness before he gave an answer. She smiled her approval to him, and nodded to the gentleman whom she saw was taking an interest in her son.

"Yes, Patrick's a good boy," said his father; "I don't know how we could have got on without him."

"Apples, oranges, bananas, chocolates!" cried the man, coming along with his basket of fruit and sweets.

"Patrick, I am going to buy you something," said Scully, as the man stood in front of them. "What would you like?"

Patrick looked first at his father and then at his mother.

"O, they don't want anything, thank you, sir," said Patrick's parents; "they have just had their breakfast."

Patrick was silent, but looked longingly at the basket of fruit. The other children got interested immediately, four of

them getting on their knees on the seat where they could look over the situation.

"Never mind," remarked Scully, glancing at the father; "you must have something. What would you like?" Patrick again looked over at his mother, whose smile encouraged him.

"I like them long things, sir; I think they call them bananas."

"I suppose you never ate any of them where you come from, Patrick?"

"No, sir."

Scully gave the man with the fruit fifty cents, and told him to give the children what they wanted. He went around to where the mother sat, who superintended the distribution of the fruit, according to the children's tastes. She thanked the gentleman, telling the children to thank him, too.

Mike felt that never in his life had he stood treat that gave greater satisfaction to all concerned; not only did it make the children happy, but the fond mother, full of appreciation of his kindness to her little ones, looked gratified in a manner that reminded him of the saying, "When you take a woman's children by the hand, you take the mother by the heart."

The journey to Denver was nearly over; a porter had gone through the cars announcing "the next stop is Denver." Many, who, like Scully, had passed most of the time in the smoker, had female friends in other cars; some had wives and children. They went to their assistance to make preparations to leave the train on its arrival. Young men who were alone, cramped by the long sitting during the journey, stood up and stretched themselves, glad the journey was over.

In the day cars there was packing of grips, women were getting their wraps together and fixing up their children. All was hurry and excitement.

In the Pullman cars there was no such haste, the porter remarking, "Plenty of time, sah," as he brushed down his passengers and collected his tips. "Yes, ma'am, it will be some time before we get into the depot." "Yes, I'll take care of your baggage; thank you, ma'am."

"I hope you slept well last night, sah," was addressed to a pompous old fellow, who had required a lot of the porter's at-

tention during the journey, and who had drunk considerable on the way.

"Didn't sleep at all; a young couple in the berth above me seemed quite restless, and would keep talking. People like those should be put in a car by themselves. And there was that fellow opposite, with the most frightful cough—it is an outrage to permit passengers to be disturbed in such a manner."

The porter agreed with him. After he had been brushed down to his satisfaction, he handed the porter a quarter. The porter looked at it, and then at the pompous gentleman, and felt sorry that he had coincided with him when he complained of the man with the cough.

"Yes, you are next, sir." This was addressed to a thin, pale young man, who seemed as if he could hardly stand. "I hope you had a good night's rest, sir."

"No, my cough was very troublesome. I am afraid I annoyed some of the passengers." The porter handled him with care. He looked fragile; too far gone, poor fellow, for the climate of Denver to do him any good. The porter could have read his fate. A month or six weeks in Colorado, and then an intense desire to go home to his friends—linger for a brief time longer, still clinging to hope, and then to die.

He handed the porter a dollar and thanked him for his courteous treatment while on the road, the principal of which was the placing of two pillows conveniently on which he might rest his weary head during the day.

"I wonder if that porter is ever going to reach here!" remarked a young lady to a young man who had occupied the same berth the previous night.

"He will be here soon, my dear; don't be impatient," was her partner's response.

The porter had just given the finishing touch to the young man with the bad cough, and was in the act of carrying his dressing-case to the door. "If you wait for a few seconds on the platform I will assist you."

"Thanks; I'll wait."

"Now, Miss; sorry to keep you waiting." The young woman

scowled. The porter brushed her jacket and skirt, then tackled her male companion, remarking, "Going to stay in Denver, sir?"

"Yes, on a visit."

"Lovely country, sah." Just then the train shot into the depot.

An official with a stentorious voice came through the car shouting "DENVER! DENVER! all out for DENVER!"

"Thank you, sir; hope you will have a good time. I am sure madam will like it."

"BAGGAGE! BAGGAGE! take care of your baggage!" "Cab, sir? Cab, sir?" "'Bus to the Metropolis!" "This way, madam; yes, this is the 'bus. Get in, let me help you."

"'Bus to all the principal hotels! Yes, sir; we stop at the Continental."

The Pullman porter had rushed to the little depository in which he kept his street coat and hat, and after exchanging them for his uniform, joined the consumptive, who was waiting for him on the platform.

"Have you any particular place to go?" inquired the porter.

The invalid told him, "No; I am a stranger here."

"Well, come along with me."

"Here, porter," shouted the pompous man who had complained of losing his night's rest; "help me with this baggage!" The porter remarked to the invalid, "He's an Englishman."

"I can't sir; I am engaged," and grasping the two cases belonging to the sick man, he led the way.

The pompous gentleman made some assertions about the "Blawsted country."

"Had I not better take a cab?" inquired the invalid.

"No, it's only a short distance to where we are going; you need not hurry." Just then a fit of coughing assailed the lunger (as they are known out West).

The porter laid down the grips and waited patiently till his fit of coughing had ceased.

Mike Scully, who had stood on the platform observing the commotion, looked over in the direction of the invalid and said to himself, "That poor fellow isn't long for this world."

Mike was interested in observing the different groups, whole families—men and wives and children, each gathered around a pile of cases, baskets, bundles, and trunks.

Mothers, clasping babies in their arms while trying to appease the complaints of others, but a year or two older; sturdy young boys and girls sitting on bundles or trunks waiting for the expressman that their father had engaged to come and take them and their goods away.

Scully noticed many men who seemed single, like himself, poorly dressed and, from outside appearance, having little of this world's goods, all, with the exception of the "lungers," of which there were a few, he surmised were bent on pushing their fortune in the West.

Mike felt his spirits rising, as he contemplated the miscellaneous crowd. He became elated and, communing with himself, thought of those people with a retinue of children, and others in poor health, hoped to win in the battle of life, "Why should I fear? Young, strong, and healthy, with the world before me." He picked up his grip and left the depot.

Chapter XII.

TONY GETS A NEW OUTFIT.

Henry Mort reported at Mrs. O'Brien's the next morning as agreed. The lady of the house asked him to be seated, and she would get ready to go with him.

"How is Tony this morning?" he inquired.

"He is a little better; he ate some breakfast. Patsy and the other children are amusing him in the kitchen. You know, Mr. Mort, children soon forget their troubles; the poor boy doesn't know what he has lost, to tell you the truth," she said in an undertone, "for the last couple of years the youngster was neglected—he had a hard time enough of it. His father and mother were unfortunate; all through the cursed drink." This was said in a whisper for fear the children in

the rear room would hear her. "But I must go and get ready."

Mrs. O'Brien returned in a few minutes, bringing Tony with her, followed by the rest of her retinue.

Patsy wanted to know if he couldn't go.

"No, you can't!" exclaimed his mother; "who would stay at home and mind the house?"

"I'll go and see if father's at the corner; let him come home and mind the house."

"If he is, let him stay there; bad luck to him! He is no use wherever he is! I wish the devil would take him and Hooligan together." Those remarks to the son in reference to his sire might be considered as being far from appropriate, Mrs. O'Brien herself having some doubt in her own mind as to their correctness, made a half apology to Mort by saying, "I have no patience with him."

"You stay home and mind the children; perhaps I'll bring you something." This was said to Patsy by way of a compromise.

As soon as the three got seated in the street car to take them down town, Mort informed Mrs. O'Brien that he had twenty-nine dollars and forty-five cents.

"Sure, that's a great dale more than we'll need," was her reply.

Arriving at the store, a large institution that was named after a leading city in the East, Mrs. O'Brien told Mort, "I always buy the children's clothes here. I find them very reasonable."

Reaching the elevator, she told the operator to let them off at the boys' clothing. When they reached the floor the man called off, "Boys' clothing, shoes, and caps," and a string of other articles.

Mrs. O'Brien, Mort, and Tony filed out, and as they approached the tables on which boys' clothing was stacked, a man came toward them who had a tape-line around his neck. "What can I do for you, madam?" was his inquiry.

"We want to see some boys' clothing," was Mrs. O'Brien's response.

The salesman looked at Tony, whose jacket was out at the

elbows, his pants much worn at the knees, and which had a capacious patch on the seat very unlike in color or texture to the original garment. "I suppose you want to buy him a suit?"

"Yes, a good strong suit, suitable for the winter."

"Yes, ma'am." He sized the boy up by looking at him, and going to where a pile lay, returned bringing a jacket, vest and pair of knee pants.

Mrs. O'Brien condemned them on sight. "They are a great deal too light in color; sure, they'd be dirty in no time," looking up at Mort; "besides, they're too thin. I want something for the winter."

"We can suit you; just let him try this vest and coat on to see his size." Tony unbuttoned his coat and vest, and tried them on. The salesman looked approvingly. "I think they are about right as to size, ma'am."

Mrs. O'Brien turned Tony around, scanned him all over, and said they were too small, that "he was growing, and would be out of them in no time."

The salesman placed the pants in front of Tony, and asked her what she thought of those for size.

"I would like them a little bigger." Tony took off the jacket and vest, handed them to the man, who remarked in going away, "I know just what you want. Will you go as high as seven ninety-eight? We have some elegant suits at that price. We have been selling them at ten dollars, but have marked them down."

"Show them to us," was Mrs. O'Brien's instructions.

The salesman retired, taking the first suit with him, and returning with one much darker and of heavier material. Tony tried them on. Mort thought they were a little too big for him.

"Not a bit," said Mrs. O'Brien; "he'll soon grow up to them."

The salesman volunteered the assertion that they were all wool—a whopper—but it went.

Mrs. O'Brien spun Tony around a time or two, so as to make a complete inspection; the pants were held up in front

of him, as before, and there being no doubt as to their being big enough, his foster mother looked at Mort for his approval.

He "guessed they were all right."

"You'll give a pair of galluses with those pants?" she asked of the man.

He looked at her, as much as to say, "We can not afford it," but ultimately consented. "How would you like to buy an overcoat for him? We have a special line; some that were bought at a bankrupt sale. They are giving them away."

"By gorra, I'll take two at that price, Mr. Man."

"Well, it's next thing to it," the man replied, in answer to Mrs. O'Brien's proposition.

"Let us see them," said Mort.

Mrs. O'Brien had no notion of buying Tony an overcoat in this establishment. There was a woman who kept a second-hand store and junk shop on Blue Island avenue, where boys' overcoats suitable to the trade of the neighborhood were sold for seventy-five cents—better ones for a dollar.

The man brought an overcoat at least two sizes too big. He was a man of experience, so knew it was not the boy but the woman he had to fit. He held it across his arm, to show the style and the smoothness of the fabric it was made of. He called the lady's attention to the velvet collar.

Tony had never had an overcoat in his life, except the kind the woman sold on the avenue. He looked longingly at the one with the velvet collar the man was showing, but it was beyond his expectations.

"How much do you ask for that?" inquired Mrs. O'Brien.

"We are selling them for six seventy-three; and you can not duplicate it in Chicago for twice the money."

"Oh, sure; they all say that," retorted Mrs. O'Brien.

"Try it on, Tony," said Mort, seeing the boy's admiration for it. If there was anything in the world he wanted at that moment, it was that very overcoat.

"I am afraid it's somewhat loose for you, isn't it, Tony?" Tony was afraid to criticise it.

"He would only have to wear it on Sundays, anyway," remarked Mrs. O'Brien. "I know where I can get him one for

every day wear. It is a great deal too good for him at present, but if he gets it, I must see that he gets one for the rough usage."

Tony saw that his prospects were brightening.

"What do you think of it, Tony?" Mort asked him; "would you like it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mrs. O'Brien; I think you'd better take it for him."

Tony got the coat. The cap department was visited and a cap purchased—one that had laps that he could pull down over his ears. His past experience had taught him the value of those appliances. In turn he got shirts and stockings and a muffler, one he could wrap a couple of times around his neck and then tie in the front, with some to spare; a good pair of warm gloves, for which Mrs. O'Brien went as high as fifteen cents, buying Patrick a pair at the same time, as she had promised to bring him something on her leaving home.

They then went to the shoe department. Here Mort got a seat, which he availed himself of.

"Take your shoe off," was Mrs. O'Brien's instruction to Tony. At the sight of his stocking, she opened one of the parcels they had, and taking out a pair of stockings, put her hand in one of them, and catching it by the heel, turned it partly inside out, so that it was convenient for him to put his foot in, then pulling the leg part over his heel, had it properly adjusted.

The salesman stood at attention.

"I want a pair of boots for this boy."

"Yes, ma'am; button or lace?" he remarked, as he placed Tony's foot on his sliding rule, squeezing down his toes, to get the full length of his foot.

"Neither; I want a pair of good top boots for him—something that will keep out the snow."

The salesman went and brought two pair of boots, the kind some of our readers may remember. They had a big band of red leather at their top, with a lone star in the front, and were armored at the toes with copper tips.

(We say, some of our readers may remember them. We will qualify that statement by saying that many of our readers will never forget them—how often has young hopeful come home at night, after tramping through the snow all day, regardless of its condition, whether it was sloppy like sludge or like the beautiful snow poets write about, and when bedtime arrived the fond mother, looking over at her heart's delight, told Johnnie to take his boots off, it was time for bed, without at the moment thinking of the labor such a command entailed. How, after Johnny had made a feeble effort to pull them off, his mother had appealed to his elder brother to help him, and perhaps his sister, if he had one, who looked daggers at him, and gave the job up. His mother, to keep peace in the family, would come to the rescue and, after tugging with all her might, would begin to wonder whether Johnny's leg or the boot would give way first, and at length, when the boot gave way, how she flung them, damp and sodden, into a corner, exclaiming, "Drat that boy;" sat down on her chair breathless, to recuperate before she raced him to bed, warning him what she would do to him if he ever made his boots in such a state again. Such are some of the memories the boy's top boots with the red trimmings, the lone star, and the copper tips, should awaken in the minds of many a fond parent, who remembers past experiences when their boys were young.)

Tony, after placing his fingers in the straps, put his toes into one of the boots and began to tug with all his might, but in vain. The shoe man knelt down, placing his hand on the heel, and began to push. Mrs. O'Brien got hold of one of the straps and began to pull; the shoe man persisted in saying they were quite large enough, if he could get them on. Tony made an extra effort, with the assistance of the shoe man, who pushed vigorously on the heel. Mrs. O'Brien began to sweat with her exertion, hanging on to one of the straps, which, as something had to give way, broke. The boots, it was decided, were too small.

"We'll try on another pair," suggested the man; "he seems to have a very high instep." The facts were that Tony had run barefoot the greater part of his life, so that the width at

the toes was as nature intended them—fully developed, which accounted for the boots being hard to pull on.

"We will try a size larger." The salesman brought the boots; they slipped on easily. Mrs. O'Brien protested that they were too big, that they would slump at the heels, and wear out his stockings, a consideration not to be overlooked. The man brought a number of pairs, which were tried on with the same want of success.

Mrs. O'Brien remarked he had a wide foot. "What he wants is more width." The salesman went away; and, after a time brought a pair, with the remark, "I think those will fit him." The facts were, he had put them on a stretcher and had screwed them up until the pegs began to grin in them. He had with him a pair of hooks with handles across. "Now, my little man, try those," as he shook a quantity of white powder into them, adjusted the hooks into the straps, and placed them in Tony's hands. Tony put his foot into the leg of the boot, tugged with all his might, and the foot shot into the boot, to the great relief of all concerned.

"Stamp your foot," said Mrs. O'Brien. Tony did as told. "Is that all right?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then put the other one on. Now, are you sure they're big enough?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much?"

"One thirty-five,—those boots were——"

"Oh, never mind what they were; here's your money He's going to keep them on."

Tony's old shoes were returned to him, wrapped up, as soon as the salesman had shown them to the checker. This completing their purchases, they left the store. Reaching the sidewalk, Mort gave Mrs. O'Brien the balance of the money he held as trustee, bidding her and Tony good-bye, as he had a call to make before he went home.

He had made up his mind to hunt up Mike Scully and have a heart-to-heart talk with him about his going away.

"We have been boys together," he said to himself; "yes,

children," and he felt that on this account he had a claim on Mike's confidence. "At least, he might have let me know where he is going, if he wasn't willing to tell me the reason. I can't understand it; we have been companions through life, never quarreled, at least since we were kids; we went to school together; played truant together, and ran away from home together. I can't understand him. Perhaps he is getting nutty; if that's so," he thought to himself, "the more the reason I must see him."

On reaching the house where Scully roomed he walked upstairs, it being over a store. Going along the passage in the direction of Mike's room he met the landlady with a broom in her hand. She had been sweeping up.

"Good morning, ma'am."

"Good morning, Mr. Mort."

"Is Mike in his room?"

"No, bless you; he left early this morning, taking his satchel with him. He gave up his room, saying he would not be back for some time."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Not a word. I asked him where we would send his mail; he told me to never mind."

"That's strange," said Mort, now completely upset; "I begin to believe there is something wrong with the fellow," he thought to himself.

"He left a message for you, though."

"Is that so?" Mort's face brightened. He thought perhaps that would explain everything.

"His trunk is in his room. I was to give it to you." During the talk the lady of the house had been walking towards the room formerly occupied by Scully. She put the key in the door, unlocked it, and pushed it open, pointing to the trunk in a corner. "You see, there is a note fastened on the handle."

The woman left him, to go on with her work. He loosened the scrap of paper and the key from the handle, went to the window and read, "This trunk is the property of Henry Mort; please deliver it to him on application."

"This leaves things worse than they were," he thought; "he

is surely gone for good; if he wasn't, he would have left me some instructions as to what I should do with those things." A thought suddenly struck him—"Perhaps I will find something in the trunk." He opened it. It was full of clothes, some of which were packed in very carelessly, as if whoever had packed them was in a hurry. He began to take the articles out one by one, but not a scrap of paper that would give him the clew he sought was found. When nearly everything was out he spied on the bottom, right in one of the corners, a little book. He took it out and found it was a prayer-book. He looked on the first page and saw written the name of Anastasia Scully. Mort looked at it reverently for a few moments. Well he remembered who it was that owned it. He knew Mike Scully's mother intimately. The book showed much usage. Mort knew that Mike, careless as he was, cherished this little volume, and would never have left it behind, if he had not overlooked it in his haste of going away, or perhaps, it had laid so long in the bottom of his trunk that he had totally forgotten it. Mort placed it carefully in his inside pocket. "Some day I may see him, and I feel he will be pleased to know I have kept it safe for him." Further search for what he sought being useless, he put the clothes back in the trunk, locked it, and meeting the landlady on his way out, told her that he would send for the trunk, and bade her good-day.

Chapter XIII.

A BUSINESS MEETING.

The night of the day on which Scully had left, Mort informed the boys of his going to where Scully had roomed, and the result of his investigation.

"If he has left his trunk, he'll soon be back," remarked Phipps.

"No," replied Mort; "he told the woman to give it to me when I called."

"That looks bad," said Bert; "it seems as if he is gone for good."

Hooligan, who had heard the latter part of the story, chimed in, "No fear, he will soon be back; he has been a little cranky lately; he'll write me for some dough, or maybe, a pass, when he gets cooled off."

"That's about the last thing he will think about, Hooligan, is writing you for a pass or for any money, either," replied Bert.

"I guess he would beat his way back, first," remarked Hart.

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Hooligan.

"Well, he is gone, anyway; and as he left the trunk to me, I suppose, for the use of any of us fellows that can use any of the things in it, I propose that you, Hart and Rock, go over for it some day, take it to your room, as you live together, and take what you want out of it. We cannot leave it there, as the woman will want it out of her way." Bert and Phipps offering no objection to this proposition, it was agreed upon.

The old topers who were present, and who had become acquainted with the fact of Mike's departure, expressed their sorrow at his leaving. O'Brien voiced the sentiment by saying, "We'll all miss him."

Hooligan growled out that, "The least he might have done was to let me know why he was going. I was willing to use my influence with the alderman for him."

Rock grinned, and remarked that "He cared a hell of a lot for the alderman."

"I am somewhat disappointed at Mike going away without letting us know where he was going, so that we could write to him. I have noticed that since the night of the fire he has been somewhat despondent—a change seems to have come over him all at once; but as he is gone, we all wish him well, anyway, and there's no use talking about it," said Mort. "Give us a drink, Hooligan."

Dempsey remarked, when he had his glass in his hand, "Well, here's wishing him luck, anyway; wherever he goes; he was about the whitest man that ever came down the black road."

"No better," chimed in O'Brien; "and wherever he goes he'll make friends."

"Come, and let us sit down," said Mort. The five young men went over to the table. There being but four chairs, Rock went behind the bar and brought an empty beer case, which he sat upon. After they had been seated a few moments Bert broke the silence by remarking, "Well, boys, it looks as if we're all up against it."

Phipps said he was about strapped. "The board's all right for a time, but I owe the woman of the house considerable—she's all right, anyway, she knows I'll pay her when I get it."

"If it wasn't for the dollar or two that I get from Hooligan for helping him out," whispered Rock; "and you know he's as mean as muck, I wouldn't eat."

Hart said he was completely stranded, and that case of his pending—"I have to be very careful."

"You're somewhat of a lady's man," said Mort, jokingly. "I suppose that little judy you pal in with stands to you sometimes?"

"Yes, when she has it," replied Hart; "but she has pretty hard scraping for herself. I tell you what we ought to do," said Hart, continuing; "let us get up a dance. We would make a little money, and it would prove as a stall, anyhow."

"Not a bad idea," said Bert, looking approvingly at Hart.

"Besides," suggested Phipps, "there will be some politics after the first of the year, and we'd be able to tap some of the candidates."

"I wouldn't be surprised if we would make a hundred bones apiece," said Rock; "and if I ever get a hundred together at one time, I know what I'll do with it."

"You'll go loony," was Hart's comment.

"What do you think of it, Mort?" asked Hart, looking at him.

"It would be all right if the police department would stand for it."

"Oh, never mind; the alderman will take care of that end of it. We'll let him lead the grand march as his share of

the glory; besides, if it is a success, look at the boost it will give him."

"Hart, you have some practical ideas, after all," replied Bert. "I agree with you, little Tommy can fix the police."

So it was agreed that they would get up a dance.

"To get it up right," said Bert, "would take some time, no less than six weeks, in my opinion."

"Well, how would the last Saturday in January do?" suggested Phipps.

"A good date," said Hart; so it was agreed.

"Now, there is one thing you fellows overlooked," remarked Mort; "there will be some preliminary expenses; there will have to be some printing, a deposit on the hall, and other expenses may crop up."

"Don't let that bother you, Mort; we'll make Hooligan go good for those things, and probably have him advance a little cash."

"If you do, Hart," said Mort, in reply to the last speaker; "he'll want to stand in."

"Stand in nothing!" said Phipps. "He will get a share of the profits over the bar, if the dance is a success—that's enough for him. Give him the idea that we're going to boost the alderman."

"Call him over, Mort," said Bert; "we'll sound him. I've got the price of a drink; you stall him when he comes."

"Let us tell him we want him to act as treasurer," suggested Mort; "what do you say?"

"If you do, you will have to keep on eye on him," said Rock.

"Well, we'll put that up to Phipps. We'll make him secretary, his special function being to keep tab on Hooligan." Rock thought that was a good joke, so grinned his approval.

"Hooligan!" shouted Mort; "come and take this order!" Hooligan responded with alacrity; the order was given, Mort telling Hooligan to bring his own. "There's something we want to have your opinion on."

"That's the way to go at him," whispered Bert; "ask his opinion; you'll inflate him."

Hooligan brought the drinks. Phipps vacated his chair so

they would get him sitting. Just at this moment an old woman with a shawl round her head came in with a can for a nickel's worth of beer. Hooligan looked as if he was going to serve her.

"Rock, you give that lady the beer; and see you give her good measure," ordered Mort, laughing. Rock went and served her—he stayed behind the bar so as to attend to any stray customers.

"What we wanted to talk to you about, Hooligan, was that things have been dead around here for some time, and we thought we would try to do something to liven affairs up."

"It's about time you did," said Hooligan, getting interested.

"Well," said Mort, continuing, "we thought before we started we had better have your advice. Of course, if you think it won't go, why, that's the end of it." He winked at Bert as he said this, Bert being at the opposite side of him from Hooligan. Hooligan looked wise, and asked Mort what he suggested. "Well, we were thinking of getting up a dance. Do you think we would make expenses?"

"Expenses," said Hooligan; "expenses; yes; and if it was worked right, make a few hundred dollars."

"Do you think so?" said Mort, assuming an interest. "Of course, we would have to run it respectable."

"You get the dough," said Hooligan emphatically; "that's what counts. I'm afraid, Mort, that you'll be a reformer next."

"Well, you know best, Hooligan," replied Mort. It took Bert, Hart and Phipps all their time to keep straight faces, while Mort was stringing Hooligan out.

"Another good thing about it," continued Mort; "the alderman runs this spring, and if we can only make a success of it, you see the boost it will give him. We'll rely upon you to get him to lead the grand march."

"I can ask him."

"I don't think he would refuse you," remarked Bert.

"Oh, no, he won't refuse Hooligan; he couldn't afford to," chimed in Phipps.

"Is Rock in on this?" inquired Hooligan, in a whisper.

"Sure," said Mort.

"Well, I was thinking five of us would be enough," remarked Hooligan, showing some disapproval.

"Oh, we can't freeze Rock out," said Mort; "he is one of us, and the poor sucker's broke. We are going to ask you to act as treasurer."

Hooligan studied a moment whether he would take the position or not.

"Of course, we'll do all the work," added Bert; "all you'll have to do is to handle the money."

"That's all right; you know I am a very busy man, and could not give much of my time to it."

"Well, that's settled," said Mort; "what we are going to do if there are any profits left, is to divide it into five equal parts, and for you to get all the honors out of it, that is, you and our friend, the alderman."

"That isn't a square deal—where do I come in?"

"You'll come in, Hooligan, for your share when the boys have money; you know you always get a good part of it."

This suggestion, while not entirely satisfactory, had the effect of silencing him, as he knew it was true.

"The next question we have to consider," remarked Mort, "under what auspices, what name, will we give it?"

They all looked at one another, waiting for a suggestion. Hooligan at length remarked, "As it is to be got up from round the corner, and as I am to act as treasurer, how would the Hooligan Guards do?"

Bert gave a side wink at Mort, remarking that, "It would not be a bad name, but it would be too local." This excuse was to satisfy Hooligan's dignity.

"Well, how would Great's Own do?" suggested Hooligan.

"Wouldn't do at all," remarked Phipps. "We propose to have every candidate on the West Side there, and to call it after any one of them would be to slight the others."

"I tell you, men, what to call it; it's the young crowd that makes the Saturday night dances a success, and if you can only get enough chippies to attend, the old sports will be sure

to be there. I propose we call it the Five Jolly Boys. That will take with the girls, and wherever the girls go you know their steadies will follow them."

"Well put, Hart," said Phipps; "that strikes me as all right. What makes the First Ward Democratic Ball such a success? Nothing but the women that's there—every old bald pate in the city goes there to ogle them."

"It's different on the West Side," chimed in Mort; "you know, over there the alderman puts the screws to them, and they have to go. If they didn't, they'd be pulled. I, however, think the name Hart suggested is pretty good, and will vote for it.

So it was decided that the Grand Reception, Carnival and Ball would be held under the auspices of the Five Jolly Boys on the last Saturday in January.

"I move that Henry Mort be chairman of the managing committee," said Bert. Hart seconded the motion, put it, and declared it carried. Mort thanked them for the honor.

"You'll act as secretary, Phipps. I suppose you and Hooligan will have to do the fine work, anyway." Phipps agreed to do the best he could.

"Now, I move you, Mr. Chairman," said Phipps, "that Bert be the chairman on printing."

"Of course, he will have to consult with Mr. Hooligan as to the names he'll put on the programme." There being no other nominations, Mort declared it carried, and proposed Hart for chairman of the floor committee.

"He's the only lady's man in the bunch, and so is the one best fitted to the position," continued Mort, smiling.

"Where's Hooligan?" said Hart, laughing.

"Oh, Hooligan must be chairman of the committee on reception. He knows everybody," replied Mort. This remark was very pleasing to Hooligan, who began to warm up. "Where are you going to put Rock?" inquired Phipps of Mort.

"Why, as Hooligan, on account of his being treasurer, will have to be chairman of the refreshment committee, I propose we let Hooligan put him wherever he thinks he will be most useful; that's up to him."

"Perhaps it would be just as well to offer Alderman Great the position of chairman of the reception committee," suggested Phipps. "Of course, I want Mr. Hooligan to know that I am not opposing him, and if he wants to stay I am with him to a finish."

Hooligan thought that on account of the Alderman's great influence with the well-to-do people it might be wise.

"Well, just as you say," replied Mort.

"I think if I attend to the finances and the refreshments, I will have my hands full."

"Yes, and a certain lady who will be there," suggested Hart, laughing.

Hooligan grinned his acknowledgment of the responsibility.

"You will note the change then, Mr. Phipps," said the chairman.

"Now, what about the Alderman's colleague?" asked Bert, looking over at Mort.

"Oh, we'll sell him some tickets," remarked Hart, looking at Hooligan.

"To hell with him," said Hooligan, with some warmth; "cut him out. Why, the other night he had the gall to vote against Great in the council."

"What was it about?" said Mort, as if much interested.

"Well, you see, it was this way: the R. P. C. and F. is coming into Chicago, and they want the right of way over a few streets that don't amount to much. The Alderman promised to put it through for them. It was all fixed; when up bobs the skate, who began to talk about property values, the right of property owners on the streets, and went so far as to say the city should have some compensation. You'd have laughed if you heard the Alderman from the first shout 'Bunk!' Then the stiff wanted it to be referred to a committee. Alderman Great got up and looked right over at the Mayor, who, you know, is a great friend of his, and said, 'I am sorry to be compelled to move that the motion of my honored colleague be laid on the table.'

"The alderman from the —th ward got up and said that he was all out of patience with hearing men talk against the

progress of our city that had received so much benefits from the railways, and with great pleasure he seconded the motion of Alderman Great."

"Good for him," remarked Phipps, as he winked at Mort. "And what became of the motion?"

"Why, there was only about eleven votes against it. They were some silk stocking fellows, mainly from the wards where the railway was coming through."

"I wonder," remarked Mort, shaking his head and looking serious, "how people send such fellows to the Council!"

"I understand Great has decided upon a change as soon as the other fellow's term is up," remarked Phipps.

"You bet," said Hooligan; "he won't go back again."

"Why don't you take the job?" said Bert. "You and Great could get on well together."

"I've been thinking about it," remarked Hooligan.

"Perhaps Great has promised it to some one else," remarked Hart, looking serious.

"I don't care who he has promised it to," said Mort; "we're all for Hooligan first, last, and all the time, if he wants it."

Hooligan bowed his acknowledgment of their fealty, and said if he made up his mind to go into the primary he would let them know in good time.

"That being the case, all we can do for the other alderman is to sell him some tickets. I hope you have no objection," said Mort, looking over at Hooligan.

Hooligan was generous enough to say he had not.

"Now, Bert and Phipps, see about getting some pluggers out; tell the printer to send the bill to Hooligan. You'll also have to locate a hall. Hooligan will put up a deposit."

Hooligan, who saw himself sailing into the City Council, could refuse them nothing.

"Is there any more business to be done?" inquired Mort. There was no response. "Then, Alderman, it's about time you put up a drink."

Hooligan's big red face was wreathed in smiles. "What'll you have?"

After the drinks were served, Mort, holding his glass in

his hand, said, "Here's to our next alderman!" The regulars joined the boys in the toast.

Hooligan felt that there was something in this world worth living for, and in the fullness of his heart, asked the crowd to take another drink.

Chapter XIV.

DENVER

Scully, after leaving the depot, sauntered leisurely up the street. He had walked but a couple of blocks when a porter accosted him.

"Hotel, sir?"

Mike surveyed the building, and believing from its appearance that the rates would be moderate, permitted the hotel runner to take his grip. On reaching the clerk's desk, he was met with the usual, "Good evening, sir," and the register was shoved towards him. He hesitated for a moment as to what name he should assume. He had been in other cities where it had been prudent to use other than his own, but those days were past and to be forgotten, so in a bold hand he wrote down "Michael Scully, Chicago."

The clerk asked him if he wanted his key.

"No; I would like to be shown to the wash-room. I feel a little grimy after the long journey." The clerk pointed in the direction he had to go. On his return to the desk he asked the clerk how the hotel was conducted. "European plan, sir; but excellent restaurant adjoining." Scully took supper, and then set out to view the city.

He went in the direction where there were the most lights. He was impressed with all he saw—fine buildings, stores with beautiful display windows, well lit up so the passersby could see their wares. He passed bank buildings and hotels, and he thought to himself, "This doesn't look like the West one reads of," his impression being that he would find Denver a city

full of disorderly saloons, gambling houses, and worse. He was astonished at the good order, the cleanliness of the streets, and the respectable conduct and appearance of the people.

"I think," he said to himself, "I have struck the right place."

On returning to his hotel he sat down, lit a cigar, and began to think of plans for tomorrow. "I will have to seek employment," he thought, "but at what?"

He was a fairly good scholar, but had not the confidence in his clerical ability to seek a position where a knowledge of bookkeeping was necessary. His cigar being finished, he asked to be shown to his room, determined to let the morrow take care of itself.

That night before going to bed he thanked God for his deliverance, and prayed that He would guide his steps in the future, so that he might become a worthy citizen.

During the night he was awakened by the violent coughing of some person in an adjoining room. He felt for the poor sufferer, and thought how thankful he should be for the enjoyment of vigorous health. He soon fell asleep, and did not awaken until the bright Colorado sunshine penetrated the space between the blinds and the window sash. He got up, washed and dressed, felt in splendid shape, and resolved to put in a full day of it. The bright sunshine and a view of some of the country obtainable from his window made him eager to get out.

As he sat down to breakfast in the hotel restaurant, he noticed that at another table sat his fellow-passenger of the night before, his pale, weary face showing that he had spent a bad night. It was more than likely it was he he had heard coughing. A woman came in, and with her a young girl about seventeen years old, whom she was leading. The girl could hardly stand, she was so feeble. The woman, her mother, most likely, seemed harrassed with care. She conducted her patient to a chair, and held her while she dropped into it. This exertion brought on a violent fit of coughing; her mother placed a handkerchief to her lips, to expectorate in.

The waiter who was in attendance took their order, and when it came the mother pressed her child to eat, if only a little. Her entreaties were in vain; the poor child was too far

gone to partake of solid food. The mother placed the tea-cup to her lips, she sipped a little; an appeal was made to her to just try a bite of toast, "Ever so little, darling," her mother would say. Scully could hardly keep from gazing at her, though he feared they might think him rude. His big heart felt for the mother and the child, and his mind wandered back to the wicked sinners he had left behind, how they had seemingly good health in spite of their wickedness, while the poor innocent child, who had probably never transgressed the laws of God or man, must suffer.

His breakfast over, he determined to take a long walk. This day he would give up to sight-seeing, tomorrow he would look for work.

Denver at this time was not a large city, its suburbs did not extend far from its center, so he soon got a view of the mountains; he saw their base, his eyes wandered up until they reached the tree line, and thence to their snow-clad summits. The day was bright and clear, so that far off he could see the majestic proportions of Pike's Peak. He knew it was many miles off, but at that distance the grandeur of its proportions was plainly visible, its snow-white crest standing out in bold relief. Long's Peak was also plain to be seen on this ideal day.

"I would like to climb one of those big fellows," he thought to himself.

He looked in the direction of some of the foothills, which seemed to him to be but easy walking distance from where he stood.

"I will climb some of them, anyway," he said to himself, and off he started at a brisk pace. He could feel the ozone entering into his lungs, giving him exhilarating vitality as he walked in the direction of the hills. They seemed but a short distance from the end of the street he was looking along. He had walked until the last house had been passed, but the object he desired to reach was still far from him. He walked on, but in spite of the distance he had already covered, the hills seemed but little nearer. At length he met a traveler.

"How far is it to that hill, over yonder?" The man turned around to see the object of his inquiry.

"It is between twenty and twenty-five miles."

"Thank you, sir. My! but this is a country of magnificent distances! I was thinking to go that far," said Mike, laughing.

"I'm afraid you'd be late for lunch when you got back," replied the man.

"I suppose that's what you call Pike's Peak, in the distance, over there?"

"Yes, sir; that's him. I suppose you are a visitor in these parts?" said the stranger to Mike, who was already retracing his steps.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this is God's country here; you can study nature in its rugged and gigantic form. Of course, there are higher peaks in the world than ours, and deeper chasms, but if you spend a month in Colorado any you see afterward in that line won't be much of a novelty."

When he got back to Denver's main street it was high noon. The long walk and the invigorating air had given him an appetite, and he entered a well furnished, commodious restaurant and had dinner.

The afternoon he spent viewing the city. Its business activities impressed him; it seemed a solid hive of industry, prosperous business men and rough-looking, sturdy miners kept flitting to and fro; well-dressed women paraded the business streets, looking into the store windows, some going in to make purchases.

During his journey on that afternoon he found himself on Capitol Hill, though the Capitol building had not been placed on it at that time. He gazed in admiration at the splendid panorama he saw before him. "Everything is truly grand here; this is worth the journey from Chicago to get this view"; such were his thoughts.

He found himself on Market Street, where provisions were sold, just as he had seen them sold in Chicago on a much larger scale. He wandered along it, and noticed a change. He could see the low saloon, the dance hall, the degraded women. Here was the shady side of life. He wondered how things so foul could exist in the midst of things so fair. He

remembered the Scriptural story he had heard, "That when Lucifer was vanquished and thrown headlong out of Heaven into Hades, the evil one was chained." Mike, in communing with himself, thought that the chain was so long and allowed him to cover so much territory they might just as well let him loose.

Booze and sin, and sin and booze are always found together, and their offsprings—poverty, crime and disease—are ever present.

Scully felt he was getting tired. He resolved to go to his hotel and rest. On his way he stopped at a book-stand and purchased a copy of Thelma, that magnificent production of the fertile brain of Marie Correlli. On his arrival at the hotel he started to read it, and became so absorbed in it that it was time for supper before he noticed the hours passing.

That night Mike went to the theatre. This was before the Tabor Grand Opera House had been opened. The theatre he visited was a small concern, where they were playing a Western drama. In the cast there were cowboys, miners, Indians, and Chinamen, ladies of lofty character, and others of easy virtue, personated. He had seen much better shows in Chicago, of similar character, so was not much impressed. It helped, however, to pass the time.

The following morning he rose early, determined to seek a job. At the breakfast table he noticed that his consumptive friend was still there.

"Good morning," Mike said, addressing him.

"Good morning, sir."

"How do you feel this morning?"

"I think I'm somewhat better; if I could only get rid of this cough I think I would soon be all right." (The consumptive is always full of hope.)

"Well, probably," continued Mike, "this climate may do you some good."

"I sincerely hope it will; I have suffered a great deal. I have bad nights, my cough won't let me sleep."

The waiter who was at Mike's elbow during this conversation looked over at him.

Scully took some time over his breakfast. The invalid retired to the hotel office, where he reclined in an easy chair.

"What do you think of that man?" said Scully to the waiter.

"Six weeks," replied the man.

"Too bad! poor fellow; you see, he is still full of hope."

"They all are," replied the waiter.

"What became of the girl that was here yesterday morning?"

"They have taken her to Colorado Springs."

"Do you think she will get better? She is young."

"Not one chance in a million; she's too far gone. She'll not last a month. The air up where she has gone is so light she won't be able to breathe at all. The trouble with most of the people who come out here after their lungs are affected is they wait too long. I came out here from New Jersey. My doctor at home sent me when he found that I was affected. Now I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I went back home some five years ago, thinking I was all right. First winter I was there I began to cough, so I rushed back, and now I am here for good."

"I think you showed good judgment," remarked Mike. "How is business here?"

"Well, this season of the year things are very slow in Denver. You see, we depend a good deal on visitors, people who come to see the mountains and the summer resorts, like Colorado Springs and Manitou."

This piece of information was not over-pleasant for Mike to hear, who was about to set out in pursuit of work.

"Of course, there is plenty of mining all the year round, but that's a pretty tough job. Seven days a week, no Sundays, no holidays in that business."

"Surely they don't work on the National holiday—they're too patriotic!"

"Patriotic nothing! The hunt for gold and silver is all they care for, except at election times, and then the big miners and smelters are intensely patriotic, but they keep going seven days a week, just the same."

"I am afraid you are a little prejudiced against some of Colorado's leading citizens."

"So will you be, if you stay here any length of time. You will find a shoddy aristocracy in this part of the country, just as arrogant and as stuck-up as in any part of the East."

"Well, mining is a great business," remarked Mike.

"Not what it's cracked up to be," replied the waiter; "to one that strikes it rich, a hundred go broke. Do you know, that for every dollar of gold that is dug up there are four sunk in getting it?"

"Well, that's strange."

"It's true, nevertheless; you go up into the mining country, and see the thousands of holes that have been sunk in the ground by little prospectors who sunk all they had in them, and stopped only when they were starved out. Of course, if you strike it rich, you may become a millionaire, but if you do you have a great chance of being euchred out of it by some legal technicality of the law, some of the big fellows making a prior claim, as they call it."

"Well, but the judges decide those matters, don't they?"

"Judges! Judges! You say well, friend. Let me tell you they make judges out of men here, and the rule is for the big fellows to have the selecting of them."

Mike's breakfast being over he left the hotel, determined to seek employment; he walked along through the business streets in hope of seeing a sign out, "Wanted, a man." He had made up his mind to tackle the first thing he could get. In some of the large stores boys were wanted, in others girls. He read of carpenters being wanted, and men who could do certain branches of skilled labor. He began to think to himself, "What an advantage it is to have a trade!" After walking a couple of hours without seeing anything that struck him as suitable he went to the manufacturing district. He stopped before a large brick building, where he could hear the noise of machinery, and went in. Going forward to the office he made application.

The man he accosted said, "We are full up at present."

Scully tried another place—he was met with the same answer.

In one place he tried, the man was a little more communicative. "What kind of a job are you looking for, young fellow?"

"I am not particular, sir; anything that I can do."

"Why, have you no trade?"

"No, sir; I would be willing to help at anything. I could pack and work in the shipping-room, or anything you want to put me at."

"Well, that's fair enough, but we have nothing at present. I will take your name and address, and notify you as soon as there is an opening." Mike knew that this was to be a frost, but to be civil he gave his name and address. The man, looking at him, said, "I suppose you are a stranger in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I am afraid you struck Denver at a bad time. You can call around after the New Year, and if there is an opening I will put you to work."

Scully thanked the man and left.

Before noon he had called into over a dozen places, where he received similar answers to those above. He began to feel a little uneasy. Twelve o'clock struck; he saw the crowds hurrying to lunch, and he resolved to go and eat. There was no use trying further until afternoon. He spent a full hour over his lunch, thinking there was no use to hurry. The waiter who attended him seemed a sociable kind of a fellow. Mike had given him a dime as a tip, for which the man thanked him.

"How is work in Denver, now?" inquired Mike.

"Pretty slow, sir. There is little doing this season of the year, only in the mining districts. In the busy season we require six waiters. Now we get on with three, and I'm afraid one of us will have to go."

"That's too bad," replied Mike. "I've been looking for a job all morning, without any prospect."

"I suppose you are a stranger?"

"Yes; I only got in about two days ago."

"Where are you from?"

"Chicago."

"I think you had better stayed there over the winter, anyway. You see, here men who have jobs, know how to hold on to them. If it was the spring you would have no trouble—they would be looking for men like you."

"Well, this seems a lively city," said Mike.

"So it is, but we have our dull seasons. Of course, if you want to go into the mining districts there's plenty of work."

This gave some consolation to Mike, who determined if he could find nothing in the city, the next day he would try the mines.

That afternoon Scully called into a score of places, but in every one he got nearly the same answer as he had got in the morning. In some of them he was told they would give him the first opening. "Live, horse, and you'll get grass," he thought to himself.

The shadows of evening coming on, he gave up the search for the day. He had still some dollars left and a stout heart. "I will try again tomorrow, and if I fail I will let out for the mountains."

He went back to his hotel to eat supper. After it was over he read the newspapers carefully to see if in the advertising columns he could glean any information that would help him. He noticed there was a demand for miners and men to work in the different smelters. He noted the addresses of certain offices in the city, where men wanting to go into the mines had to apply. After he had read the paper through, a sense of lonesomeness came over him. He had been used to company all his life; he wondered to himself what Mort, Bert, Phipps, Hart and Rock were doing. "I suppose they are in Hooligan's," he thought to himself. He thought of poor little Tony and wondered what would become of him.

"Poor little fellow," he said to himself, "what show has he?" He began to think of his mother, of the good Father Nolan and of Mrs. Great. They seemed to rise up like ghosts before him; in all his life he had never had time to think before. He felt uneasy in spite of himself. "I'm going to have

a dose of melancholies," he said to himself. Somehow a desire for a drink entered his mind. He threw the paper on the table, went over to the bar and bought a cigar, lit it and went out into the street. He walked along looking into the stores, many of which he had seen before, and gazed on exactly the same kind of merchandise.

About nine o'clock he found himself on a street he had not noticed before; he was passing a saloon and concert hall, where he heard loud clapping of hands and cries of "Bravo!" as if the performer, whoever it was, had given general satisfaction. He thought he would go in and spend an hour or two. The concert hall was in a long store, a bar on the right hand side from the entrance. At the end of the bar there was a rail, inside of which sat three musicians; one had a violin, another a clarionet, while the third had a multiplicity of musical instruments, including a large bass drum, a pair of cymbals, a snare drum, and an appliance he put to his mouth. At the rear of the store there was a stage raised about two feet from the floor. At the left side of the stage there was a curtain which served for a door leading to the back of the stage, the place behind the stage being shut off from observation by a drop scene, on the surface of which was painted a landscape of one of Colorado's famous mountains. This space behind the scenery served as a green room, where the talent might sit, to await their turn and entertain their friends and patrons during the intervals.

On Mike's entering the place nearly every seat was occupied in the rear and on both sides of the hall by men who had a business appearance, fairly well dressed. The front seats and those down the center were occupied by men whose garb showed they were principally miners. In the front, near the stage, were a number of young men, many of them youths, who were uproarious in their applause of certain artists, especially those who were most suggestive in their words and in their songs or their manners on the stage.

Mike had hardly got seated when the waiter stood before him. It is remarkable how attentive waiters are in such places.

Scully ordered some ginger ale, which was supplied him in a diminutive tumbler.

The first number after Mike's arrival, as the little slip which served as a programme informed him, was by Miss Alemanda Montezuma. She wore tights that bagged at the knees, and a very short skirt. The band struck up a few introductory notes while the young lady, who must have been about fifty, kept bowing at her audience. She looked as if she was trying to locate some parties in particular; at last she spied a couple of miners, and gave them one of her most attractive smiles by way of recognition, and then commenced to warble her ditty in a manner that showed she was a veteran. But such a voice! The lower notes might be designated a squeal, and the upper ones a scream. The fellow who pounded the big drum was undoubtedly a friend of hers, he was attending strictly to business, and when the highest note in her gamut was reached and a crash seemed inevitable, he always came to the rescue with his big drum. At the conclusion of her first song she bowed and walked to the end of the stage, as if to retire, but acting as if she had suddenly changed her mind, returned to the center of the platform and bowed again, not forgetting to make a grimace in the direction of the two miners whom she had noticed on first entering.

The band struck up a lively air, she commenced to dance and hop around, her acrobatic performance consisting principally in showing how high she could kick and how much of her form divine she could display during the operation. The young men and the miners who occupied the front seats applauded vigorously, the business men in the rear and on the sides of the hall laughed together.

The next number was by Charlotta Le Blank. The band played a little symphony as Miss La Blank appeared. She had on an old straw hat with some faded flowers on it, a red sweater, a bandana handkerchief tied around her neck, a ragged skirt that reached midway between her knees and ankles, a pair of well-worn shoes down at the heels, only one of which was laced.

On her appearance there was a general uproar. She walked

straight towards the front of the stage, one of her shoulders elevated, and made an ugly grimace at the youths who occupied the seat close to the stage. After eyeing her audience in a manner as if she had a grudge against some of them, she began to shout, "The Broadway! The Broadway! they do such things on the Broadway!" interspersed with something about her "steady," some fellow by the name of "Jack" of which she was somewhat suspicious, as a girl by the name of "Magg Murphy was butting in," but she was resolved that if Jack didn't do the right thing by her she'd knock his block off. This threat was accompanied by an appropriate pose, that took the young men and miners by storm. She smiled her approval of their appreciation, backed two steps towards the exit and returned as if she'd forgotten something.

Her next effort was descriptive of what took place out in the park, for a lark after dark, which entitled her to an encore. She came on again, made a "Bowery" grimace at the young fellows in front, and retired, to Mike Scully's great comfort, as he thought she was about the coarsest Christian he had ever seen on the stage. At the conclusion of Miss Le Blank's song the curtain leading to the green room was partly lifted, and the old-fashioned physiognomy of Alemanda Montezuma could be seen peeping through; she was trying to attract the attention of the two miners, whom she had singled out amongst the audience. On their seeing her they rose from their seats and went behind the curtain, leaving room for Miss La Blank to take the position vacated by Miss Montezuma. This young lady bestowing her glances on the young men in front, none of them seemed anxious to respond to her invitation. Mike Scully's ginger ale was only half drank when the waiter came forward as if to take his glass away, Mike seeing his intent took the glass in his hand. "Oh, excuse me," said the waiter.

Mike smiled at him, held his glass for a few moments in his hand, then emptied it, and told the waiter to bring him more ginger ale and a cigar.

Just at this moment a heavily built man came in and sat down at the same table with Mike. He wore good clothes, a big, broad hat covered his head and he had the appearance of

a prosperous man, rugged in appearance. Mike sized him up as being either a miner or a farmer. His hair and whiskers were of an iron gray and he seemed to be about sixty years of age. He had been drinking. When he sat down on the chair he nearly put it out of commission.

The waiter came with Mike's order. The new-comer told him to bring him some whiskey—"The best you have."

"Yes, sir."

He gave the waiter a quarter when he brought his drink and brushed him aside just as Miss Veronia Sunlight reached the footlights.

Miss Sunlight was the star attraction of the show. She was greeted with a round of applause, even the business men in the rear sat up in their seats. She bowed gracefully in acknowledgment of her reception.

Young, not to exceed twenty-four years of age; a well rounded form and pleasing countenance, the ravages of her profession had not told too heavily on her. She was somewhat of an artist, her get-up was a little above the common. She had on a little Turkish cap with gold tassel placed jauntily on one side of her head, a white dress with a broad green sash over her left shoulder, pink colored tights or stockings and laced boots that came up to the calf of her leg. She had a rose in her hand. While the band played the overture she stood demurely in the center of the stage and at its conclusion she commenced to sing:—

Sweet flower, emblem of purity;
Oh, how I love thee, beauteous and free;
Sweet flower, bloom in eternity;
Bloom till my loved one returns to me.

At the conclusion of each verse she seemed to pay no attention to the generous applause of her audience, but gazed intently at the flower she held in her hand.

At the end of the last verse she bowed herself out gracefully, smiling as she left the stage, while the audience was applauding, none more vigorously than the late arrival who sat at the table with Scully. He shouted "Bravo! Bravo!" and

clapping his hands in a manner that attracted the attention of those sitting near.

"By gosh, she's good!" he said, speaking to Mike, who nodded his head in approval.

When the applause had reached the climax Miss Sunlight appeared again, radiant with smiles; which she bestowed right and left on her admirers. She looked in the direction of the stranger whose boisterous manner deserved especial notice.

In the next song she assumed a rollicking manner. She had a stein in her hand and acted as if taking a drink, while the orchestra played the preliminary notes of the Stein Song. The crowd laughed heartily as if it was very funny. When she came to the chorus, she said it once over, and said: "Now, I want every good fellow in the audience to join in. Now, all together——"

> And life slips its te—ther
> When good fellows get to—ge—ther
> With a stein on the table;
> In the fellowship of spring.

The stentorian voice of the stranger who sat near Mike could be heard above the big drum, shouting "When good fellows get together!"

He was somewhat out of tune, but what he lacked in melody, he made up in lung power.

At the conclusion of her song she retired. "Encore, encore," resounded through the hall. After a few seconds' delay for the purpose of allowing her admirers to arrive at fever heat, she came out and sang the chorus, in which the whole audience joined.

The waiter came to remove the glasses.

"She's fine!" said the man at Mike's table. "Here, waiter, bring me some more whiskey. What'll you have, young fellow?"

Mike thanked him, but replied that he didn't care for anything.

"Try a little whiskey,—make that two whiskeys."

"No; if I take anything, I'll have some ginger ale."

When the waiter returned with the order the gentleman was still praising Miss Sunlight's efforts, "By gosh, waiter, I'd like to treat that young lady—she's grand."

The waiter said he would ask Miss Sunlight if she would accept a treat from a gentleman. The latter gave him a half dollar, which he put in his pocket and went on his mission to see if the young woman would take a drink with an ardent admirer. He shortly returned and told the gentleman that Miss Sunlight felt very grateful to him for his appreciation of her humble effort, and would accept a glass of wine from him. The waiter informed the gentleman that she was receiving the congratulations of the other young ladies of the company. This in the way of a hint, hit the mark.

"Give them all something," said the good-natured man. The waiter went to the bar without taking the trouble of asking the rest of the talent what they wanted, and in a short time returned to the gentleman and told him the score was three dollars. "They are now drinking your health, sir," he remarked, as the gentleman fished out a small roll of bills from his pocket and gave up five dollars, the waiter returning him two dollars change, in which there were two quarters. "Here, take one yourself," said the stranger, as he shoved one of the quarters to the waiter, who thanked him again, and going behind the curtain told Miss Sunlight, "There was a live one in the audience."

"Do you think he has any dough?" was the inquiry of Miss Sunlight.

"Lots of it!" replied the man. "I think he is a mine owner."

"Well, do you think I should send him a note?"

"No; I think he's too far gone to read it. I'll whisper to him."

"All right, trot him in."

He returned to the table at which Mike and the new-comer were sitting, and bending over the latter whispered into his ear, "Miss Sunlight told me to express her deep gratitude to you, and she would take it as an honor to be allowed to thank you

in person, if you would kindly retire to the green room in the rear of the stage."

The gentleman arose, and asking Mike to excuse him, followed the waiter.

Chapter XV

A SUNSHINY MORNING WITH A CLOUDY AFTERNOON.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Brien."

"Good morning, your Reverence," making a courtesy as she spoke.

"I see you're busy this morning."

"Sure, I'm always busy."

"Well, that's what keeps you so good and healthy. Where are all the children?"

"I've just got rid of the last of them; they're gone to school, and Mamie is at work."

"Where's the Murphy boy? It's he I came to see you about."

"He went down town today. I suppose he's gone to see some of his chums that sell papers. He felt a little lonesome, so I let him go."

"Well, Mrs. Great was talking to me about him. She said she would like to see him, so she asked me to call and tell you to bring him over with you, as she wanted to have a talk with you about him."

"God bless her! She's always thinking about the widows and the orphan. When do you think I should go?"

"This afternoon, if convenient. I should like to be there when you come."

"Well, say, about 3 o'clock. Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do very nicely. Where's Mr. O'Brien?"

Mrs. O'Brien shrugged her shoulders. "He's lying in bed there," bending her head over towards the parlor bedroom.

"Well, perhaps the poor man is tired."

"'Deed, he has good reason to be tired, roasting his shins in Hooligan's all day and part of the night. I wish your reverence could do something with him; he has me heart scalded."

"You may be a little too hard on him," said the priest, smiling. "I'll drop in some day and give him a lecture, anyhow."

"I wish you would."

"Well, good morning. I'll see you at 3 o'clock."

O'Brien, who had heard the dialogue, covered up his head, making believe he was sound asleep. He was very much relieved when he heard Father Nolan going down the stairs. When he got up Mrs. O'Brien told him that the priest had been there and was inquiring for him.

"Oh, 'deed, I heard you."

"Well, you will hear him some day; he's coming to see you."

O'Brien went into the kitchen and lit his pipe, while Mrs. O'Brien was setting the things out for his breakfast.

It was but a few days after the funeral of his father and mother that Tony went to visit his young friends, the newsboys. He was lionized as soon as the boys saw him. The crowd was waiting for the noon edition, and Skinny was the first to see him. "Hello, Tony," he said, running towards him. "Joe!" he shouted, "Joe! Here's Tony Murphy."

Joe at the time was shooting craps a little further up the alley, but as soon as he knew the result of the cast of the dice, he came running forward, followed by the "push."

"How are you, Tony? We are very glad to see you. My! but you're swell!" Tony was dressed in his best. Pickles stroked Tony's overcoat down the back, and felt the velvet collar. "Dat's de goods," he said, admiringly.

"Look at his boots," said Rocco; "I'm going to get a pair like dem if ever I can raise de price."

Tony felt very much flattered at the lavish praise they were bestowing on his outfit.

"How's your friend, Mr. Scully?" inquired Joe; "dat's a fine fellow."

Tony's lips quivered as he told them that Mr. Scully had gone away, and nobody knew where.

"Oh, yes! dat's de bloke dat rode in de carriage wid you," said Pickles; "he's all right."

"When are you coming back to work again?" inquired Skinny.

"I don't know," was Tony's answer.

"Well, when you do," said Joe, "we'll see you get a square deal; won't we, fellows?" There was a general acclaim from the rest of the urchins that he would. A man stood with a basket of fruit on the corner.

"Come on, Tony," said Joe; "I'm going to buy you something."

"Me, too," said Skinny.

"I'm in dis," said Pickles.

They went towards the seller of fruits, and before Tony got through his overcoat pockets were full of oranges, apples, bananas, and candy. The boys vied with one another in their desire to do the right thing with their young friend, whose misfortune had opened their hearts to him.

The noon edition being nearly ready for distribution, the boys shouted their farewell to Tony, and rushed off to furnish Chicago citizens with the latest news—some advice as to the coming spring election, full accounts of the latest scandals in society, and a record of the doings in the police courts.

Tony arrived home in time for dinner, and divided his fruit and candy with the O'Brien children, who were home during the noon recess. They listened attentively while he told them how kind the boys were to him, and how they had admired his clothes, especially his overcoat and boots. Mrs. O'Brien felt very much pleased at the boy's recital, and was as attentive a listener as any of her children.

Tony displayed great enthusiasm when he dwelt on the promises which Joe, Skinny, Pickles, Rocco, and the rest of the newsies had made him; he was sure they would let him stand on a good corner, down town, and that they wouldn't let any of the kids put on him.

"That's good," said Patsy; "I wish mother would let me stay away from school—I'd go down town, too. What can

a fellow do in a couple of hours in the evening, just distributing a few papers?"

"Come," said his mother, "hurry up! you'll be late for school." This ended the conversation, and as soon as her youngsters had departed, and she had the dishes cleared away, she made the announcement to Tony that they were going to make a call; for him to wash his face and hands, and by that time she would be ready to go.

Arriving at Mrs. Great's, they found Father Nolan there in advance of them.

The good lady received them cordially, shook hands with Mrs. O'Brien, and drew Tony down to her and kissed him.

"He's a fine, manly little fellow," she said, addressing Father Nolan.

"How old is he, Mrs. O'Brien?"

"He is gone ten, ma'am."

"I understand he's been selling newspapers?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suppose he hasn't had much schooling?" addressing Father Nolan.

"No, I understand he hasn't."

"Well, Tony, you must go to school, and be a good boy, and learn your lessons."

Tony felt as if his dream of future greatness as a dispenser of news, and his bright prospects in the commercial world, were being taken from him. His down-town reception in the morning had aggravated the case.

Father Nolan, seeing the boy's reluctance, as portrayed by his countenance, took up the argument. "Yes, Tony, you must come to school; the boy or man nowadays that has no education never amounts to anything."

Tony didn't agree with him, though he remained silent. He knew different. He thought of Joe, Pickles, Skinny, and Rocco, all important personages, in his estimation.

It was decided, however, that Tony should go to school. "I should think you'd like to go to school with your little comrades, Mrs. O'Brien's children," said Mrs. Great, stroking

him down. "You know you are too young to go out working. In two or three years, if you're attentive at school, Father Nolan and myself may be able to get you a nice place." Tony couldn't see it that way.

"And I'm sure," Mrs. Great said, continuing, "Father Nolan will be very good to you."

Not having the courage for open rebellion, Tony remained silent.

"Well, Mrs. O'Brien, you will see that he starts out with the rest of the children in the morning. Father Nolan, you will see to it that he gets whatever books he may require. Send the bill to me, and also for his school fees, and I want you to report occasionally as to how he is getting on. I see he is dressed nicely," said Mrs. Great, continuing, as she looked over the boy's clothing.

Mrs. O'Brien promised she'd see that he attended school.

"You'll probably be at the school in the morning, Father, to meet him?"

"Yes, ma'am," in reply to Mrs. Great, "I will keep a lookout for him."

"Now, be a good boy and learn your lessons," said Mrs. Great. "Christmas will soon be here, and if I hear a good report about you, I'll see if I can't send you a nice present. Now, good-bye, and God bless you," kissing him.

Mrs. O'Brien and Tony took their departure, Tony with a sad heart. The brilliant prospects of the morning had been blasted in the afternoon; his liberty had been menaced. His thoughts on his way home were, what would Joe, Pickles, Skinny and Rocco think of him after the splendid opportunities they had provided for him, and which now must go for naught.

Chapter XVI

WORKING A SUCKER.

Mr. Monroe (as proved to be his name) had no sooner got beyond the curtain than he was met by Miss Sunlight, who extended her hand.

"Let me thank you most sincerely for your very warm appreciation of my humble effort to please. Won't you sit down?" she said, giving Mr. Monroe at the same time one of her most alluring smiles.

Monroe took a survey of the place, and hesitated for a moment before accepting the young soprano's invitation.

He saw seated at a table the veteran with the squeaky voice, with another young woman and the two miners. The one of the squeaky voice was smoking a cigarette. Two bottles stood on the table. They had been drinking beer; the supply, however, seemed to be exhausted, as the younger of the two women was pressing one of the miners to order two bottles more.

At another table sat a well-dressed man with a sparsely-dressed woman.

Miss Le Blanck and another girl had taken their position at the curtain as soon as Monroe had got in.

Mr. Monroe's hesitancy in sitting was observed by Miss Sunlight, who smilingly took him by the hand and, leading him to the farther side of the room, where was an unoccupied table with two chairs, placed him so that his back would be turned to the rest of those present. She sat down close beside him. This arrangement afforded him some relief from a too close association with the assembled company. The waiter, who had followed him in, stood at attention. Miss Sunlight looked at Mr. Monroe, and then at the waiter.

"What will you drink, miss?" said Monroe.

"I don't feel in very good spirits tonight," she said, with a little sigh. "I would like some wine, if I take anything, but what would you prefer?"

"I generally take whiskey, but I can take wine. Timothy, you know, says 'Use a little for thy stomach's sake.' "

Miss Sunlight smiled at this apt quotation, at the same time nodding to the waiter, who retired, and after a few moments returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses. Monroe put his first finger into his vest pocket and pulling out his roll of bills, asked, "How much?"

"Two-fifty, please."

Monroe gave him a two-dollar bill and a fifty-cent piece, which he found in his trousers pocket. The waiter filled the glasses. Miss Sunlight raised hers and, touching his with it, remarking, "Here is to our better acquaintance."

Monroe bowed his head in acknowledgment as they both emptied their glasses.

"You live in Denver, I suppose?" remarked Miss Sunlight, in an off-hand manner.

"No, I am just here on business."

"Do you like Denver? I don't think much of it."

"Why don't you, miss? Denver is a very lively city."

"I prefer the East. You see I am only here for my health."

"I don't think there is anything very serious ails you," replied Monroe, laughing.

"Well, you see, I am used to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, where I filled important engagements at the leading vaudeville houses, and I had to work so hard in responding to so many encores, that I was quite run down; so my physician told me that a rest was necessary, and suggested that I go West for a time."

"It strikes me you won't get much rest here."

"That's so. Let me fill your glass. Well, it's true I won't have much leisure, but the way it happened was this: The manager must have heard of my arrival in Denver; probably read of it in the papers, and, finding me at my hotel, offered me a very large salary to fill a brief engagement, and as I am so dearly in love with my profession, I accepted."

"Indeed, I would not think the proprietor of this ranch could pay very large salaries," looking around the place.

"Ah, there is my friend, Madam Van Dingel," as a lady ap-

proached. She was dressed in street costume, with a very large hat, with two immense ostrich feathers hanging from it.

Miss Sunlight invited her to come and take a glass of wine. "Madam Van Dingel, my gentleman friend," not having learned his name, she could not give a more specific introduction. Madam Van Dingel and the gentleman bowed. Miss Sunlight ordered the waiter, who was in attendance, to bring another glass, the glasses were filled and they all drank.

"How are you getting on, Lulu?" inquired the madam.

"Don't you see I am doing well?" looking smilingly at Mr. Monroe, who by this time was feeling the effects of the mixed drinks. "My friend tonight, however, is not very sociable."

"Oh, well, he'll warm up after a while," said the madam, jokingly, looking at Monroe, who protested he was all right—just got a little hiccough, that was all.

Miss Sunlight gently stroked him down the cheek, saying, "No, you're not. dear. I am afraid you are not enjoying my company," at the same time laying her head close to his vest and looking right up into his face.

He was about to kiss her, when she pulled her head rapidly away, laughing.

Monroe took up the bottle to fill the glasses, but found it empty.

Miss Sunlight rang the bell and told the waiter on his arrival that her friend wanted another bottle of wine, which was duly brought and paid for. Miss Sunlight had a wordy altercation with the waiter about a check.

"I thought I gave it to you."

"No, you did not! Give them both to me now!"

The waiter handed her two little cards, which she proceeded to place in her pink stockings, the top of which came far above her knee—this in full view of Monroe, who laughed heartily, as he remarked to Madam Van Dingel, "She has good understandings."

Miss Sunlight tapped him on the cheek as if in remonstrance.

The glasses were filled. Miss Sunlight lifted her glass and, looking bewitchingly at Monroe, said, "May the better we become acquainted, the closer we get together."

"Lulu," said the madam in a tone of reproof.

Monroe laughed heartily and said he hoped so.

One of the young ladies approached Miss Sunlight and told her that after Miss Sturtevant had done, she was next.

"You tell the stage manager I am through for the night; that I am with an old friend, who is visiting me, and I am going to stay with him; but take a drink, Georgie." Georgie's glass was filled.

"Why don't you offer the other girls a drink?" said Monroe, the chill seeming to have left him.

"Sure! Come, girls, my friend from the Golden West wants you to take a drink with him."

The bottle proving shy, Monroe told Lulu to order a couple more, which she promptly did. When the waiter had received payment, she extended her hand for the two little cards, and as she lifted her skirt to place them in her stocking, Mr. Monroe peered in the direction in which she was placing them, laughing loudly in a hilarious mood, now fast bordering on intoxication.

The girls joined him in his laughter, as if it was very funny.

The two bottles, with the additional consumers, were soon emptied, and another two ordered.

Monroe by this time entered fully into the enjoyment or, as Madam Van Dingel had predicted earlier in the evening, had "warmed up." He joked with the girls who flocked around his chair, told them they were a pretty lively bunch, but Lulu was the girl for him.

More wine was ordered and drank. Monroe's roll, which he had in his vest pocket, was nearly exhausted. He gave out the last four dollars he had in bills, and, fishing a quantity of silver out of one of his trousers pockets, threw it on the table. Miss Sunlight counted out a dollar, which she handed to the waiter, and shoved the remainder into Monroe's vest pocket.

When the wine was about drank, the girls fell back, thinking there was no more money for wine in sight, some of them taking their station at the curtain in the hope of recognizing a prospective "flat" who would be easy money.

Madam Van Dingel retired to a seat at the other end of the

room, remarking as she left, "Two is company, three is none," a discovery she had not made until she surmised Monroe's wad was exhausted.

Miss Sunlight inquired, "What time is it?" pulling Monroe's watch from his fob pocket to enlighten herself.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was so late. Don't you think, dear, it's about time you were going? Will you be around tomorrow night? I will be so glad to see you."

"We'll have another couple of bottles before I go," he said.

Lulu offered no objections, but rang the bell, the wine was brought and laid on the table. Miss Sunlight gave a significant glance at the waiter, who showed no intention to pull the corks.

Monroe, now thoroughly intoxicated, wanted to know why he didn't fill up the glasses.

Miss Sunlight, in the sweetest manner possible, told Mr. Monroe, "He wants pay for it, dear."

Monroe began to get angry. He wanted to know of the waiter if he thought he was a beat that would order wine without being able to pay for it.

With this he placed his hand down in his inside vest pocket and pulled out a leather case, in which was a large amount of bills of different denominations. Miss Lulu took the opportunity to peep into it. She told the girls afterward that there was a fortune in it.

Monroe fumbled with the bills for a moment, and at last extracted a twenty.

The waiter, at the first glance at the pocketbook, commenced pulling the corks.

Monroe shoved his pocketbook down in the pocket he had taken it from, placing the change of his twenty in his vest pocket. He was angry. Miss Sunlight commenced to coax him, got up and sat in his lap, stroked his whiskers, and put her arms around his neck, and, placing her legs straight out, one across the other, said:

"Now I'm sitting on your lap, you mustn't be rude." This was said only to call his attention to the opportunity offered to be very rude.

Monroe, at this time, was too full to be able to be rude.

The young ladies, recognizing that there was something doing, gathered around, at Lulu's invitation, to have some more wine.

They all laughed at seeing Lulu sitting on Mr. Monroe's lap, as if it was a good joke.

Miss Lulu said: "He is my friend, and I don't care what you think. Anything that pleases him, pleases me."

Whether it was the effect of too much wine on Monroe's head or the weight of Miss Sunlight's one hundred and sixty pounds on his lap that was too much for him, we never learned, nor could Mr. Monroe remember, but he decided to go home.

Miss Sunlight chided him. "It was quite early, just when they were beginning to enjoy themselves." All the girls agreed with her, but Monroe was obdurate.

"I am full," he said, "and am going home, and that's all there is to it."

Miss Lulu clung to his neck and kissed him. He used force and pushed her off his lap. She had had a good share of the wine, and fell squat on the floor. Monroe assisted her up and apologized as best he could under the conditions.

He turned and walked towards the curtain. Some of the girls, placing themselves before him, wanted to know what was his hurry. He brushed them aside.

Mike Scully, who had seen the number of bottles that had been taken behind the stage, surmised correctly that the man who had sat at the same table with him earlier in the evening was paying for it, thought to himself:

"I will stay and see it out." He had nothing else to do anyhow; his curiosity was aroused; besides, he was passing the time.

The quantity of wine that had been consumed behind the curtain began to show on the prima donnas when they came to perform their different stunts.

The woman with the squeaky voice could not remember the words of her song, to the annoyance of the fellow with the big drum, who couldn't keep in tune. When she commenced to dance, the stage seemed a great deal too small for her; on two

occasions, while trying to high kick, she nearly landed amongst the audience, to the great delight of the young men who occupied the front seats. While the Bowery girl became so tough, that they wouldn't allow such things on the Bowery. Her voice sounded like a foghorn that had a very bad cold.

As Mr. Monroe emerged from the green room, he straightened himself up, with an effort, looking right ahead as he passed Scully. Mike thought he heard him muttering something to himself, which sounded very much like "damned old fool."

Before he had time to reach the exit of the store, Miss Lulu's face appeared at the curtain and, in an excited manner, beckoned to two men who sat close against the wall, a few seats from where she was standing.

One of them rose and went toward her. She dropped the curtain behind him, but not to exceed ten seconds the man whom she had summoned hurried out, beckoning the other fellow to follow him.

Scully's suspicions being aroused, he decided to follow the men.

Monroe, on leaving the concert hall, turned to the right and walked leisurely up the street. It required some effort on his part to preserve his equilibrium.

He had gone about forty feet when the two men, whom Scully had noticed leaving, reached the door. They looked into the street to see what direction Monroe had taken, and, observing him but a little distance away, they followed.

Scully went in the same direction, keeping well within the shadow of the buildings, some thirty feet behind. The two men began to gradually close up the distance between themselves and Monroe, but, intent on their purpose, and from the fact of the street being dark, they had not observed that they, in turn, were followed. Scully, still well within the shadow of the buildings, had closed up the gap somewhat between himself and the two men.

Monroe walked on until he reached an alley, and, not noticing the drop from the sidewalk to the pavement, stumbled.

Immediately the two men pounced upon him, one striking

"You Are My Prisoner"

him a violent blow on the back of the head. He fell flat on his face, and the two stooped over him.

Mike Scully rushed towards them, shouting: "Hello! what are you fellows up to?"

They both turned on him, swearing that if he didn't go on about his business, they would do him up.

Scully's blood was aroused. He was close to the fellow who had struck Monroe, and who now turned and was menacing him with the weapon he had in his hand.

Mike, knowing there was no use of parleying, placed a left hook right under the fellow's chin and down he went, over the prostrate form of Monroe.

The other robber held a gun in his right hand. Scully grabbed him by the wrist with his right hand, so preventing him from getting his revolver into play; the man struggled fiercely until Mike struck him a blow straight between the eyes.

There was a sound of hurrying footsteps coming towards them. Scully attempted to wrest the gun from him. In doing so it went off.

The robber, seeing the probability of being captured, used every effort to break loose from Scully's grasp, which he ultimately did, by leaving the revolver in Mike's hand. He then ran up the alley, followed by his mate, just as a policeman rushed forward, and, grabbing Scully by the collar of his coat shouted:

"You are my prisoner," pointing his revolver at Mike's head.

Chapter XVII

THE GREAT CLEVELAND STORE.

The great Cleveland Store had a successful holiday season, and the proprietor invited the managing directors to dine with him on the third day of January, so that he might show his appreciation of their valuable services and at the same time talk business. A few of the heads of departments had also been invited. Miss Mary Vann, of the millinery, amongst others.

The department of which Miss Vann was the head was a special feature of the great establishment. Miss Vann had been some years in their employ, and had made her branch of the business a great success, so much so, that both the proprietor and manager dreaded the idea of Miss Vann going to a rival concern by the name of Prairie, Schleicht and Rosenberg, who, it was understood, had offered her an inducement.

At the luncheon that had been provided, the proprietor paid much attention to his dear Mary, as he called her, who sat on his left. He was telling her confidential things that made her laugh, whatever it was.

None of the other lady heads of the departments were jealous of Mary; strange to relate, they all voted her a brick. She would take no back sauce from anyone, and even had the courage to come to the defense of some of the other lady heads of departments when they needed support to keep them in their places. She had even eased her mind, as she called it, to the manager on one occasion in the presence of many of the employees, the result of which was a raise in Mary's salary, to smooth her ruffled temper.

After luncheon was over, the first and most important matter considered was the reduction of the holiday staff. Mr. Jacob Shapiro, the manager, eased the mind of the proprietor by telling him that had been partly attended to; he had let a number go.

The next subject was the sale of the surplus stock; the time had arrived for the great annual slaughter sale.

"I hope you will see to the purchase of enough suitable goods for this sale, Mr. Shapiro. Now, as the holiday season is over and we have the cash, you should get some very cheap lines."

"I understand," remarked one of those present, "the Prairie people are getting ready for a fire sale. There was a little store at Lemont which had a blaze the other night. There was a couple of hundred dollars' worth of goods damaged by water, the Prairie people bought them, and, I have it from a friend in the place, that they are going to advertise a three hundred thousand dollar fire sale."

"If that's so, Mr. Shapiro, you will not have to let the grass grow under your feet," was the proprietor's suggestion, "nor let the flowers wither on your hats, my dear Mary," he said, smiling, to Miss Vann, who nodded her appreciation of the joke.

Mr. Shapiro promised to see to it that the Prairie people would not steal a march on him.

The next morning Mr. Shapiro slaughtered all the surplus help possible, and then commenced preparation for the great slaughter sale of surplus stock by sending out the entire staff of buyers, to visit the auction and commission houses for bargains of any old kind, so that the prices were right.

The following day there appeared in the papers page advertisements of the great slaughter sale of surplus stock and goods left over at the great Cleveland Store, the front of which had already been decorated with large canvas signs announcing the glad tidings to a credulous public, who flocked thither in great numbers.

The slaughter sale was a rushing affair, to which Misses Florence Burdett, Mary Jones, and Genevieve Brown contributed their share by trotting backward and forward to the incessant tune of "Cash!" "Cash!" "Cash!" "Cash here!" and the urgent pressing of the floor-walker, the clapping of whose hands was the signal for them to hurry up.

When the slaughter sale was over, provision had to be made for the regular trade. A slight reorganization of the staff had to be made. Miss Florence Burdett, thanks to her good looks and neat attire, was assigned to the millinery department, at an increased salary of fifty cents per week, making two-fifty in all. Miss Genevieve Brown got a position in the gents' furnishings, and Mary Jones in the hardware. The three girls, when they met at lunch that day of their promotion, spoke of their good luck. Margy, who was present, came toward them and expressed her pleasure, "Didn't I tell you so?"

There was but a scant attendance at the lunch room, all the surplus help, with few exceptions, had been cleared out, and, what was a great consolation to Margy, nearly all those who were hostile to her had got the "grand bounce," as she called it.

Miss Burdett's advent to the millinery department was owing to the desire of Miss Vann, who, with an eye to business, could utilize Florence's handsome face in selling hats. Ladies, as is well known, are very critical as to their headgear. Miss Vann, after persuading some lady who was in doubt as to whether a hat would become her or not, would call Florence.

"Come, try this on, Miss Burdett." She would arrange the hat in a becoming manner on Miss Burdett's well-formed head, whose hair was tastily arranged and whose handsome face was a fit model for an artist. It was like baiting an amateur, who could be led to pay a very high price for a very poor picture because it was in a costly frame.

Miss Burdett, totally innocent of guile, was often an accomplice to Miss Vann's tricks in trade.

"You stick to me, Miss Burdett," she jokingly said one day after unloading a costly hat on a middle-aged dame, "and I'll make a man of you."

Florence was impressed with Miss Vann's vivacious manner, and began to like her. There was another lady help to Miss Vann who was also nice to her, so she began to feel at home.

One day Miss Brown had been sent from the gents' furnishings to the floor on which the millinery department was located. The two girls met and were caught gossiping for a moment (as was natural) by Mr. Morris Cohan, the floor-walker, who, just to show his authority, spoke fiercely to them. Miss Brown walked away, holding her head down as if she had been caught in some criminal act. Miss Burdett, very much confused and red in the face, walked toward the millinery cases.

Miss Vann, who was trying a hat on a lady at the time, had noticed the episode. "Excuse me, madam," she said, and, walking over to where the floor-walker stood, inquired of him, "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," was his answer.

"Yes, there was. What were you saying to my help?" Florence, who heard the controversy, felt very much embarrassed.

"You're a little too gay, Mr. Cohan," continued Miss Vann.

"Come here, Miss Burdett." Florence went trembling towards them, thinking she was due for a censure, at least.

"Florence, you pay no attention to that fellow; you just mind me." With this recommendation to her understudy, she went back to attend to her customer.

Mr. Morris Cohan went to the other end of the floor, biting his lips.

Florence was surprised at what she thought an assumption of authority on the part of Miss Vann, believing, from her three weeks' experience in the store, that the floor-walker was a mighty man, who held the fate of the girls in the hollow of his hand. And so he does, in many cases, where he knows a poor, friendless girl has to humiliate herself—yes, often degrade herself—to keep in his good graces.

Miss Vann had once been a cash girl herself, and had suffered the indignities imposed on many of the poorer girls who held similar positions.

The next day, when the three girls, who had become fast friends, met at lunch time, Miss Brown, who was still anxious over the matter, fearing that she had got Florence into trouble, was much relieved on hearing Florence's recital of the affair.

"Good for her!" exclaimed Genevieve; "it's well for the girls here to have some one to stick up for them. Some of those young snipes on the floor are a great deal too fresh, any way."

"Margy! Margy," said a voice from the farther end of the lunch room, "I suppose you're going to the ball on the twenty-fourth?"

"You bet; wouldn't miss it for anything."

"I suppose your 'steady' will be there?"

"Yes, he is one of the managers," replied Margy, with an air of pride.

"I understand it will be very swell," observed a third.

"De best of the whole season," was Margy's answer. "Dey've engaged Connor's band already."

"I'm going to tackle my fellow to take me," said a fourth.

"Why, half the store will be there," said the first speaker, who had made the inquiry as to Margy's going.

The three girls became interested listeners.

During the next week most of the conversation in the lunch room was in reference to the "Grand Carnival, Reception and Ball, under the auspices of the Five Jolly Boys," the ample preparation some of the girls were making to attend, what they were going to wear, and who was going with them.

Margy, on one occasion, made the announcement that her friend, Mr. Rock, had told her that a number of the aldermen would be there.

The three girls who had overheard this important piece of information began to think it must be a great occasion, and no doubt eminently respectable, from the fact that a number of the city fathers were going to be present.

Mr. Morris Cohan, who had made his peace with Florence, mainly to keep on the right side of Miss Vann, inquired one day, "I suppose you're going to the ball, Miss Burdett?"

Florence told him she was not.

"Why, nearly all the girls are going."

"I have to stay home with mother."

"Well, I suppose you go somewhere to have a little enjoyment—you know the old saying, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' Why can't you get your young fellow to take you?"

"I have no young fellow."

"What are you giving me?" said Cohan with a leer. Just then Miss Vann called her. "Florence, I am going out to lunch. See that you effect a good sale while I am out," she said jokingly. Miss Vann dined out every day. She allowed herself ample time, sometimes going to the Ladies' Noonday Rest, where she was extremely popular. She was well posted as to the current scandal, and, fluent of speech, could tell tidbits of choice stories to some of the maids and matrons that assembled there, some of which, for a young lady of twenty-four years of age to recount, were, to say the least, a little blasé; but as her listeners enjoyed them, she was always willing to tell them. The day Mary was absent affairs were a little dull; even the people who ran the place could notice it. Sometimes she dined at a high-toned restaurant, as did Mr. Jacob

Shapiro, who, being a married man, with a grown-up family—of course there could be no harm. Probably it gave them an opportunity to talk business, or perhaps, as Mr. Shapiro always paid the score, which included the price of a bottle of wine, Miss Mary Vann went there for economy's sake.

Florence had not been long assistant to Miss Vann when she noticed, after a long delay of her superior at lunch, Miss Vann would come in with a very flushed face, and acted as if she didn't care "whether school kept or not."

"Attend to that lady," she would say to one of her assistants, as she reclined back in a chair. If it happened to be one of her friends from the Ladies' Noonday Rest, no matter how she felt, she was willing to give them her attention, while she joked with them about the happenings the last day she was there.

On the Monday preceding the "Grand Reception and Ball," when the girls met at lunch, there was little spoken of but the dance, which was to take place on the Saturday evening following.

Margy was a bureau of information as to the elaborate preparations that had been made. The firm, she informed her listeners, had bought two hundred tickets, for which they were going to get an ad. in the programme.

"I suppose Mr. Shapiro will be giving us some of the tickets," remarked a girl who was very enthusiastic over the affair.

"I guess so," said Margy.

"I was telling my friend about it," whispered Miss Brown, "and he said he would like to go. What do you think if we three should go?"

"I would just as soon," replied Miss Jones. "We would keep together. Will you come, Florence?"

"I don't know whether my mama would let me or not. You see, I can not dance."

"Can't you?" said Miss Brown, surprised. "The school I went to taught dancing."

"O, I can dance," replied Miss Jones.

"Well, I would like to go if I could only dance," lamented Florence, "but you see I have no one to take me."

"Come and look on, then," entreated Miss Brown; "we will

not stay late anyhow, and after the hard work and long hours we have had during the holidays it will be a little enjoyment."

Florence said she would ask her mother.

The following day the floor-walker in Margy's department gave her a bunch of tickets to give to any of the girls who wanted to take them.

Mr. Morris Cohan gave Florence a couple, just as if he was bestowing a great favor on her. She accepted them without any thought of what she was going to do with them.

That evening Florence showed her mother the tickets, as if they had been a liberal donation she had received from some generous friend. "Nearly all the girls are going, mother," she said. "Miss Brown and Miss Jones are both going; they have asked me to go."

"Why, what do you want to go for, child? You can't dance, and, besides, who would take you?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter. I could go with the girls and look on, couldn't I? None of them will stay late. They say it is going to be very respectable. One of our young ladies has a friend on the managing committee, and she said the alderman is going to be there and a lot of nice people."

"Well, if I thought you would take no harm, I would let you go," replied her mother, seeing her inclination, "but if I did let you go you must promise me you will come home early."

"If I leave at eleven o'clock, will that be too late?"

"Well, it's late enough, but I suppose on an occasion like that you could hardly leave sooner." So it was arranged that Florence should attend the ball.

The next day she was anxious for the lunch-time to arrive so she could tell her two friends. Margy heard of the three girls going and promised them a good time. "There will be plenty of nice young men there, and I will get you a beau," she said to Florence, who laughed good-naturedly.

From the hour Mrs. Burdett had given her consent to her daughter to attend the ball she had devoted her skill to the preparation of every finery her means and taste could devise to make her daughter attractive.

Not that Florence wasn't always tastily attired, but this was

a special occasion—a coming-out in society, as the well-to-do people would put it.

So she determined that her child, as far as it lay in her power, should be dressed as befitted a young lady just making her debut.

On the evening of the ball her mother paid special attention to the make-up of her child's toilet, braided her beautiful hair, fitted on her dress, which had been made expressly for this occasion, and, as a last final act of ornamentation, fastened around her neck a coral necklace that she herself had worn when a girl.

The preparations being all completed, the mother looked upon her beautiful child and heaved a sigh. She thought, "Oh! if my Henry had but lived, how proud he would be of his daughter!"

"Good-bye, mama," the girl said at the door, as her mother watched her tripping along the street.

Widow Burdett felt sad in spite of her child's hilarity. She went and sat down at her sewing machine, to work and try to forget.

Chapter XVIII

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Officer, let him go," shouted a gentleman who came running across the street. "The two fellows that knocked the man down have run up the alley; if it had not been for this young fellow, they would have robbed him, probably murdered him."

"Is that so, Mr. Saunders," replied the policeman, seeming to know the gentleman who was standing sponsor for Mike's innocence; "but you see he has a gun in his hand," continued the policeman, "and that looks suspicious."

"Yes, but we saw him take the gun from the fellow who was trying to shoot him for interfering. Is that not so, Miss Moore?"

"Yes, it is; we saw the whole affair from across the street. I was so frightened I couldn't shout."

"It was over in a few seconds," joined in Saunders.

In face of this evidence there was nothing left for the policeman to do but to let go of Mike, who handed the gun to him. A few feet farther away they found the weapon with which Monroe had been knocked down. It was the leg of a pink stocking filled with sand.

"A pretty dangerous weapon," remarked Saunders to the policeman who was examining it.

"Yes," replied the officer; "you could knock down an ox with that."

They then gave their attention to the man who still lay on the pavement. Scully and Saunders turned him over, and, dragging him to the sidewalk, placed him in a sitting position, with his back to the wall.

"I'm afraid they've done for him," remarked the policeman. Saunders placed his hand at the back of Monroe's head, and, after feeling it, said, "He's not cut, anyway."

The policeman shook Monroe in an attempt to arouse him. "Wake up! What's the matter with you?" In a few minutes Monroe opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around at the crowd that had gathered.

"Are you much hurt?" inquired the policeman.

"Somebody struck me."

"Let us lift him up," said Saunders.

Scully and Saunders got hold of Monroe and lifted him to his feet. He was still stupid, partly from the blow he had received and partly from the amount of drink he had taken.

"Where am I?" he asked, as he looked around.

"You're on Lorane street," replied the policeman; "where do you live, or where are you staying?"

"At the Metropolis," replied Monroe, who was fast coming to his senses. Even the effects of the drink seemed to be subsiding.

"I think I should take him to the station," remarked the policeman, looking over at Saunders.

"Nonsense! no doubt this is a very respectable man. We

should take him to his hotel. They'll know him there. He is getting all right now."

"Can you walk to your hotel?" inquired the policeman.

"Sure," was his answer, straightening himself up.

"I would go with you," whispered Saunders to the policeman, "only I have a party with me. Tell Mr. Fairbanks I will call around in the morning and see him."

"You had better come with me, young fellow," said the policeman, addressing Mike; so they sandwiched Monroe in between them and set out for the hotel, followed by the crowd.

On reaching the hotel the porter at the door recognized Mr. Monroe and inquired, "What's the trouble?" While they were approaching the clerk's desk, the proprietor, who happened to be in the building, seeing the commotion, came running toward them.

"Does this man stay here?" inquired the policeman.

"Sure he does," answered the hotel-keeper; "what has happened to him?"

"He's been stuck up," replied the policeman, in an off-handed manner, "and if it hadn't been for this young fellow he would likely have been half-killed as well as robbed."

"Well, officer, I am very thankful to you for bringing Mr. Monroe to the hotel, and I'll not forget you. You had better come round in the morning; you see, Mr. Monroe is not in a condition to give you much information tonight, and you, young fellow, you had better come, too. Mr. Monroe is one of our most substantial of Western men, and I am sure will be pleased to meet you. Where are you staying?" Mike gave his address.

"Here, Fred," addressing the porter, "get the key of Mr. Monroe's room." Turning to Monroe, who had sat listening to this dialogue, he said, "Well, old friend, I see they've been doing you up."

"Somebody soaked me," answered Monroe; "I don't know who it was."

"Well," said the hotel proprietor, laughing, "when you wild men of the plains come in to civilized communities, they think you're easy marks, so they go for you. You're none the worse,

anyhow; go up to your room, and I'll send you up anything you want. Do you know your friend that came to your rescue?"

"No," said Monroe, looking at Mike.

"Well, he is all right," chimed in the officer. "If it hadn't been for him, there is no telling what would have happened to you."

"I want to know him," said Monroe: "ask him what he'll have. We will go and take a drink."

"No, sirree," replied the hotel-keeper, "you go to bed. I guess you had enough for one day. Officer, did you see if he had his money left, or did they get away with it?"

"I don't know."

"I don't believe they had time," remarked Scully.

"Where's your money?" said the hotel proprietor, addressing Monroe.

Monroe put his hand in his vest pocket and pulled out fifteen dollars in bills and handed them to the hotel-keeper. "Is this all you've got?" Monroe placed his hand inside his vest and produced the leather case. It was seen to contain a large amount in bills. The hotel-keeper placed the fifteen dollars in it, went behind the desk and placed it in the safe.

"Now, old friend, you to the blankets. Come, Fred; here, you boys, take Mr. Monroe to his room."

"Come and have a cigar with me," said the proprietor, addressing the policeman and Mike, after Monroe had been led away. Mike lit his cigar, and, after renewing his promise to be around in the morning, took his departure.

The following morning Mr. Saunders, before going to the bank, called at the Metropolis. Mr. Monroe, accustomed to early rising, and whose rugged constitution soon shook off the effects of the previous night's debauch, was smoking in the rotunda when he arrived.

"How do you feel this morning?"

"Fairly well, thank you."

"You don't know me, I presume; my name is Saunders, of the National. I made your acquaintance under peculiar circumstances last night."

"O yes, I have some vague recollections of it. So you were one of the men who brought me to the hotel?"

"Yes, I was near the spot when they tried to hold you up."

"Well, the truth of it is, Mr. Saunders, I don't know much about it. Fred, the porter, told me of you and some other party bringing me home. There was also a policeman. I expect him around during the morning. I assure you I am very much indebted to you for your kindness. Tell me the particulars—you know I had been drinking a little too much."

Mr. Saunders gave him a graphic description of what he saw, and in glowing terms recited the action of the young man who had put the robbers to rout.

Monroe got very much interested. He wanted to know where he could find the young fellow. "I must call upon him."

"He promised to come here today; more than likely he will. My! but he showed some grit," remarked Saunders, with some enthusiasm. "There are very few men that would tackle two highway robbers, one with a gun in his hand and the other with a club."

"Perhaps I owe my life to him?" said Monroe thoughtfully.

"No telling. I'll have to be off, my time is near up; if you're around near our place, call in."

"Won't you have a drink before you go?"

"No, thank you, not at present; I haven't time; may see you later. Good morning."

Monroe sat in the rotunda of the hotel scrutinizing every young man who came in, with the hope of identifying the party who had rendered him such signal service. On a number of occasions when he saw a person that answered the description he would go up to the desk and inquire, "Was that man looking for me?" to be met with the answer, "No, sir." About noon he began to despair of his friend coming, and was waiting anxiously for the proprietor of the hotel to turn up, so that he might get his deliverer's name and address and go seek him.

It was considerably past noon when he saw a young man come in at the front entrance and look around as if in search of some one. "That's him," Monroe thought to himself.

Mike—for he it was—happened to get his eye on Monroe,

whom he recognized. He came towards him and Monroe extended his hand. "I have been waiting for you," he said. "I understand if it hadn't been for you I would have been badly mussed up; as it was, I know they laid me out."

Mike smiled, saying, "It did look bad for a time."

"Come upstairs to my room. I want you to tell me what you know about it. We cannot talk here, or perhaps you haven't much time," looking at Scully. "Probably this is your lunch hour?"

"No," replied Mike, "time is the only thing I have much of at present."

"Well, then, come along." Monroe led the way to his room. As soon as he entered he touched the bell. "Sit down," he said.

Scully took a seat, the bell boy came and Monroe wanted to know what Mike would take.

"I don't take anything, thank you."

"What, nothing?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you smoke, either?"

"Yes, I'll take a smoke."

"Bring up some cigars, boy; you know the kind I use." When the boy returned with the cigars, he told Monroe that the officer who came to the hotel with him the night before was down stairs, and that the captain was with him.

"You tell them that I will take it as a great favor if they will call back in about an hour; tell the captain I am very anxious to see him. Give him my regards, and see what they both will take." As soon as the boy left he continued: "Light your cigar. Now, young man, I know you rendered me a very great service last night. I have heard something about it from a Mr. Saunders, and I wanted to meet you, thank you, and see if I could do anything for you in return."

Scully told him he didn't expect, nor would he accept, any return. "I hated to see them knock you down as they did, especially as I knew you must have either given or spent a lot of money with them."

"I didn't know I was with them. That's a surprise to me. I wonder where I picked them up? I remember being in a

concert hall. Likely I made their acquaintance there, but how did you happen to come on the scene?"

"It was this way: About nine o'clock I was passing the concert hall, and, having nothing else to do, thought I would go in; the place was nearly full at the time. I sat down, and in a short time you came in and sat at the same table. I saw you had been drinking some, and you would insist upon treating me. I had some ginger ale with you. You seemed to enjoy the show. There was one young woman in particular who seemed to please you."

"Yes, I remember her—Miss Sunlight or Starlight, or some such name, they called her."

"Well," said Mike, continuing, "after she had sung the second song, in which you joined in the chorus—" a broad smile covering his countenance as he related this part of the programme.

"Did I?" exclaimed Monroe. "My! but I must have been full."

"Then you told the waiter you would like to treat the young lady. You sent a bottle of wine in to her and after the waiter had taken in the wine he came out and whispered something to you. You got up and followed him behind the stage. I stayed there and began to notice all the wine that was going in and guessed you were paying for it."

"I suppose I was," said Monroe, nodding. "The old story —'Fools and their money are easy parted.'"

"Well, whatever happened, you seemed to come out in a bad temper. I heard you muttering something to yourself as you passed me; just then I noticed the young woman whose song you praised so highly come to the curtain and signal to a couple of fellows who sat at a table by themselves. Whatever she said to them, they went out shortly after you. I got somewhat suspicious and followed them. I could see by their manner that they meant mischief. When you reached the alley that's a little distance up the street from the concert hall, I saw one of them strike you, and down you went. I shouted 'Hello! what are you fellows up to?' I went up to where you were lying, and they ran away."

"Is that all?"

"No; a policeman came and grabbed me. If it hadn't been for a gentleman who saw the whole affair, I'd been in a tight box. Then we brought you to the hotel."

"What about the gun?"

"Why, the fellow left it in my hand when he ran away—that's what looked so bad."

"You're a pretty modest young man," remarked Monroe, "but as I have already heard the balance of the story, I know I am indebted to you a good deal. Where are you working?"

"I am not working at all."

"Is that so? How long have you been in Denver?"

"Three days."

"You're a stranger here, then?"

"Yes, sir; I have come here to seek work."

"You have found it, then?"

"No, I haven't. I tramped around all day yesterday, and up to noon today, but there is nothing doing."

"How would you like to take a job from me?"

"If I could fill it, I would only be too glad."

"Well, consider yourself engaged; we'll talk further about it after we eat. Come along."

As soon as they had dined, Monroe went to the office to interview the captain of police, who was waiting for him.

"Well, Cap," he said, extending his hand, "I suppose you have captured the two fellows who held me up last night?"

"Not yet, sir, but we are close on their trail. I hope to have them before night. I have a dozen of my men out on the job."

"Is that so? Why, what clew have you?"

"We have found out that you were in a concert hall bowling them up for the girls; that you were maudlin, and that you probably exposed your wad. We've got the gun, and are trying to locate the owner. My men are visiting the places where they sell such weapons to see if any of them can identify it, but more important is the sand-bag they knocked you down with. It was made out of a pink stocking, such as those vaudeville girls wear. We have one in our minds that wears something very similar—you know all those girls have tastes of their own.

I am having one of my plain clothes fellows go to a concert hall tonight to examine the hosiery of one of the young damsels."

"Maybe she won't let him?"

"She won't, won't she? Why, she'll know nothing about it."

"Well, Cap, that seems funny to me."

"As easy as falling off a log. When he goes into the place tonight, he'll let on he is as full as you were. It'll not be long until the gentlemanly waiter will be steering him into the inner recesses of the place, just as they did you." Monroe began to wince.

"A couple of bottles of wine, the exposure of a little stage money we have in stock, and the damsel will be on his knee; and if my man can't tell you the length, texture, and shade of her stockings when he comes out I'll be very much mistaken. If he thinks the clew is a hot one, we'll watch out for her young gentlemen friends, pinch them and her, and sweat them; we'll also threaten the proprietor of the house; he would rather give up his guts than his license."

"Well, captain, I must admit you're on a pretty hot trail, but what's going to become of me?"

"Why, you'll have to prosecute them. I have no doubt the young fellow who came to your assistance will be able to identify them when he sees them."

"Perhaps so," said Monroe. "Captain, you're a married man?"

"Yes."

"Have any family?"

"Yes; they're all grown up."

"I should judge so by your age. Any daughters?"

"Yes; two."

"Well, captain, your profession would be an excuse for you sometimes hobnobbing with some of the young lady sports that kick on the vaudeville stage, and so furnish you with an excuse for examining their stockings; but, Cap, I can't offer any such pretext. I am a man of some standing where I come from, I am fairly well up in years, and should have some sense. I, too, have a daughter, and would not have my name brought

up; nor would I appear in court against them, if they had got away with all the money I had on me at the time."

"What! you will permit yourself to be nearly robbed and murdered and still won't prosecute them?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean, Cap; I can't afford it. I wouldn't mind standing up in court before the two highwaymen, but before that judy with the pink stockings, not for half my estate; so call your men off. You know the proprietor here, Mr. Fairbanks?"

"Yes."

"A friend of yours in whom you have confidence?"

"Yes."

"Then you order the best suit of clothes that his tailor, or any tailor you may choose, makes, and send the bill to him. He'll pay for them. I will leave a ten-dollar bill for your man. Of course, you know nothing about that."

The captain of police laughed, and said, "Mum's the word, but, Mr. Monroe, you're spoiling a nice piece of detective work that would have added considerable to my reputation. Do you know a daisy by the name of Lulu?"

"No," said Monroe, smiling.

"Perhaps you know a young lady by the name of Miss Sunlight?"

"Not guilty," said Monroe, bursting into a hearty laugh. "Cap, you're all right! I wish you luck. If you ever want a character, don't forget me. What'll you take?"

The captain of police left Monroe in the best of humor, promising him that when he came to Denver again he would furnish him an escort.

"I believe I'll need one. You see, captain, we fellows out on the plains, where we meet little but bull-whackers and cowpunchers, feel a little wild when we find ourselves back in civilized communities, and, of course, are easily lured away by some of the attractions to be found in big cities."

"Especially if the attractions wear pink stockings," was the captain's sally as he rose to go.

Monroe went back to where he had left Scully.

"Bye-the-bye, I haven't learned your name yet?"

"Michael Scully, sir."

"Where do you hail from, Scully?"

"Chicago, sir."

"Well, Mr. Scully, I leave for home this evening by the 5:30, so if you have any business to attend to you had better go and see to it. I have a few calls to make myself. We have a long journey before us."

"That doesn't matter to me, sir."

"Well, you be here by 5 o'clock, with whatever baggage you have, and I'll attend to the rest, so good-bye for the present."

Chapter XIX

JOHN MONROE'S STORY.

The journey from Denver to Montana was of the most interesting character—the mountains with their snow-clad peaks, the extensive plains, some barren, others verdant, in some parts dense forest, where majestic trees, now bare of leaves, their widely extending branches showing how abundant their foliage must be when in leaf; rushing rivers, some expansive in their dimensions, others little better than creeks. Parts of the journey the train had to pass through rugged rocks, where men had cut the way, other parts through a wilderness, where nothing could be heard but the panting of the engine as it rushed along, for miles not the sight of a human habitation.

To fittingly describe the ever-changing panorama would require a descriptive ability such as your narrator can never hope to possess, and, if he did, 'twould take more time and space than is allowable in this brief story of our times.

Mr. Monroe, who had traveled over the route before, took pleasure in pointing out to Scully many points of interest.

Comfortably seated in a Pullman car, when one was attached to the train on which they were traveling, smoking and chatting, with regular adjournments to the dining-car, if there was one connected, and if not, the brief stay at the different stop-

ping places, where time was allowed for a hurried meal, served materially to relieve the monotony of the journey.

Scully in all his travels had never occupied a berth in a car at night until on this journey. On getting up in the morning after his first night's travel, he could not but think of the women and children he had seen on the train which brought him from Chicago to Denver. He thought to himself, how much better off such people would be if they could tuck their children into a compartment such as he was then getting out of, not counting the advantage it would be to the weary mother, sitting upright in her seat, trying to get a little sleep, with her restless offspring on her knees at the same time.

Scully had long since come to the conclusion that his fellow-traveler was a man of considerable means, as no expense was spared to make them comfortable on their journey.

Monroe never inquired of Scully as to his antecedents, but was ever willing to gossip about episodes in his own life.

On the day on which they were to arrive at their destination, after breakfast, Monroe seemed to be in a communicative mood. "Come, light up," he said, handing Mike his cigar case. "If we are on time we will arrive at our destination a few minutes after two. I suppose you are tired?"

"No; I have enjoyed the journey very much. This is surely a grand country; I am surprised to see so few people in it."

"Yes, my boy, this is God's country. If the people only knew it, and would come out here instead of crowding into the big cities, how much better off they would be."

"How long have you been out here, Mr. Monroe?"

"Upwards of twenty years. When I came out here there were not nearly as many people as there are now."

"How did you manage to come so far?" said Scully, smiling.

"Well, the conditions were somewhat similar to yours. I suppose when you left Chicago you hadn't the faintest idea of coming to Montana?"

"No, but I didn't know where I was going to stop."

"With me it was this way," continued Monroe. "I was born in New York State, and spent a good deal of my time in New York city. When I came out here first, I must admit I felt a

little lonesome, as I suppose you will, but it wore off; so that now, if they gave me a big city, on condition I'd live in it, I wouldn't take the job. I never intended, however, when I left New York, to come this far—never dreamed of such a thing." Seeing that Scully was interested in the conversation, he continued:

"You see, I came of old American stock. My father—Lord have mercy on him—left me a business when he died, which I followed until I was nearly forty years old. Like most Americans, I hardly allowed myself time to eat. I was in pursuit of the almighty dollar, and, if I say it myself, I captured a few of them. At length I tired, and thought I would like a change, so I got married. My wife was my first and only love. I had known her since she was a child." When he came to this part of his story he was visibly affected. "In fact, I had nursed her when she was a little girl. She came from honest parents. They were poor, but what difference did that make? I had enough for us both. At the time we were married she was an orphan, her parents having died the year previous.

"I decided that we go West. I had some stock in mines, and had a notion to invest some more, probably go into the business, so, like you, I set out for Denver. There wasn't much in Denver in those days; rough miners and Cherokee Indians formed the bulk of the population, so I saw it was no place for a young woman who had been brought up in New York city. I also looked into the mining business and came to the conclusion it was very uncertain, so I resolved to go to cattle-raising. I loved a good horse. I and my wife drifted around for a few months in Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, and at length we struck Montana. This was before the war. I suppose if I had stayed in New York I would have gone to the front, as I hated slavery, but before the conflict began I found myself located far from the scene of battle, with a young wife soon to give birth to a child; there was nothing for me to do but stick where I was, and send my contribution to the boys in blue, which I did through my banker in New York.

"Montana was a wild spot in those days. A man had not only to have his grit, but to keep a civil tongue in his head. I

had both. I let no man bluff me out of my rights. I could argue like a Pennsylvania lawyer, and with as much humility as a man trying to solicit a loan.

"Well, as I was saying, I found myself in Montana with a hundred and sixty acres of land. I also took up a tree claim, which made three hundred and twenty, and at the end of six months I pre-empted the first one hundred and sixty and homesteaded another hundred and sixty, making four hundred and eighty in all. At the time I am talking about one could have pick and choice, and I think I made a good selection. Since that time there has never been a piece of land in Fair Valley for sale that I didn't purchase, occasionally paying more than market price, but as it was worth more to me than to any one else, I always got it, until now I own the whole valley, and have by far the largest ranch in my part of the country and the best stock on it. You see, I had capital to commence with, while the bulk of the people coming out here had little but their energy—a good thing, but hardly sufficient for pioneering with.

"Well, I had hardly my house put in shape until Virgie was born to us. My wife, unlike most of the poor women who came out here, had every accommodation. We were the happiest couple on earth. I imported a nurse—we have her yet to care for Virgie—but trouble came to us. My wife took sick. I had a doctor—a good one—to visit her. As soon as he examined her he called me into another room. 'Your wife will have to undergo an operation, and there's no time to lose.' I was alarmed. 'What am I going to do, doctor? Will we take her to the city?'

"'No, she is not fit to be moved.'

"For the first time in my life I felt my heart sink within me. 'Suggest something,' I said, in my anxiety.

"'Well, we'll have to try and get Bowen from Lourt. He is as good a surgeon as there is in the West.'

"I ran out and yelled for Randal—he was a young man in those days. 'Saddle the mare and take Smith with you; let him have Stockwell, ride for your lives to Lourt and bring Doctor Bowen. Tell him it's an operation and for him to

bring his tools with him; let there be no delay. Bring him. If coaxing won't do, threaten him, but bring him back with you. Don't fail me, Randal. Let him have the horse that is freshest, if you cannot get a proper animal there, and let Smith get back as best he can.'

"I remember well when both men were mounted—you see, it was a ride of thirty miles and thirty back. They started out a pretty good pace, but as if they wanted to save their horses. 'Go!' I yelled after them in my anxiety. Randal, hearing me, drove his spurs into the mare's flanks and they were off like the wind. It was a race for life.

"The doctor and myself stayed with her. She was as patient as a lamb in her suffering. I will never forget the terrible suspense of the few hours while we were waiting. It seemed like eternity. Full of fear that Randal might not be able to get the man we wanted—he might be away on a visit or be tied up in another case—long before there was any possibility of them being in sight, I would go and look towards Pine Ridge, where they would have to cross, and gaze long, then return to the house despondingly. During the wait we had made all the preparations we could.

"Virgie at this time was but two years old. She seemed to know there was something wrong. I got one of the boys to take her away for a long ride. Miss Platt was invaluable to us, good soul that she is. She helped the doctor to prepare my wife, whom we had told what had to be done.

"Well, after I had been on the lookout seven or eight times, I came in and said, 'Doctor, they're not going to come.' He pulled out his watch, shook his head and remarked, 'Well, they should have been here by this time.'

"From where we were sitting we could hear the suppressed moans coming from the sick-room, where Miss Platt was ministering to my wife as best she could.

"'Let us go and take a look,' said the doctor, whom I now saw had a very troubled appearance. We gazed for some minutes in the direction of the ridge. At length I saw something coming toward the top. 'It's a horseman,' I shouted. Yes, sure enough, there was a man on horseback, but only one. The

sun was going down and he was seven miles away; we could not discern him distinctly, but we could see that he was coming at a pretty good clip. Suddenly another appeared. He must have been, as we should judge, a mile behind the first one. Oh, how I hoped one of them would be the man we wanted, but the doctor, like most of the people out here, wore the same costume—flannel shirt and broad-brimmed hat—so we were still in doubt. At last, when the first rider came clear into view, I noticed he had something fastened to his saddle. 'It's a leather case! It's him, doctor! Come on!' I shouted, as I waved my hand towards them.

"'Come on! Come on!' I was crazy. I had seen that Randal had changed horses with Bowen, giving him the mare. Bowen saw me waving my arms and he shook his whip at us, then laid it on the mare's side, as if to show us he was coming as fast as he could, on the best piece of blooded stock in the West. Stockwell was no slouch, either, but now he was fully two miles behind.

"Well, I ran to the gate to meet the doctor. One of the boys that was standing near held the horse while he vaulted off. 'Hurry up, doctor.' 'What's the trouble?' 'My wife.' He ran into the house, case in hand. I began to feel a little easy. He shook hands with Doctor Gibbs. They both went into the room where she was lying, attended by Miss Platt.

"After a few minutes Bowen came out and into the room where I was, followed by Gibbs. When I saw them my heart failed me.

"'I am afraid of the worst, Mr. Monroe. I hope we are not too late, but she is a very sick woman.'

"'Do your best, doctor,' I implored him.

"They operated on her, but peritonitis had already set in. 'No earthly power can save her,' said Bowen to Gibbs. Gibbs shook his head.

"I thought my heart would break. She lingered until the next day and died in my arms without the rights of her church, but that mattered little. I don't believe she ever had a sinful thought.

"I first thought of taking her remains to New York, but she

had no one there, so I buried her on a favorite spot, where she and Virgie often sat and pulled wild flowers. I have had the ground consecrated. I made up my mind to stay just where I was, and wait the day when I would be laid beside her."

Scully, who had listened with breathless interest during Monroe's narrative, felt a creepy sensation over him. "It was very sad," he said, "but what became of the child?"

"Oh, she lived and grew into the very image of her mother in form and feature, though much more robust. In that she takes after me.

"The nurse we had, and myself, took care of her. The men on the ranch, rough crowd as they are, never had such sport as when they were playing with her. When she was five years old they would put her in front of them and gallop over the plains with her. It was her delight. When she was seven she used to ride her own pony, and lots of trouble she gave me. It was the mischief to keep track of her; she thought nothing of galloping over the ranch. Well, that was all right, but she began to take long rides into the mountains. One day I saw her on the top of Eagles' Nest. I got mad and sent one of the men to go bring her. I gave her a pretty strong lecture. She laughed in my face, and, jumping on my lap, told me not to be angry with her, it was such a nice view from the top of the hill, and so it was. I warned the men that in future one had always to keep her in sight. As this was a pleasant occupation, when they weren't busy she used to have an escort of half a dozen of them. I used to teach her in the evening, and so did the nurse. She got on very well, but when she reached the age of fifteen and I saw the budding woman, I hardly knew what to do with her. She was now my constant companion; we rode together, and whenever I went to town I took her with me. The men, rough and uncouth as they are, always showed her marked respect. She had been brought up with them and was beginning to be very much like them, always in the saddle. She was delighted to join in the round-up and could handle a lasso with the best of them—a pretty fair accomplishment for a rancher's daughter, you would think—but it didn't suit me. You see, I was forty years old when I went

cattle raising, and I went into it for business purposes. Besides, she was a little too reckless. She would ride into the herd, or pursue a young steer over all kinds of ground. Sometimes I used to hold my breath and feel my hair raise, to see the young madcap galloping after a Texas steer, with his horns a yard long and nearly as sharp as a lead pencil at their ends.

"So one day, after she had given me an extra scare, I says to myself, 'I will ship you, madam!' It was pretty tough on me to do it, but my mind was made up. When I broke the news to her there was a hullaballoo and flood of tears, of which, on the quiet, I shed half myself, taking care that she didn't see me. So I wrote to the Sisters of the Loretto Convent, Canada, making all arrangements, and I took her to them. All the way she was lamenting. When we went to the train all the cowboys for about forty miles around formed an escort. I do believe if she had given the word that she didn't want to go, there would have been a rescue party that even my influence could hardly have checked.

"This parting made her worse. As the train started they all emptied their guns. Such shooting and shouting was never heard in Montana. It was like a Battle in the Wilderness.

"We spent a day at Niagara. She looked so miserable I began to think that the people thought I was kidnaping her. Some of them did look pretty hard at me, as much as to say, 'This case will bear investigation,' so that when I landed her into the corral at the convent I felt somewhat relieved. Of course, there was a scene at the parting, but Sister —— said she would soon be all right.

"Well, every vacation she had, I always went down to see her, took her to Washington, New York, Atlantic City, or wherever she wanted to go. We always spent it together. She began to like the convent so well I was afraid (another source of anxiety) she would want to stay there. On one occasion she began to tell me how happy the Sisters were, and what a good life they led. I pricked up my ears. 'You graduate this summer?' I said.

"'Yes, papa.'

"'Do you think you'll pass?'

" 'At the head of the class.'

"I went down to see the wind-up, and, sure enough, my girl took the blue ribbon. I felt as if I would have to kiss Mother Superior, but, you know, that wouldn't do. As it was, when I was shaking hands with her at the parting, she felt something in the palm of her hand, which, after looking at it, she said, 'May God bless you; I will put it to a good use.'

"Well, my Virgie went there a rough diamond, and they turned her out the finished product. I think you'll agree with me when you see her."

Scully made no reply, but thought he would.

"Well, Mr. Monroe, we'll soon be losing you," remarked the conductor, who happened to be passing at the time.

"Why, where are we?" said Monroe, looking out the window. "Dear me, how quickly this afternoon has passed! Come, Mr. Scully, let us begin to pack up. The station after the next is ours."

Chapter XX

THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST.

As Monroe stepped off the train, followed by Scully, who was carrying a couple of grips, a young woman rushed forward and kissed Monroe affectionately. "How-do, Randal," he said, speaking to a man who was following close behind the girl; "anything new while I've been away?"

"No, sir, nothing particular."

"Mr. Scully, my daughter;" the latter bowed gracefully.

"Mr. Randal, Mr. Scully."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Scully."

"Virgie," said Monroe, continuing, "this is a friend of mine from Chicago. He has come to stay with us for a while, so we will have to try and make it as pleasant for him as possible."

"Then I am afraid he will find it dull out here," she said, smiling.

"O, I don't know," said Monroe. "It will be a change for him,

and he will probably like it. He has a contract with me, anyhow, that when he gets tired we have to ship him back."

"I don't think I am likely to get tired for some time," said Mike. "I like the look of the country, and as your father is such good company, I think I'll get on all right."

"That's the way to talk," chimed in Randal; "probably Mr. Scully may like it as well as any of us when he is here awhile."

"I hope so," said Monroe. "Randal, where's the outfit?"

"Across the river, sir."

The depot master and a few men who were lounging around on the platform came forward and Monroe introduced them to Scully in turn. Mike could see that most of them were plainsmen, and felt pleased with the warm shake of the hand they gave him.

"He's a little new to this country, boys," said Monroe, talking to them. "See that you treat him white."

"No fear," replied one of them, good-naturedly.

"Well, let us be going; Randal, give Virgie her coat and you take one of those grips."

At the point where our travelers left the train the railway skirts the Yellowstone river. It was but a short distance to the water, where they found a colored boy standing by a boat that was partly pulled up on the bank.

"How are you, George?" was Monroe's salutation when they reached him. "How have they been treating you while I've been away?"

"All right, Massa; Miss Virgie always treats me right."

"I'm glad to hear you say that."

George pushed the boat a little further into the water.

"Get in," said Monroe, looking at Scully. "Go and sit at the stern there. I'll sit by you," as Randal handed in the grips.

Miss Monroe followed them and sat down on the seat to be occupied by the rower, taking the sculls in her hands. Randal following, occupied a seat in front. George pushed the boat into the water until he saw it was floating and then jumped with his knees on the stem, where he perched himself.

The river was wide and the current strong. Scully could not help admiring the girl for the skillful manner she plied the oars.

"What do you think of my girl, Mr. Scully?" said Monroe, jokingly.

Mike was not at liberty to say half what he thought of her; he remembered Monroe's story of her when a girl, a madcap galloping wildly over the prairies, shouting at the cattle, just as he supposed bull-whackers and cow-punchers to do. He couldn't believe that this was the same girl, her neat attire a combination between the dress of the cow-girl and the lady, her wide-brimmed felt hat with broad green band, becomingly placed on a luxuriant head of hair parted in the middle and bound with a black ribbon at the back in one massive switch; an embroidered waist with collar, around her neck a fine gold chain with cross pendant, her only jewelry, a little buff jacket and skirt the same color, high-laced gaiters. Her foot was small, as was her ankle, but from Mike's position in the boat he could not but observe the commencement of a well-rounded calf, indicating strength.

Mike hardly knew what to say in reply to Monroe's joking inquiry as to what he thought of his girl.

"I am afraid it is a little too hard work for her pulling against the current," Mike ventured.

Miss Monroe smiled at him as she plied the oars with increased vigor. As she reached the opposite bank she ran the boat up on the little beach which served as a landing place. George jumped out and fastened the boat to a post. A party of some dozen were waiting for them. It was the typical cowboy outfit, rough-looking men with broad-brimmed hats, handkerchief tied around their necks, flannel shirts, some blue and others brown; they all wore chaps; on the heels of their boots they had villainous-looking spurs; their horses, somewhat larger than the average mustang, had rough coats with the exception of one animal which a man was holding by the bridle. This superb horse seemed restless, pawing the ground with his hoof, tossing his head, and occasionally moving from side to side. There was a buckboard with a horse hitched to it standing on one side.

"How are you, boys?" said Monroe, as he straightened himself up after getting out of the boat

Scully reached his hand to Miss Monroe, who jumped lightly out of the boat, her face a little flushed by the exercise. She was somewhat dark, probably the result of exposure to the sun. On her cheeks there was a ruddy glow, her eyes bright—the picture of robust health.

On landing she went and relieved the man that was holding the horse, which sniffed the air and shook his head vigorously as if greeting her.

Monroe introduced the men to Scully, telling them that he was a particular friend of his that was coming to stay with them for a while. Nearly all shook hands with him. Monroe went over to where Virgie was holding the horse. "Hello, Juno, girl," he said, as he extended his hand towards the horse's head. She shied away from him. "Hey, forgot me already?" The horse gazed at him for a second or two, brought its ears back, her wide nostrils sniffing and expanding, then, seeming to recognize him, came and placed her head on his shoulder.

"Good old girl," he said, as he stroked down her neck.

"Well, let us be going; Scully, you get in there; George, you'll have to get on behind—I'm going to drive." Every man jumped into his saddle like a well drilled cavalry trooper. Miss Monroe holding the lines in the hand with which she grasped her horse by the mane, placed her foot in the English stirrup and vaulted into the saddle without any seeming effort, her impatient horse bounded forward, she checked it, while the cavalcade got started—Monroe in the buckboard bringing up the rear.

It was a bright, clear day in the latter part of December, the sun shone out refulgently in a cloudless sky. As they drove along, Scully thought he could feel the bracing air entering his lungs.

Monroe kept chatting to him, pointing in the direction of the bluffs, the peaks and the different trails. There was what appeared to Mike a few farmers' houses here and there, and as they went along Monroe told him whom they belonged to—they were small ranchers.

"How far have we to go?" inquired Mike.

"Do you see that gap in the mountain?" pointing straight ahead.

"Yes."

"Just five miles the other side of that; it is fifteen miles from the river."

"It's a delightful ride," was Mike's reply, as he leaned back against the rest on the buckboard. He could see Miss Monroe's horse prancing along, restrained by her guiding hand. Randal rode alongside of her. Mike felt a sense of jealousy. The girl seemed to be chatting with the group on each side of her and those behind her. As they entered the pass, Monroe pointed, saying, "This is Stranglers' Gulch."

"Not a very prepossessing name," Mike replied. At this moment they came to a place where trails crossed; there was a low-sized building with a sign on it, "Cowboys' Rest." It had a large, barn-like structure in the rear and a number of outhouses.

"Black Jack Murry keeps the place," said Monroe; "there's where the boys blow in their earnings. It's a good place to keep away from." As they were passing, a number of people came to the door, amongst them a few girls in short skirts. They waved their hands to some of the men on horseback. Miss Monroe, Mike noticed, turned her head away from the house. "She has no use for that bunch," thought Mike. As the buckboard was passing, Mike noticed that all the girls were looking toward him—they had observed the stranger. Some of the men took off their hats to Monroe.

"Some of my fellows," said Monroe. "It's pretty hard to keep them out of that shebang."

"I suppose so," replied Mike.

As they reached the highest point of the elevation they came in sight of a wide, extensive valley. They were then going due west. On their right at a distance Mike could see a large growth of trees and a house seemed at that distance to be located in the center of them.

"That's our place," said Monroe, pointing it out to him.

Over the plains in different parts there were vast herds of cattle; near the foothills on the opposite side were flocks of

sheep browsing; everything seemed so calm and quiet. As they approached nearer Mike saw that the building that he had first observed was some little distance from the trees and was in close proximity to a number of other structures. Further away were a multiplicity of haystacks—there seemed hundreds of them. There were corncribs in abundance. The roaring of a bull and the grunting of pigs became plainly audible, in contrast to the peace and tranquility that was so apparent but a few minutes before. As they rode and drove through a gate which led into the enclosure Mike got a front view of the house. It was a commodious two-story frame building, built in the colonial style. On the front porch stood a woman about forty years of age, three girls and two men. The men on horses dismounted, George running forward and catching Juno by the lines, led her away.

"How do you do, Miss Platt," said Monroe, as he ascended the few steps that led to the porch. "I hope you have supper ready."

"Yes, sir; everything is ready."

"How are you, boys and girls?" said Monroe, addressing those who were standing on the porch. "Come in, Scully." Scully had no sooner got in than his nose was assailed with the smell of eatables. He thought of the parable of the fatted calf, and would have made a wager at the time he could eat it, hoofs, horns and all.

"Mr. Scully, probably before we sit down to supper you would like to wash up a bit?"

"Yes, sir. I believe I would be a little better for it."

"George, show Mr. Scully to my room; carry up those grips."

Mike followed the colored boy upstairs. The room, large and commodious, was Monroe's bedroom, and there was every convenience. Mike washed, brushed his hair carefully and put on a clean collar, whisked some of the dust from his clothes, so that when he returned to where the company was waiting for him, his appearance was considerably improved.

"Come, let us eat," said Monroe; "but first let me introduce you to Mrs. Thompson. Mr. Scully, this is the lady who

keeps house here." Mrs. Thompson was an elderly woman, with grayish hair. She shook hands with Mike in a motherly fashion, and hoped he would like Montana.

Two other men had come in during Mike's absence. They were introduced to him as Jerry Smith and Sylvester Stone.

Miss Monroe sat at the head of the table. "You sit there, Mr. Scully," said Monroe, pointing to a seat on Miss Monroe's left. "I always think a man has a better show when he gets near the head of the table." Monroe sat opposite Mike, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Platt, Randal, Stone, and Smith at the same table. George and a girl, by name Sally Jones, served.

The supper was of the most substantial character, roast meat with Yorkshire pudding, boiled ham and a variety of vegetables. Miss Monroe was assiduous in her attention to Scully. "Now, young man," Monroe said, talking to him, "I want to give you the same advice I give to all the new men we get out here. You see, we give all the help so much and their board, so I tell them the more they eat the more wages they get."

"I believe I am starting out on that principle already," Mike replied, laughing.

"Fill out that beer," said Monroe.

"Yes, sir." George commenced with Monroe and went around the table, until he came to Scully, who told him he would not take any.

"Can't you take a glass of beer?" inquired Monroe, looking over at him.

"No, thank you; I prefer the coffee."

Miss Monroe looked at him approvingly.

During the meal Monroe chatted sociably with those assembled. He noticed his daughter pressing Scully to eat. "She was sure he had not eaten heartily." Mike could never remember eating so much. John Monroe's story had so interested him that they had overlooked the lunch hour, and the fifteen miles' ride over hill and plain had given Mike a superb appetite. "Never mind him," said Monroe, addressing his daughter; "when we have him out here for about a month he'll be able to eat without coaxing."

"I think I have secured an appetite already," said Mike, smiling, "judging from the meal I've eaten."

"Randal, what's good for indigestion?" inquired Monroe, grinning over at him, and then smiling at his daughter.

"I only know one infallible remedy, sir; it never failed me."

"Then whisper it to George, but don't let Miss Platt hear you." Randal grabbed George by his curly hair and, pulling him down, whispered something into his ear. George grinned all over his face.

"Yes, sir." He went out and returned with a gallon jug.

"Now, are you sure that is the right thing?"

Randal pulled out the cork, and, smelling the contents, said, "Yes, that's the stuff." Miss Monroe smiled at Scully.

Randal half filled a tumbler and told George to take that over to his master.

Monroe took a mouthful, smacked his lips and remarked, "It's not bad to take, anyway."

Randal poured a little into his own glass and handed the jug to Smith and Stone, who each took a liberal portion. Stone looked over at Mike, who shook his head.

"You'll take a little nip, Mrs. Thompson?" said Monroe to the lady who was sitting next him. She would take just a little.

Supper over. "Now," said Monroe, "if I had a smoke I think I could survive until breakfast time."

Miss Monroe rose, asking the gentlemen to excuse them, and the ladies retired. A box of cigars was handed around and the five men began to smoke.

"Any trouble since I've been away?" inquired Monroe.

"Not much," said Stone in reply; "a little scrap over at Murry's. One of the Stringer men got shot, but he's not much worse, they say."

"Had much frost out here?" was Monroe's next inquiry.

"Very little," Randal answered. "It's been particularly mild. It looks as if we might have an open season."

"We put up a few more shelter sheds while you've been gone," chimed in Smith.

"That's good."

"We were never better prepared for the winter," continued Smith.

The sound of a piano could be heard. "Let's go into the parlor," said Monroe, rising. "Maybe Virgie will play us a tune. It may help to keep this young fellow's spirits up. I suppose he's already fretting for the girl he left behind him."

Scully laughingly remarked, "That's one of the least of my troubles."

"Why, do you want to tell us there isn't some Chicago belle that you're not a little anxious about?"

"Not that I can remember, Mr. Stone."

"Well, women are a pretty scarce commodity out here," remarked Smith; "that is, the kind of woman a fellow would care to hitch up with. Of course, we have a number of one kind that it's good to keep away from." Reaching the parlor, the conversation stopped.

On entering the parlor, Miss Monroe, who was sitting at the piano, turned around and faced the gentlemen. Mrs. Thompson and Miss Platt were with her. Monroe seated himself in a leather arm chair. "Be seated, gentlemen," he said, as he sat down.

George came in and placed a couple of logs in a capacious open fireplace, where the fire was burning brightly, after which he retired.

"Play us a tune, Virgie," said the girl's father. The girl, like all other girls, was diffident, and required some coaxing. Probably the stranger present embarrassed her somewhat. "Never mind this Chicago man," her father said to her, jokingly; "he's probably not much of a judge of music, anyway." In response to her father's pressing, the girl turned around and played a selection from the "Bohemian Girl" with taste and precision, which convinced Scully that her musical education had not been neglected.

"Good girl," her father said at the conclusion. "Now play us a little something nearer home." She arranged her music and played the "Suwanee River," with variations. As her nimble fingers ran over the keys, Mike gazed intently on her.

He had never met her like before. As she struck the final

note, she turned around on the stool. Randal, Stone and Smith gave vent to their enthusiasm in lavish praise. Her father looked at Scully as much as to say, "What do you think of my girl?" Mike didn't dare say half he thought.

"Do you play, Mr. Scully?" the girl inquired.

"No, miss; I am sorry to say it is not my good fortune, but I must say you play splendidly." She bowed in answer to the compliment.

Randal asked her to sing a song.

Miss Monroe made the regular number of excuses that seem to be customary with young ladies who know they can sing, but at last gave way to the pressing of the men, and, to her own accompaniment, sang the "Last Rose of Summer" in a rich soprano voice, and with excellent taste. Mike thought of the dubs he had heard in the concert hall in Denver, as a contrast to the splendid voice and accomplished manners of this pure, wholesome girl, in this wild country far removed, as it were, from civilization. At the conclusion of the song, he could not suppress his enthusiasm. As she turned around on the revolving piano stool to face her admirers, there was an audible snore from the direction in which Mr. Monroe was sitting. She laughed as all present looked in the direction of the owner of the ranch.

"I guess the show's over for the night," said Randal. "It seems the manager has other business."

"Well, father is tired," said the girl, apologizing; "likely you didn't get much sleep last night, Mr. Scully?"

"I slept fairly well."

"You see, father is used to going to bed early."

"I guess it's near time we all go," chimed in Stone. It was then a few minutes past nine.

"Wake father, Mr. Randal."

Randal shook Monroe. "Hello, that chorus of yours is out of tune."

"What time is it?" sitting up. "Oh, excuse me," he said, looking around.

"Did you like that last song, papa?" his daughter said, smiling.

"Yes, what was it?"

The entire company laughed. Monroe, knowing that they were laughing at his answer, remarked, "I know it was all right, anyway. Do any of you fellows want a night-cap? If you do, come into the kitchen. Mrs. Thompson, have you found a place to plant Mr. Scully for tonight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, come along boys." He kissed his daughter. "Good-night, ladies."

Reaching the kitchen, he shouted lustily, "George! George! George! Darn that fellow, where is he?"

George came running in, rubbing his eyes. "Taking a snooze, I suppose?"

"Yes, sah."

"George, bring out the gray hen." Monroe and his three foremen each took a drink.

"George, you'll take care of Mr. Scully and show him to his room."

"Yes, sah."

"Well, good-night."

The three men shook hands very sociably with Scully on leaving.

Nine-thirty found Scully rolled in between sheets as white as snow. He thought to himself, "If this was in Chicago, it would look like going to bed in the middle of the day." He stayed awake for a few minutes, thinking over the events of the past two weeks. He offered up a silent prayer, thanking God for his deliverance, turned over and was soon sound asleep.

Chapter XXI

THE GRAND RECEPTION AND BALL OF THE BIG FIVE.

The night of the dance of the "Five Jolly Boys" had arrived. The managing committee was at the hall early, a few of the details that could not be arranged previously had to be attended to, the wet goods to be conveniently placed and beer tapped. When this stage was reached, Bert wanted to know "What the hell was keeping Hooligan? He promised to be here early and lend a hand."

"Never mind," replied Mort. "Squinty can tap the beer."

"Where's the badges?" inquired Hart.

"In that parcel on the counter." Hart proceeded to open the package, and, taking the badges out, read off: "Chairman of Managing Committee, here Henry; Chairman of Refreshment Committee and Treasurer," he laid that aside. It was an elaborate affair of green and gold, with a harp and shamrock engraved on it. "Let me see that," asked Bert. "Well, it's a bute," looking at it admiringly. "When the big mut gets that pinned on his breast he'll think he's the Lord knows who. How much did it cost, Henry?"

"One twenty-five."

"It's a shame," cried Bert.

"Good biz," said Rock. "When Hooligan gets that he'll feel he's the whole show and will give up freely, especially if Moll's with him."

"Here he is now," said Mort, as he spied Hooligan coming along with a big bowzer of a woman trailing behind him.

"We were just talking about you."

"Why, what were they saying, Bert?"

"Well, some of them said you had ducked and maybe wouldn't come." He winked at Mort as he made the assertion.

"Duck nothing! You know, Henry, I never duck."

"Not that I ever heard of. How do you do, Moll?" to the lady, who, it seemed, was well known to the group.

"You never knew me to duck, did you, Moll?" looking over at Miss Runt.

"Not that you'd notice it," replied Moll.

"O, they were only saying that you were a little late," remarked Phipps.

"Late nothing," pulling out his watch; "it's only half-past eight now."

"Come over here, you big stiff," shouted Hart, who was holding a badge in his hand. Hooligan went to where Hart was standing. "Stand up straight till I pin this on you." It nearly covered the left side of Hooligan's breast. "What do you think of that? Go look at yourself in the glass."

Hooligan did as told.

"That's what the fellows think of you," said Bert.

Hooligan looked at himself admiringly in the glass, his red face shining like a full moon. He turned around to Moll Runt, so that she might share in admiration of his grandeur and importance.

"Come, now, business," said Mort. "Hooligan, you have charge of the booze. Rock will help you. Joe, you'll go behind the bar to make change. Bert will relieve you and help to keep an eye on the waiters to see they don't give us the worst of it."

"Where's the bartenders and waiters?" inquired Hooligan.

"They're sitting out in the hall waiting for you. I'm going to the cashier's office. I see the crowd is beginning to come. O'Connor, are your five men here?"

"Yes, we're ready," replied the master musician.

"Well, then, you'd better start up a little toot; I see some of them are getting impatient." With this instruction, Mort left to take whatever cash would come in, not a heavy job, as most of the tickets that had been distributed were complimentary, with the exception of those bought under pressure, by expectant office-seekers and public utility corporations—these latter bought a goodly number, as the "Grand Reception, Carnival and Ball" had its inception in Great's ward, and on his account these astute business men were willing to contribute liberally to so praiseworthy a cause. There were also a number sold to

storekeepers who didn't intend to go, but gave the tickets to their young men customers. Saloon-keepers in Great's own ward who intended to be present wouldn't buy tickets. They were going to be there anyhow, and would give their contributions over the bar, and as all the beer and liquor had been donated, better returns would be expected from them than from those in the same line of business who bought a few tickets, but who wouldn't grace the assemblage by their presence.

At nine o'clock the crowd began to gather, at first in twos and threes, but at half-past nine there was a steady stream coming in.

Bert was kept busy at the head of the steps collecting tickets.

The young men and women, many of the latter in short skirts, retired to the ladies' dressing-room, and some who had hats and cloaks deposited them in care of the woman in charge of the ladies' wardrobe.

The band kept playing; the more impatient took to the floor and to the music of waltz or schottische began to dance.

Up to this time there was little doing at the bar, but the waiters on the outside were serving a few drinks to parties who were seated at tables at one end of the hall.

It was near ten when Florence arrived. She came upstairs with a few girls she had met at the door and who, like herself, were employed at the great Cleveland Store. On entering she walked around with the purpose of finding a place remote from the crowd where she could obtain a good view of the proceedings. Noticing Margy, she went and sat down beside her.

Florence had no hat on; just a fine woolen shawl over her head, which she took off on taking her seat, her splendid head of hair in two long braids hanging down below her waist line, her fair face and beautiful eyes shining radiantly as she viewed the gay scene.

Morris Cohan spotted her as soon as she entered. He approached her, and, in a manner intended to be very winning, requested the honor of having her as a partner for the next dance.

"I never danced in my life, Mr. Cohan, so you will have to

excuse me. I am very thankful to you for asking me." Seeing that it was futile to persist in further pressing, he sought and obtained another partner and was soon seen whirling around with her in a waltz. That number over, the gentlemen conducted their partners to seats, which were arranged around the hall. A few went to seek refreshments at the bar.

The next number on the programme was a quadrille. There was a general rush, but one young man in particular attracted Florence's attention. He was shouting "Two more couples here, now look lively, here you are, now this way!"

Florence could not keep her eyes off him as he continued shouting, "One more couple here; now look alive." Seeing some young men who seemed as if waiting for partners that were not forthcoming, the busy young man rushed over to where a number of girls were sitting. "Come, now, girls; here, young fellow," and away two trotted without any formal introduction. At a signal from the young man, who was no less a personage than Red Hart, the band struck up the "Prairie Queen" quadrille.

"Salute your partners," shouted a person on the stage.

Florence looked in his direction.

"Ladies join hands, all forward, circle half around, right and left to places, circle half around, grand right and left to place, all waltz," and the young men grasped the girls and whirled them round in a most hilarious manner. If one slipped and nearly fell, her young man grabbed her in time, and the whole set laughed.

The next number was a schottische. The floor was now crowded, and as nearly every pair bumped every other pair, Florence thought it was very funny. In this dance Florence recognized her two girl friends as taking part, Miss Brown and Miss Jones giving her a smile and nod of recognition as they went whirling by on the arms of their partners.

The young man who had attracted Florence's attention as being so important had a partner in this dance. Florence was surprised to see how he could steer his lady to the right or left, so as to escape colliding with others. She said in her mind, he must be a very fine dancer.

The next on the programme was a waltz. Red was busy introducing couples and encouraging them to dance. He had occasion to come around where Florence, Margy and a number of other girls were sitting, and as he did he spied Margy.

"Hello, Margy, how are you? Enjoying yourself, I hope?"

"Naw; I've only had one dance."

"How's that?" At this moment his eyes lighted on Florence. He was struck by her remarkable beauty, and Margy, noticing it, introduced them. "Mr. Hart, my friend, Florence Burdett." Red bowed. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Burdett."

Florence bowed and smiled in acknowledgment.

"She doesn't dance at all," continued Margy.

"That's too bad; you can't learn sooner, miss; but why don't you dance, Margy?"

"Well, you see, they've got Rock stuck up in that old bar, and as all the fellows know I'm his steady, I'm not much wanted."

"O, never mind, Margy, I'll trot you a heat or two before the night is over, and I hope, Miss Burdett, you'll warm up. You get her a partner, Margy." Florence smiled and deplored her inability to join in the merriment.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," and he took his departure.

"Who is he?" inquired Florence when he was gone.

"Why, dat's Red Hart."

"What is he? Is he the manager?"

"Yes, he's the floor manager. He's a fine fellow."

"He looks like a nice young man," was Florence's reply.

Just at this moment there was a commotion at the entrance to the hall. Some one shouted "Hurrah for Great." Most of the men moved in that direction, a few commenced to clap their hands.

Florence heard a young man shout, "Red, is dat de alderman?"

"Yes," said Red in reply; "there'll be something doing now." In a brief time three-fourths of the ladies sat alone.

There was a suspension of about twenty minutes after the arrival of the alderman, to give him an opportunity to make

the acquaintance of the bar. Hooligan had him in tow, acting as a kind of body-guard.

"You've a good crowd here tonight," said the alderman, scanning the company.

"Yes," replied Hooligan, "a fine crowd, alderman; there's lots of our people here."

"Is that so? I'm glad to hear it. Well, come; let's have a drink. How-do, Joe," this was to Phipps, who sat on a little elevation behind the bar receiving the money.

"Good evening, alderman."

The alderman pulled out a roll and laid a twenty-dollar bill on the counter, asked those present to have a drink with him. The twenty was handed over to Joe, who placed it in a cigar box in which he had the receipts. "What will you have, alderman?" inquired one of the waiters.

"A small beer."

"Stand back there," shouted Hooligan, as a number of customers who, in their impetuosity to grab the first thing that was placed on the counter, began to crowd the alderman. "Come, look lively," was Hooligan's next command to the men behind the bar, who were filling up beer as fast as possible, but in no way keeping pace with the crowd, who were seizing it as soon as opportunity offered.

"Give me a cigar," said one who was accepting the alderman's treat.

A bartender handed the box for the man to take one out, and a dozen hands were extended toward the box at once. The cigars were labeled "Fleur de Elegantes." They were well known to the trade as "Pennsylvania stinkers," and were nearly as vile as some of the statesmen of that commonwealth founded by William Penn.

"Here's to you, alderman," said Hooligan, as he lifted his glass.

The alderman smiled as he nodded.

"The best in the land," said Hooligan in an audible whisper to those next to him. "Hurrah for Great," shouted a number of the young men, who had their hats on and their overcoats on their arms, not having the price of the wardrobe.

Red Hart whispered to Hooligan that it was about time to commence the grand march.

Hooligan broke the news to the alderman. "I'm ready; I suppose you've selected me a partner?"

"Yes," said Hooligan; "Miss Runt."

Rock threw off his apron in a hurry, and rushed out to find Margy, who, on account of his official duties, he had neglected all evening.

"So you've come at last," as she turned up her snub nose.

"Come along," was his reply, as he jerked her from her seat so as to be well up in front.

"Take partners for the grand march," shouted the man on the stage, who had got his cue from Hart.

Alderman Great appeared, coming from the ladies' room, with Miss Runt on his arm, followed by Hooligan with a big blonde who had on a very low-cut dress.

Red Hart was busy getting them in line. He spied Miss Burdett sitting alone. "Here, Smithy," he shouted to a youngster of about nineteen years of age, "come here." They approached Florence. "You take this young lady." Florence was embarrassed. "No, Mr. Hart, I would rather look on."

"Oh, come, miss," said Hart, gently taking her by the arm, and before she could offer further objection she was in line on the arm of Smithy, who at least looked clean, as he had only been a few days out of the bridewell.

Hart sandwiched her and Smithy in behind Rock and Margy, to the great annoyance of the young couple who had that choice place.

"Where are you putting them?" cried the young lady. "Why don't you make them go back?"

Hart looked at her first, and then at her escort, in a manner that suppressed any further objections.

The band struck up the first bar of "El Capitana." Red Hart, who stood facing the alderman and Miss Runt, held up his two arms and then lowered them as a signal, and the grand march was on.

The long line reached nearly around the hall, and the marchers made one complete circuit till the head of the procession

reached the stage for the second time, where the couples parted, ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left. As Florence marched along she felt as if every one was looking at her. As she passed a point where a group of young men with their hats on and their overcoats on their arms were standing, she heard one of them remark, "Twig the one with the braids—she's a peach, isn't she?" "She's a La La," said another. Florence had no knowledge what this meant, but it turned her face scarlet. She felt relieved when she met her escort at the point farthest from the stage, and taking his arm followed the leaders up the center of the floor until they reached the stage, where one couple was turned to the right and one to the left, and again reaching the limit of the hall they came up the center in fours. Reaching the stage, the alderman, Hooligan and their two ladies turned to the right, Rock with Margy and Smithy and Florence to the left. Hart paid special attention to see that Florence was steered in the right direction. She kept her eyes on him as if he was the only guide; she watched his every motion.

Joining again at the end of the hall, they formed in eights Hart walked in front of them, turning occasionally as if to see that the line was preserved in proper formation. He looked approvingly at Florence. As the eights had to divide at the stage, many were confused as to what direction they should go. Florence was bewildered.

"This way, Miss Burdett—splendid," Hart remarked to her, as Smithy dragged her in the right direction. As she turned she noticed Miss Jones and Miss Brown with their young gentlemen seemed at a loss to know which way to go. She laughed heartily, as Bert, who had come to Hart's assistance, had to put them right. Around again, until the limit of the hall was reached, where the eights joined. As the sixteens came up the center of the hall the musicians seemed to play with increased vigor. Hart, who faced the marchers, waved his hands, keeping time to the music. He looked straight at Florence, who then occupied a central position in the front row. He seemed to be devoting special attention to her. She felt the influence of his mentorship. Those on the outskirts who

had not joined in the march and those in the gallery began to applaud as the solid columns advanced.

"Well done, Hart," resounded through the hall. Hart had no time to acknowledge their approbation. Florence was elated—she never felt so happy in her life. She prided herself she had done well. On they came till they reached the stage, Hart clapped his hands together, and the grand march was over.

There was loud applause. Hart bowed his acknowledgment. "Form for a quadrille," shouted the prompter on the stage. There was a rush in all directions. Hart seized Florence by the arm, brushing Smithy aside, and before she knew what he was going to do with her she found herself side by side with him, facing Rock and Margy, the alderman and Miss Runt, with Hooligan and the big blonde forming a square, waiting for the music to play the quadrille, "Welcome."

"I am sure, Mr. Hart, I cannot dance; you should let me go."

"Never mind; I'll take care of you."

"Salute your partners," shouted the man on the stage.

Hart turned her so she faced him. He bowed gallantly to her; she nodded her head. "Forward and back," he took her by the hand and they stepped forward to meet Rock and Margy, who had advanced toward them. "Waltz," he placed his arm around her waist and spun her around a few times.

"Change partners," he threw her into the alderman's arms, the blonde at the same time placing her arms around Hart's neck. "Ladies' chain," he deposited her just where she should be. "Join hands and circle," "Ring around," he caught her by one hand, the alderman caught the other and she could hardly keep her feet; her head was in a whirl.

The quadrille over, she was perspiring profusely, partly the result of her exertions and partly of her embarrassment.

"Splendid, Miss Burdett; you did fine," said Hart, smiling at her.

She had not breath enough to answer him.

"Take partners for the supper march—supper is being served on the next floor," shouted O'Connor. "There will be a recess of half an hour."

Rock and Margy stood within a few feet of them. Rock asked Margy if she had the price. "I have."

"You're going to supper, aren't you, Red?"

"Sure! Miss Burdett, may I have the pleasure?"

Florence did not know what to say.

"I'm going, Florence, come along," said Margy.

Hart tucked Florence under his arm, and followed by Rock and Margy, they went up to the dining-room.

The alderman sat at the head of the table, Miss Runt by his side, Hooligan still had the big blonde.

"Hart, you did first class! I never saw a grand march better conducted."

"Thank you, alderman."

"Who is that girl he has with him?" whispered the alderman to Miss Runt.

"I don't know, I have never seen her before."

"She is a splendid girl," said the alderman, "I don't think she is over seventeen?"

"I don't think she is," remarked Miss Runt, "but she will soon learn a thing or two if she keeps company with Red."

The alderman laughed.

"Hart, I am going to treat you for the way you took care of me in the march." Hart smiled his acknowledgment.

The alderman looked around as if picking out his immediate friends and then whispered something to the waiter.

The waiter returned in a short time with three quart bottles of champagne and a dozen glasses; four of the glasses were placed before Hart, Rock and their two lady friends; the waiter popped the cork, which flew to the ceiling, and then filled their glasses. "I dare not drink that," Florence remarked to Margy.

"Why, dat's just like ginger ale."

"I never drink anything."

"Just try it," said Rock, "there's not a bit of harm in it."

Florence placed it to her lips and took a sip.

"Miss Burdett, you need not be afraid, it will refresh you after the exercise. Let me compliment you on your first effort at dancing."

"My regards, alderman," Hart, Rock and Margy lifted their glasses as they looked towards the city father, Florence followed their example mechanically. and drank about half of her glass. The other three drained theirs to the last drop.

"You don't know what's good for you." remarked Margy looking over at Florence. They went on with their supper. Florence ate heartily, she had never been out so late before, and had partaken of little at supper-time, on account of the excitement of preparing for the dance.

"Drink your wine," said Hart to her. She finished her glass.

Supper over, they returned to the ball-room just in time to hear the man on the stage call off the next number—it was a waltz.

Hart placed his arm around Florence's waist and before she could object she found herself whirling around. Hart was an expert dancer, and seemed as if he could guide her footsteps. She was young and supple and ere the dance was half over she felt herself gliding along under the guidance of his strong arms. The music stopped, there was a loud applause. The band responded to the encore and the dance began again; when it was over, Hart conducted Florence to her seat. She was heated and felt the exhilaration, partly the result of the champagne she drank.

When Hart left she turned to Margy, "Dear me, what time is it? I must go home; mother will be awful angry with me."

"Why, it's early yet," replied Margy, "who'd think of going home at this time?"

"Yes, but I had to promise my mother I would be home early or she would not let me come. She is alone and I must go."

"Wait until the next dance; here's Mr. Hart coming. What do you think, Red? She wants to go home."

"Why, it's quite early yet, Miss Burdett."

"But I must go."

"Ah! my favorite. Come, Miss Burdett, you must give me this dance."

"No, I must go home."

"Well this will only take a few minutes," and with this re-

mark he pulled her gently on to the floor. The dance over, an encore was demanded, and away they went to the merry strain.

Hart conducted her to her seat.

"I must go, Mr. Hart, I am sure you have been very kind to me, but I must go home, I'm frightened to think what my mother will say; you need not come, Margaret; I can go home alone."

"Well, then if you're determined to go," said Hart, "we must see you part of the way—just wait till I get my hat."

Florence was lamenting that she had ever come.

"I am sure, Margaret, I would never have thought of such a thing, if I had known." Hart and Rock joined the two girls.

"You're not going," said Mort, as they passed the door on the way out, "No, only going to show this young lady part of the way home."

"Here, Hart," shouted Mort calling after him.

"I've no time," replied Hart impatiently.

Chapter XXII

THE WINE ROOM.

Hart and Florence Burdett, followed by Rock and Margy, walked up Milwaukee avenue after leaving the hall. Hart was lavish in his praise of Florence's first effort at dancing.

"And she said she never danced before!" remarked Rock, laughing.

"No, I never did," replied Florence, in an emphatic tone.

"Then you did remarkably well, Flo," said Margy, "the next dance we go to you'll be all right, won't she, Red?"

Florence was in too great a state of anxiety on account of being out so late to appreciate their compliments, fear of her mother's censure stilled her tongue.

Hart chided her for being so gloomy.

Milwaukee avenue was well lit up, especially in the neigh-

borhood of the hall. There was a liberal administration, and the closing hours of the saloons depended upon the prospect of business. The dance of the "Jolly Five" had livened things up in the neighborhood, people were coming and going.

At that time there was a saloon kept by a leading politician who stood well with the powers that were—he had long since thrown away the key of his front door. As they were about to pass the place, Hart said "We will go in here and have a drink; a friend of mine keeps this place," Florence wanted to bid them good-night.

"Come on," said Rock, "we won't stay but a minute or two, and then we'll see you home."

Florence was now in a state of abject alarm, not that she had any fear from her escort—Hart had been so nice and Margy was with her. Margy went in ahead, Florence followed very reluctantly—she was feverish in her anxiety.

There were a number of men drinking at the bar, some of them were boisterous, Florence felt like running out.

"Hello, Hart," shouted the landlord from behind the counter, "I understand you have a gay crowd at the dance."

"Yes, quite a number. It's a great success."

"So I hear."

Hart went toward the rear where there were a number of compartments. He laid his hand on the knob of the first door he came to.

"There is a party in there," said the waiter that was following them.

"That's all right!" this remark was in reference to the next compartment Hart tried. He opened the door and ushered the two girls in ahead of him, Rock following. Ere they were seated the waiter was there to take their order.

"What'll you have, Rock? I think I'll take some rye, I feel a little chilled coming out of that warm place."

"Make mine rye, too," said Rock.

"What will you have, Margy?"

"I'm going to have a milk punch."

"What will you take, Miss Burdett?" turning around to her. She was sitting on his right.

"I won't take anything at all. I am not dry."

"Why, surely, you wouldn't take a shingle off a man's roof?" said Rock with a grin. As this was Greek to her, she made no reply.

"You must have something," said Hart entreatingly.

"Well, I'll have some milk, like Margaret."

"Bring two rye whiskeys, and two milk punches, and be sure and put plenty of milk in this young lady's"—referring to Florence. As he said this he winked at the waiter.

The waiter returned with two whiskies in small glasses, with other two containing water, and two small sized tumblers containing a white liquid.

"How much?"

"A dollar," please.

"My! but you're steep." Hart gave him the dollar.

Margy drank the best of hers off at a gulp. "My, but that's fine," she said. Florence took a mouthful of hers—she shivered.

"I don't like that." The rest laughed at her.

"It's not near as nice as the other drink we got at the supper table."

"It doesn't cost as much!" said Rock, "only aldermen and millionaires can pay for that kind of drink."

"Is that very dear?" inquired Florence.

"About four dollars a bottle," answered Hart. Florence thought for a moment; nearly two weeks' pay in the Cleveland store.

"The alderman must get a very large salary."

"Three dollars a week," said Rock, with a grin.

"Is that all?"

"That's all," answered Hart.

"Come, I must go home!" said Florence rising.

"Finish your drink," suggested Hart.

"I don't care for it; it's not nice."

"Drink it up," said Hart, "and we'll go."

Florence drank it, it brought on a fit of coughing, she had to sit down. "Excuse me," said Margy, "I'll be back in a minute."

Florence had a thought of where she was going, but her modesty would not permit her to inquire. Rock followed her out, pulling the door close after him.

Florence looked at Hart, his face was flushed. He seemed to have undergone a change. He caught her in his arms, she struggled to free herself, and tried to scream, but he had placed one hand over her mouth. He threw her to the floor. In doing so, a chair was upset, the table was pushed aside. In her desperation, she tried to bite his hand. He held her as in a vice. Her struggles were in vain.

The waiter outside heard the noise. He looked over at the man behind the bar.

"Something doing," remarked the groggery keeper, with a grin.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" he said to a couple of customers who claimed his attention.

In a few minutes Hart put his head out of the door, "Bring me a glass of soda." He stood in the doorway, holding the door nearly closed until it was brought.

Rock and Margy came from another room; Rock picked up the chair that had been upset. "What's the matter?" inquired Margy, in feigned surprise, as she saw Florence with her head on the table sobbing bitterly.

Hart was trying to induce her to take a drink of the soda water—she was deaf to his entreaties.

"What's the matter?" again asked Margy. "Don't make a show of us," she said, shaking Florence by the shoulder.

Florence arose, tears streaming from her eyes, "Oh dear me! oh dear me!" she wailed. "Shut up," said Margy," do you want the people to hear you?"

Florence rushed to the door, Rock stopped her. "Compose yourself a little before you go."

"Let me out," she screamed.

"Well, if you want to go, go," said Rock, opening the door.

Florence ran through the bar and out into the street. For a moment she was in doubt which way to turn. She went to the right, any way to escape that temple of personal liberty! that hell! Her hair was disheveled, her dress was soiled, she was an

object of sympathy that would have melted the heart of any but such demons as kept institutions of the kind from which she was fleeing, and such men or monsters were leading factors in the social and political affairs of our city at the time of which we write.

Reaching Halsted street she looked for a moment to see if she was right, and then turned south. A great fear came over her, she trembled in every limb; but on she went. She thought she heard footsteps following her—and so there were.

When she ran out of the saloon Hart, Rock, and Margy came to the door and looked the way she was going.

"She will get lost," said Hart.

"She'll find her way home," replied Rock.

"Where does she live?" inquired Hart.

"Somewhere about Thirty-fifth street. I don't know just where," was Margy's answer.

"She'll never find her way home—I'll follow her."

"Let her go," said Margy, "we're missing the dance."

Hart started after her. He daren't approach her, he would keep her in sight.

In the still morning she could hear footsteps behind her, she started to run, but was soon exhausted and had to walk.

On her reaching the long viaduct over the railway tracks, she looked into the darkness, it was like entering into a tunnel. She hesitated, but for a moment, fearing to go forward. The footsteps sounded nearer, she hastened on, and as she went she imagined she saw forms lurking behind some of the uprights. A cold sweat came over her brow, but on she must go, as the footsteps sounded more distinct than ever on the wooden walk. She bent every effort her fast failing strength would permit.

A new terror confronted her—some one was approaching. As she drew nearer she could hear the maudlin voice of a man raving to himself. She halted for a moment, but the footsteps in the rear were coming closer, she started ahead in the darkness. She saw a man a few feet from her—he seemed to observe her at the same time, he prepared to grab her as she tried to pass him on the narrow footpath. She ran into the

roadway, striking her head against one of the iron braces of the viaduct as she left the sidewalk. It partly stunned her, she staggered for a few paces, and after walking some distance over the rough cobblestones, she again sought the sidewalk. She heard angry voices behind her, an oath, and a blow; she judged by the sound that some one had been sent sprawling into the middle of the road. She again tried to run, but only for a few yards, when she was compelled to slacken her pace. She listened—yes, there were the footsteps again, they seemed to be coming more rapidly. Gaining the end of the viaduct she saw in the distance a few lights ahead—she felt a measure of relief; she was approaching Lake street; she could discern a group standing on the corner—she felt some security on account of their numbers, as she approached she saw that there were three coarse colored women talking to a white man. As she passed the man spoke to her, she hurried on, paying no attention to what he said. She reached Madison street. A policeman stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"Home, sir," her teeth chattering while she was trembling in every limb.

"What are you doing out this time of night?"

"I have been to a party, sir. I didn't know it was so late."

"Well, hurry on, then. If I catch you around here again, I'll run you in."

She walked as fast as her poor limbs would carry her, she thought she would sit down—she was afraid she'd faint. She listened while she walked, the sound of the footstep was plainly to be heard, she crossed Blue Island avenue; after that all was as quiet as the grave, except the sound of the footstep. She began to wonder if it was imagination; she listened—no, there could be no mistake.

She reached Halsted street bridge, she stopped and looked down into the water. A thought came into her mind, she hesitated; then shuddered; she listened, the footstep had ceased. She crossed the bridge and was near where the railway tracks crossed the street, she thought she heard the footstep again. As she had her head turned she had not observed the tracks, her toe struck the rail. She stumbled and fell. The

footstep behind her seemed to come quicker. She got up and tried to run. Nature was nearly exhausted, she could only walk—the slower she walked the slower the footstep behind her; the quicker she walked the quicker the footstep behind her; she could not understand it, she thought she must be going mad, or the sound was in her head. She would stop, when she stopped the footstep stopped; when she walked fast the footstep seemed to keep pace with her. She began not to care—she staggered along; she began to fear she would never reach home, and when she did, "My God!" she exclaimed. In the bitterness of her heart, she began to cry; she sat down on a step at Thirty-first street, not a sound was to be heard. A half block behind her she thought she saw a figure standing beside a lamp-post. She got up with a start, and began to walk. She reached Thirty-fifth street and turned west. There was a lamp on the end of the street; when she got half a block away she looked back and saw a man turn the corner, and come in her direction. She was near home. All was as still as the grave, neither friend, or foe in sight—but the man she believed was following her. There was none that she might appeal to, to save her. Still she could hear the steady tread of the person, whoever it was, that had followed her. She made a supreme effort, finally reaching the cottage in which she had been born, and threw herself against the door. It flew open, she fell in a faint, in her mother's arms.

Chapter XXIII

THE RANCH.

"Good morning, Scully, you must have been out early?"

"Yes, sir, I have had quite a stroll. I've been up on the hill in the rear—it's a magnificent view."

"I'm glad you like it; but come, that's the signal for breakfast."

Miss Monroe bade Mr. Scully good morning, as she took her place at the head of the table.

"Don't forget the advice I gave you yesterday, Scully," said Monroe looking over at him.

The breakfast, like the supper on the previous night, was of the most substantial character—oatmeal, ham and eggs, hot rolls, and coffee. A large jug of milk stood on the table for those who desired to use it, and a pitcher of rich cream for the coffee.

Mike thought the breakfast was just made to his order, the walk had whetted his appetite.

Breakfast over, Monroe, looking at Scully, told him not to go away. "After I have a talk with the men here, I want to show you around a bit."

Monroe and the three foremen retired to a room which was off the parlor, and which was used as an office.

"What I want to see you about," said Monroe, addressing them, "was this young man I've brought with me. He did me a very great service, so I am very much interested in him."

He went on to describe the event with which our readers are familiar, gave a graphic description of his being knocked down by the two highwaymen, and of Mike coming to his rescue. "You know I had a pretty big bundle of money on me, and a fair-sized package of something else"—his listeners looked at one another and smiled. "One of them hit me with a sand-bag, the policeman called it, and the other fellow had a forty-four, so you may guess what chance I had."

"Well, what had Scully?" inquired Stone.

"Nothing but his fists."

"Nothing but his fists?" said Randal, "and he attacked them both?"

"Not even a stick," replied Monroe.

"Well," remarked Jerry Smith, "I think the fellow that runs up against one man with a club, as you described, and another with a gun, under those conditions, is either a damned fool or he wants to commit suicide."

"Either that or he has a mighty lot of grit," remarked Stone, "Why didn't he shout for the police?"

"He told me he hadn't time—but the police did come as the gun went off in the scuffle, and when he came he grabbed my friend, who had the gun in his hand. If it hadn't been for a man, a banker, and a lady who was with him, who witnessed the whole affair from across the street, I'm afraid my friend would have been up against it, he being a stranger in Denver, and not having a single acquaintance. Of course, I couldn't help him, as I didn't know who struck me. I don't want any one of you to say anything about it. I wouldn't like Virgie to hear of it, she would be uneasy when I go away again. I want you, now that you know why he is here, to see that none of the fellows impose on him. You know some of them like to play pranks on the greenhands."

"I guess they had better let him alone," suggested Randal.

"He don't look much like a fire-eater," said Stone.

"More like a dry goods clerk," chimed in Smith—"he looks cut out for a counter jumper."

"He's a pretty husky fellow," remarked Monroe, "he tells me that he weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds.

"Yes, but look at his height—he must be six feet," guessed Stone.

"He's all right, anyhow, and I think he'll make a good man," was Monroe's conclusion. "I tried to offer him a consideration for what he had done for me, but he declined it."

When Scully was left alone with the three women, Miss Monroe began a conversation. "You're from Chicago, I believe?"

"Yes, miss."

"We hear some terrible accounts of doings there," she said, smiling.

"Well, there are a great many people in Chicago, and I'm afraid some of the stories you hear are only too true."

"I suppose it's the same in all big cities."

"Yes, miss; Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis are probably much alike."

"They say it's a very smoky place," said Mrs. Thompson.

"There are a great many factories there, and, as they burn soft coal, there is considerable smoke."

"I hope you won't feel lonesome out here," continued Miss Monroe. "You see, we have no theatres, and not much of what you'd call society. We have, however, a number of good people whose acquaintance you will probably make if you stay any time. There is, however, about twenty men to one woman," she said, archly, "so there is not much opportunity for flirting."

"Maybe that's a recommendation for the country," laughing. "It is at least a great advantage to the ladies who are here, for their rarity must make them all the more prized."

The ladies smiled at one another, thinking that his conclusion was appropriately and gallantly put.

"I have been in Philadelphia and New York, but never in Chicago, Mr. Scully. I hope to go there some day."

"Well, you'll find it quite a city, miss."

Monroe returned and the conversation ceased.

"Come, Scully, let us be going."

Scully bowed gracefully to the ladies. Mrs. Thompson saying when he was gone that she thought he was a nice young man, an opinion in which the two younger women shared.

Monroe and Scully first visited the stables. "What do you think of those horses?"

Mike said he thought they were very fine.

"All those," pointing to a row of stalls, "are thoroughbreds. We raise them ourselves. They are the best in Montana. This one," as he approached an open stall, "you saw yesterday."

"I think it is the most magnificent horse I have ever seen," remarked Scully.

"Whoa, there, girl! Ah, you rascal! Why don't you behave yourself?" The mare had put her head over the stall and attempted to take Mike's hat off his head. The horse seemed to enjoy the joke, as she threw up her heels and romped round the commodious stall.

"She's not vicious, but full of play," remarked Monroe. "That's her brother," pointing to another animal that was also in a loose stall. "He's only three years old and not fully broken. We call him Hercules. You see, my Virgie's a little classical. She says she gave him that name on account of his

size." They next visited the corral, in which was a lot of high-grade cattle. "Those are our choice stock, which are used for breeding purposes. You see, the winter is approaching, and we bring them in on account of their value. I paid a bonny price for some of them."

"What's the trouble with that one," inquired Mike, "that he has to be caged up by himself?" referring to a magnificent bull.

"That's Montana King—he's a despot; and, like some other kings, has no regard for his subjects. If we let him loose, amongst the rest, there'd be the devil to pay; every other bull in the corral would have to fly for his life." Just then the Montana King observed Monroe and Scully. He set up a roar, and began to paw the ground in intense fury; his big bloodshot eyes seemed as if they were shooting fire. He charged the fence, head first, as if he would break it in pieces, and Mike began to get a little alarmed for fear he'd succeed. Monroe told him there was no danger. "We had better go away, anyhow, for as long as we are here he will cut up just as he is doing now." Mike was only too willing, as the antics of his majesty were more than he cared to witness. "I hope you haven't any more like him on the ranch?"

"No, there's none like him; money couldn't buy him."

"Is he that valuable?"

"Yes, that fellow, his father and grandfather, made this ranch. Our stock cannot be beat."

"But who attends to him?"

"No one; only one man is allowed to go near him, and he keeps a close lookout. As I told you before, he has little regard for any of his subjects or attending vassals."

"Those here are yearlings. You can see a resemblance to his majesty in some of them—look at that youngster; is he not a beauty? If he develops he is likely to succeed his royal highness. We have already christened him Prince Mon."

Monroe took his visitor to the piggeries, remarking, "We don't pay much attention to hogs. This is a horse and cattle country. We just raise enough for our own use." He then showed Mike the long row of haystacks and cornbins, till Mike gazed in wonder at the enormous display. "You see, we feed

a good deal in the winter. Many of our fool ranchers make little provision for their cattle, leaving them to shift for themselves. This is a great mistake, and as a result they suffer great losses when the weather is very severe."

"You must have a lot of land out here, Mr. Monroe?"

"About 50,000 acres. When I first came out here this was a wilderness—land was of little value. Come, now, we'll take a drive."

George had the buckboard ready at the door waiting for them. There were two big fur coats lying on the seat. "Put one of them on; you will find the air somewhat bracing after we're out a while." As they got seated in the cart, Monroe pulled out his cigar case and, reaching it to Mike, told him to light up.

A little distance from the homestead, they came to a number of detached buildings, where some men were lounging around smoking. "Those are what we call bunk houses, where the men sleep. This large building is the cook house, where they eat." As they were passing, most of the men touched their hats to Monroe, who saluted them cordially with "Good morning, boys."

"I see you have quite a number of men, Mr. Monroe; ever have any trouble with any of them?"

"Not much. When we find a fellow that's particularly quarrelsome we tell him to get, and he gets. Neither Randal, Stone or Smith ever argues with them. 'Get your money and go.'"

"Well, I suppose there's some shooting out here occasionally?"

"A great deal, if you believe the dime novels. Of course, twenty years ago things were different; every man went armed. This section of the state was overrun by men who were miners, gamblers and robbers."

"I guess you had your troubles in those days."

"Yes, I had to do some mighty tall bluffing. I have been fortunate, however, in never having killed a man. I have winged a few of them. The fire-eaters soon found out that John Monroe wasn't to be fooled with, so they kind of let me

alone. The same people are not here now. Our chief contentions nowadays are caused by the red-eye. It does most of the fighting—you see, it's villainous stuff they sell out here."

"Where do they get it? There are not many saloons around here."

"You remember that place we passed yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Murry's place. It's an infamous joint. Murry settled out here some ten years ago. It's a gambling-house and dance hall. He keeps about twenty girls there, and it's hell all the time."

"It's a wonder the authorities wouldn't put him out."

Monroe laughed. "Why, he's the authority. You see, he's a great politician, and at election times he's prepared to spend lots of money and round up the votes for the fellow that will stand for his game. He always has the sheriff on his staff, and so recommends the deputies for this district. His bouncer's the deputy now."

Scully thought of Hooligan.

"You see, many of the ranchers and miners out here like to buck the tiger, and they can always get a game at Murry's. Then there's the young fellows; some of them like a game, while others run after the girls, and as Murry makes lots of money out of them he acts pretty sociable with them, and hence his pull. He's killed a couple of men, but the coroner's jury always found it was in self-defense, and as the fellows he killed were of no account he always got off with flying colors. I would advise you, however, to keep away from it; it's a tough joint. Virgie has a dislike to any of our fellows who ever go there. She has often complained to me that the respectable ranchers should get together, buy him out, and, if he wouldn't sell, clear him out. I told her one time she was an anarchist," said Monroe, laughing.

"I suppose some of your fellows frequent it in spite of Miss Monroe's well-known aversions?"

"Sure they do. Randal, a pretty straight-laced fellow, he never goes now. The chief reason is, however, there is some talk of him and Miss Platt hitching up together. I think the

love for my daughter is the only barrier, but that will be broken down some day. I'll hate to lose Randal, but if he makes up his mind to start for himself, I can't stop him."

Over the plains in many directions could be seen vast herds of cattle grazing. Two or three cowboys sitting erect in their saddles, smoking cigarettes, or lying on the ground, seemed to be in charge. Monroe spoke to some of them as he passed, addressing them by their first name, "How do you do, Tom?" or "Well, Jack, how's things?" To some of them he introduced his friend, Mr. Scully, from Chicago. Close to the foothills there were a very large number of sheep browsing on the succulent grass. "They're Downshires," Monroe remarked, in passing.

They were approaching a little building like a chapel. There was a fence around it. "There is where my heart lies," said Monroe, with a sigh. He got out of the rig, fastening the horse to a hitching post that stood beside the little gate that led to the enclosure. Mike followed him. A gravel walk led up to the little mausoleum. On each side of the walk was a bed of flowers, the flowers now withered and drooping; in front of the door of the sepulchre lay a number of floral wreaths, many of them by their appearance having lain there for years, while others seemed as if they had been placed there much more recently. One seemed to be quite fresh. Monroe looked around the ground carefully, as if to detect anything defective. He approached the step in front and, kneeling down, devoutly made the sign of the cross.

Mike felt somewhat embarrassed as to what he should do, but finally knelt down and offered up a fervent prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead. He felt his friend's devotion to the departed whom he had loved so well in life. Mike prayed in earnest—unlike many whom he had seen at wakes, kneel before the coffin of those they neither knew nor cared for, because it was a custom, making a mechanical supplication, signifying nothing. Monroe was highly gratified at Mike's action. He had a higher opinion of him than ever, and was well pleased in recognizing that he belonged to the same religion as himself.

"This place is under the special care of my daughter, but I like to come around occasionally to see that everything is in good shape. If it were not for the fact that there are so few of our people in this part of the state, I would raise a little chapel here and dedicate it to the memory of one of the best, noblest and purest women who ever lived; some day I may do it anyway. It's my ambition; but let us return home. Dinner will be ready before we get back."

That evening after supper, as the cigars were being handed around, Monroe remarked, "It's a fine evening; come, and we'll smoke our cigars in the open." It was a faultless night, the moon shone bright in a cloudless sky, illuminating the whole valley; Pine Ridge could be seen distinctly in the distance, and beyond a few higher peaks, their tops covered with snow. To the left was Strangler's Gulch, five miles away; lights could be seen in the windows of the Cowboys' Rest, smoke issuing from the chimneys went straight toward the firmament. There was not the semblance of a breeze, all so quiet, so beautiful, Mike was enchanted. He thought of the dingy, dirty locality on the corner of which Hooligan dealt out poverty and damnation to his neighbors. They walked in the direction of the bunk-houses. There was a change. In one there was a man singing, in another the scraping of a fiddle. "The player," Mike thought to himself, "is no expert." The tune was lively, however, and the sound of feet could be plainly heard, as if dancing. In another it was apparent they were playing cards, as a voice could be heard, "It's your deal, Tom."

"You see, we're not entirely dull out here," said Monroe, turning to Mike. "The boys know how to enjoy themselves, and on better acquaintance you will find some very good fellows amongst them. Of course, we have some who drift from place to place and have records they wouldn't care to have published, but as a whole the Montana cowboy is at heart a good kind of fellow." They returned to the house and entered the parlor. Virgie Monroe was playing a favorite tune of her father's. It was a selection from "Il Trovatore." The gentlemen took their seats in silence. At its conclusion Monroe looked over at Mike as if to get his approval.

"Very well played," looking at Monroe.

The girl turned around and faced the men. The reserve of the previous night seemed dispelled.

"Pretty good for a Montana girl," remarked Monroe.

"You see, we are some account out here," said Randal.

Miss Monroe's face blushed at the compliment that was being paid her.

"Go on, Virgie, play us another."

"What would you like me to play, pa?"

"Something we all know."

She commenced to play "Our Old Kentucky Home."

"That's for your special benefit, Smith," remarked Monroe. Smith, being a Kentuckian, nodded his head approvingly.

Scully could not specify any reasonable cause, but he felt jealous of Smith. Miss Monroe then played the "Star Spangled Banner." At its conclusion Monroe rose, saying, "That means the final. I'm going to bed. If any of you fellows want anything, you know where to get it." He kissed his daughter, saying "Good night."

The two following days Mike spent pleasantly—a sociable chat with the ladies and men whom he met; a stroll over the plains, a visit to the different departments, even to the bunkhouses, where he was well received. He began to feel very much at home. He began to think, however, that it was about time that he was beginning to do something. He mentioned it to Monroe, who pooh-poohed it. "Plenty of time, my boy; wait till you get climatized. After the holidays is soon enough." On one occasion Monroe put his hand in the cigar box and, pulling out as many as his hand would hold, said, "Put those in your pocket and when you feel lonesome, smoke!"

On the fifth day, while at breakfast, Randal invited him out for a ride. "We're going over Pine Ridge. Some of the cattle have gone astray—you'd better come with us."

"I would only be too happy, but I never rode a horse in my life—yes, I did," continued Mike, correcting himself. "When I was a boy there was a coal man on our street, and he had an old nag that I mounted a few times, but as he could never get

beyond a walk, I suppose that would hardly be considered much of an equestrian experience."

"If that's the case," chimed in Stone, "you'd better not go; the ground where we're going is rough and hilly, and we're likely to have some galloping."

"I guess he could ride Peaceful," remarked Monroe.

Miss Monroe looked at her father and smiled, as did the other women at the table. George, who was waiting on table, had to turn around to hide his grin.

Mike thought they were smiling at his inexperience and his lack of education in one of the accomplishments in which they were all so proficient.

"I don't think he could," replied Randal, looking at Monroe.

"Will you try, Scully?" Monroe inquired. "If he does, I'll bet you a box of cigars, Randal."

"Well, considering he never rode a horse, I think it's taking an advantage," said Randal, professing to be fair.

"No matter, I'm game," returned Monroe, "and you're on."

"All right, tomorrow after breakfast. I have to go away today or we'd decide it right now." The following morning, while at breakfast, every one present seemed in high humor. Miss Monroe was especially attentive to Mike. "You'll see that my friend is properly equipped?" Monroe said to Randall, when they had finished breakfast.

"Yes, sir, I have had the outfit sent up to his room."

"Stone, do you want to bet a box?" inquired Monroe.

"Perhaps this is a frame-up," said Stone, laughing.

"No, sir."

"Then you're on for a box."

"I think you should lay odds," remarked Smith.

"No odds goes. Jerry, do you want a few cigars cheap?"

"Not for me, sir; if I was betting I'd take your end of it."

"Well, I see you're a lot of pikers," said Monroe, rising. "Go and get ready, Mike." In a short time Mike returned, in regular cowboy costume, consisting of a pair of boots with spurs, leather chaps over his pants, fastened around his waist by a broad belt, blue woolen shirt, a bandana handkerchief round his neck and a large sombrero hat. He had been

dressed for the occasion. It ran in his mind, "What would my Chicago friends think of me if they could see me in this outfit?" Monroe complimented him on his appearance, and reminded him of all the cigars he had bet on him. Stone said that he looked like the real thing, and that he would like to hedge his bet, if Monroe would call it off.

"Not me! I know a good thing when I have it." Mike was handed a whip.

Mr. Monroe said, "We're ready."

"All right," replied Randal. "I will have a horse brought to the front." The whole party went to the front of the house, the ladies taking seats on the veranda. George, who was a privileged character, taking his position behind Miss Monroe's chair, was grinning from ear to ear. He could not suppress his laughter. Miss Monroe couldn't help but smile, though she seemed ill at ease, remonstrating with the colored boy.

"Come, Shanks, bring out Mr. Scully's mount," ordered Randal. Shanks, who was limping, went into the barn. In the meantime a number of the help had gathered to witness the new mount. Shanks was seen coming from the stables leading a bright bay colt with a large brand on his hind quarter. He had a tight hold on the bridle, close by the bit. The animal seemed docile enough as he was led up to where the onlookers were standing. Mike went forward to mount him. As soon as he did the animal turned and looked at him, at the same time laying his ears flat down on his head. Mike grasped the rein and attempted to place his foot in the stirrup. The horse side-stepped away from him, Mike following him.

At a signal from Monroe, three of the cowboys closed in on the off side of the horse, so as to prevent him from side-stepping until Mike could get on his back.

Shanks still held on to the bridle. Mike, seeing his opportunity, vaulted into the saddle, and one of the boys on the off side placed his right foot in the stirrup.

"Let go," cried Monroe.

Shanks stood aside. As soon as Mike was seated, the horse stood still for a second or two. He then commenced a series of acrobatic feats, throwing up his hind quarters, stood on his

front legs, then reversed, standing on his hind legs. Mike held on, but with a small margin, alternately feeling he would go over the animal's head, and the next second as if he would go over his tail. The crowd began to laugh.

Mr. Monroe cried "Bravo, Mike; hold on for your life, and the cigars are ours." Like a flash the horse changed his tactics to a rotary motion and Mike, being taken unawares, was unseated, sprawling on the grass, amidst the roar of laughter of those who had come to witness the exhibition.

Mike held on to the lines, and now, being fully cognizant of the joke, laughed himself, and prepared to remount, determined not to be taken by surprise, no matter what antics the animal cut up.

Randal, Smith and Stone claimed they had won the cigars.

Monroe protested, "That was only an accident—we will win yet." The three aforementioned agreed to give him another chance.

Mike made many attempts to remount, the horse moving away as soon as he was ready to place his foot in the stirrup. Mike looked around and, noticing a hitching post, worked the animal toward it. As he did he approached the veranda. Miss Monroe gave him a word of encouragement, and as the horse's side touched the post, Mike vaulted into the saddle. He managed to get his foot into the stirrup. The fractious animal commenced to revolve around as if on a pivot, but Scully held on. The broncho then commenced the up-and-down process. Mike was in imminent danger a hundred times. Miss Monroe shouted to him to "Take a shorter hold of your lines." The animal at length stood perfectly still, and, turning his head round, gazed at the man on his back, his frame trembling with passion. After a brief rest, he kicked and jumped, sidestepped and revolved, but Mike hung on. He lost his hat and whip, his face was flushed, he was now alert to every movement of the broncho, and, hearing Miss Monroe encouraging him, was determined to win.

During a temporary suspension of the horse's antics he bethought himself of the spurs, and drove them into the animal's flanks. He had no sooner done so than the horse bounded for-

ward and commenced to gallop. The men set up a cheer. The animal ran toward the gate, which was standing open and which led on to the open prairie. On attempting to run through it came too close to one of the posts, Mike's leg grazed against it and he was unhorsed. Falling, he still held on to the reins and the horse pulled him along until his head struck a stump, when he let go.

Monroe and the rest, seeing that an accident had occurred, rushed to the spot where Mike lay. They found him unconscious, and blood was flowing from his right temple. The men picked him up and carried him toward the house. Miss Monroe was sadly affected.

Monroe gave instructions to carry him right up to bed, and take his clothes off, telling Jerry to ride to the Gulch and bring Doctor Gibbs.

"See that he comes at once. I would not for anything that this had occurred. Too bad! Too bad!"

"Take Juno," shouted Miss Monroe to him as Jerry ran toward the stable.

In a few moments he was seen mounted and riding over the prairie, encouraging the mare by word and whip.

Chapter XXIV

MIKE SCULLY, COWBOY.

Mike was undressed and laid on the bed, still unconscious. Mrs. Thompson bathed his temples and forehead. She shook her head, as if it was a bad case.

Virgie Monroe retired to her own room, and, woman-like, had a good cry.

The men who had gathered around were discussing the matter. "By golly, it was a shame," remarked George. "He was a brick, the way he held on to that broncho."

"Shanks said he was the goods, but I'm afraid he's a goner."

Jerry was back with old Doctor Gibbs within thirty minutes.

"I see you've got him," said Monroe, as the two men rode up.

"Yes, I found him at Murry's. He was in a little game of draw, and hated to leave, but I told him I'd break up the game if he didn't come."

"I was in luck at the time, too," said the doctor, as he was passing Monroe. "Where is he?"

Doctor Gibbs looked at his patient, felt his pulse, and, opening his blue shirt, bared the man's breast and put his ear down to his left side to hear the pulsation of his heart.

"The only danger," said the doctor, rising, "is that he may have received a concussion of the brain. I don't like the outlook; his pulse is feeble and intermittent. He is young, however, and seems to have no other ailment outside the shock."

Miss Monroe came into the room to hear what the doctor had to say. She was very pale and visibly affected.

"We will await returning consciousness," continued the doctor, "and then can form a better opinion."

Miss Monroe came closer to the bedside to get a better view of the patient. She was stooping over to see the wound, when Mike opened his eyes and looked up at her. He gazed for a moment, as if collecting his thoughts, and then, lifting himself on his elbow, inquired, "Where am I? What's up?"

Miss Monroe laid her hand gently on his forehead. "You're amongst friends—you have been hurt."

"O, yes, I remember. That horse must have kicked me. I'm all right now."

Monroe came forward and, taking him by the hand, told him to lie down.

Mike placed his hand to his temple and found that it had been bandaged.

Doctor Gibbs advised him to lie still for the day and keep quiet. "There's no danger. As for the cut in his head," turning to Monroe, "that won't amount to anything."

"How do you feel now?" was the motherly inquiry of Mrs. Thompson.

"I have a fierce headache."

"No wonder, child," said the kindly housekeeper; "we were afraid it would be much worse. God is good. Lie still, now; I am going to bring you up something to eat." Scully asked them what time it was.

Monroe looked at his watch and told him it was just past one.

"I'm going to get up."

"No, no," said Doctor Gibbs, "you must stay in bed for today, at least." Scully looked at the doctor.

"This is Doctor Gibbs," said Monroe, "and you had better take his advice."

Miss Monroe, who stood at her father's elbow, also advised him to lie still.

The next morning Monroe was up early. He had spent a bad night, thinking of his friend's mishap, blaming himself as the responsible party for carrying out a joke, which so nearly turned out to be a tragedy.

"How's your patient this morning, Mrs. Thompson?" was his first inquiry.

Mrs. Thompson pointed to the veranda, where Scully was leisurely rocking himself, wrapped in a big fur coat Mrs. Thompson had insisted he should put on before she would let him out. "The sun is deceptive here," she said, as she was helping him on with it. "It seems bright and warm, but you'll feel it's pretty chilly out of doors."

Monroe went out and, assuming an air of anger, said, "Look here, young man, what does this mean, out here contrary to instructions? Doctor Gibbs told us that you'd better stay in bed and keep quiet for a few days, and here I find you up and out. The whole house has been in a quandary about you. Virgie tells me she hasn't slept a wink. She will be shocked to see you here."

"I am sure I am grateful to both you and Miss Monroe for your kindly feeling toward me, and to all the people in the house, especially Mrs. Thompson, who visited me three or four times during the night, but I'm in first-class shape, only for the cut on the side of my head, which will heal in a day or two."

Before breakfast was ready many of the hands on the ranch came to inquire how Scully was, and as he was there to answer for himself, they were agreeably surprised. Doctor Gibbs arrived before breakfast was ready and gave Mike a professional lecture, at which Mike laughed.

At breakfast Miss Monroe was extra solicitous for Mike's comfort. She told him that he had given her a great fright, and Mike laughingly expressed his sorrow for causing her any uneasiness.

Monroe was in particularly good humor on account of the happy turn things had taken.

"It's all Randal's fault," he said, jokingly. "In selecting Peaceful he put up a job on us."

"O, papa, don't do Mr. Randal an injustice; it was you that selected Peaceful."

"Did I?" assuming a surprised air. "Well, that shows what a judge of horses I am, and I bet two boxes of cigars on the affair. Doc, I think you better examine me after breakfast," and all present laughed at Monroe's humor.

"I knew it was a joke after I first tried to mount, and would have enjoyed it as much as any of you if it wasn't for the fall I got."

This remark was an easement to the mind of Miss Monroe, and all concerned, who feared that Scully would harbor some resentment for the joke that had been played upon him.

Miss Monroe, who already began to see a good deal in the manly young man, was highly pleased. "Never mind, Mr. Scully," she said, "the next time you want to take a lesson in horsemanship, I'll pick out the animal."

"All right," said Monroe, "but I'll not trust Randal, would you, Miss Platt?"

Miss Platt looked up into Randal's face. "O, I see you would," continued Monroe. This created a laugh at Miss Platt's expense, who blushed.

Doctor Gibbs' instruction to Scully on leaving was that "he must keep quite still until the wound in his head had healed. I have left instructions with Mrs. Thompson. I'll expect you'll see they are carried out." looking at the lady.

"I'm afraid it will leave a mark," suggested Mrs. Thompson.

"O, nothing to spoil his good looks," remarked the doctor.

Miss Monroe looked over at Scully. She had hardly noticed it before, but now, upon the subject being broached, she thought Mike was good-looking.

"I understand," said Scully, "it's the custom to brand all the cattle out here, so I may now be considered as one of the stock." Miss Monroe smiled. Ere a week had passed, Mike's head and heart were as strong as ever.

During the week between Christmas and New Year's Day there were many callers at the homestead. Monroe seemed to take pleasure in introducing his young friend, Mr. Scully, from Chicago, to them. Miss Monroe was solicitous for Mike's comfort. One day, while he was seated in the parlor with the ladies of the house, she said:

"I am afraid you will feel lonesome out here, Mr. Scully, during this season. I suppose, if you were home in Chicago, you would be having a round of pleasure?"

"I assure you, Miss Monroe, I am far from lonesome. I never knew the holiday season I have passed so pleasantly. Your father is excellent company and has kept me pretty well on the run, having introduced me to many fine people, with whom I hope to get well acquainted in the future."

"Yes, but, Mr. Scully," she said, smiling, "surely there is some one you miss?"

"No, there is no one in particular."

"Now, Mr. Scully," chimed in Miss Platt, "it is very hard for us ladies to believe that of a man like you. I am afraid you are a gay deceiver, like the rest of your sex."

"I hope not," said Mike, laughing. "True, I had some chums in Chicago that I am interested in, but they will get on very well without me."

"But what about the girl?" inquired Mrs. Thompson.

"O, I assure you there is no girl."

The ladies looked at him, shook their heads and smiled.

On the second day of January, Scully met Mr. Monroe crossing the lawn.

"I want to have a talk with you, Mr. Monroe."

"What is it, Mike?"

"I feel now as if I am fit to go to work. I want you to assign me to a place."

"No hurry. No hurry—aren't you all right as you are?"

"Mr. Monroe, you have been very kind to me, but I cannot longer impose upon your good nature. My position is with the men, and I feel as if I would be better pleased to take my place as soon as possible. I want to work; for that I came West, and I am anxious to start in."

"I am afraid Miss Monroe will think you're a little hasty, perhaps think I am hurrying you."

"I assure you I am very desirous of having Miss Monroe's good will. She has been very considerate of me. I have been treated as one of the family. I know my place, however, and want you to satisfy me in this matter."

"Well, if you want it that way, of course I'll have to conform to your wishes. Here's Randal coming across the pasture. I'll tell him."

When Randal reached them Monroe told him Scully was going to leave.

"What's that? I hope not."

"Well, not exactly. He is going to leave us up at the homestead. He wants to join your men."

"I will be very glad to have him. When is he coming?"

"Now," said Mike.

When Mr. Monroe acquainted his daughter with Mike's intention to leave the homestead, she showed some dissatisfaction.

"Why, he can't even ride a horse, papa. I don't see what use Randal can have for him. Can't you persuade him to stay for a time?"

"I'm afraid not; he seems positive. I told him there was no hurry, but he seemed determined. I had to let him have his own way. Randal will have to get him a horse."

"Papa, you remember my promise to him after he tried to ride Peaceful?"

"Yes."

"Then I want you to let him have Hercules."

"Why, girl, he's not half broken."

"Shanks will see to that," was her reply, so the imperious young lady had her way.

Monroe was in no way displeased with the selection, his only thought being that Hercules might be hard to manage. In this he was mistaken, for ere the winter was over Mike Scully became an expert horseman. He had all the essentials —agility, courage and patience; he loved his horse as does the Arab.

The climate and the outdoor work seemed to agree with him. He got through the intensely cold weather without a shiver. When men had to be sent out to bring forage to cattle that were snowed in on the plains, Mike was always ready. One day Jerry Smith complained of the infernal cold weather. "It would freeze a brass monkey," was the way he put it. One of the men handed him his flask. Jerry took a long draught from it. "O, that's good; I feel all right now," as he flapped his arms across his chest and kept stamping his feet.

"Why don't you put a little in your boots," said Mike to him, laughing; "it might warm up your feet."

The other men in the group laughed at Mike's suggestion.

"You'd better take a little of this, Mike," said the man with the flask.

"No, thanks. I haven't cold feet, like Jerry, or I'd try a little in my understandings."

Scully could give and take a joke, and as there were a number of professional jokers on the ranch, Mike was an occasional butt of their humor, but he seemed to enjoy being the mark as well as if he had been the perpetrator. Of course, the jokes were of a harmless nature. Mike would promptly condemn anything that seemed to him too raw. He was ever willing to serve any of his mates, many of whom, being illiterate, Mike used to do their correspondence for them. "Mike, I would like if you had the time to write me a letter."

"Always have time," was his cheery answer; "wait till I get my pen, ink and paper." Sometimes the letters were of a confidential character, but it was like the Catholic confessional to Mike; he never betrayed confidence, and they all knew it.

Before spring was far advanced, Scully could often be seen coming over the prairies with Hercules following behind, as docile as a big Newfoundland dog. It was a favorite trick of Mike's to have an apple or ear of corn in his pocket and have Hercules search him for it.

After receiving his fourth month's pay, he began to think of sending for the articles he had pledged with Goldberg. He didn't want Goldberg to know where he was, because, if he did, Goldberg, who he felt was still doing business with the gang, would tell them where he was. It would be a piece of gossip Israel would delight in, probably try to enter into a correspondence. The idea was loathsome. "I'll ask Randal," he said to himself.

"Randal," he said one day, addressing him, "I want to see if you can help me out of a little difficulty."

"Glad of the opportunity, Mike, if I can."

"Well, it is this way: When I decided to come West I had to pledge some articles to raise my fare. One, my mother's wedding ring, a cross she used to wear, a watch and a revolver; for that I don't care much, but the other three articles I must have. Now, when I left Chicago I was determined to bid the city and people a long farewell. I determined not to write or be written to—not, mind you, that there is any special reason for it. If I went back tomorrow I would be welcome, but I am here to stay."

"I am glad to hear that."

"So I want to get those things without old Goldberg knowing where I am. He knows a number of people I know, and I would be bothered with letters to come back."

"I see," said Randal. "Have you got the tickets?"

"Yes."

"Whose name are they made out in?"

"Mine, to be sure."

"I'll arrange it for you, in apple-pie order. You write a letter, dating it from Omaha. I will have our agent forward it from there, the express company will get the goods and forward them to him and then I will have them sent out to me."

About two weeks later Mike received the greatest treasure

he had in life. As he opened the package and took out his mother's ring he kissed it reverently, and then kissed the cross. The revolver he threw aside—it was hateful to him, a reminder of his vicious past.

Mike's genial disposition soon won him the respect of the men. He entered freely into all their outdoor sports—running, jumping or wrestling. He never gloated over a victory, so the vanquished never felt humiliated. With the people at the homestead he was always respectful, and neither courted nor shunned their company. With Mrs. Thompson he was a special favorite. She never tired singing his praise. "He is so refined in comparison with most of the men on the ranch," she would say. "I believe he had a good bringing up."

Miss Platt agreed with Mrs. Thompson. "I am sure he is a gentleman," she said. "and that there is some mystery about him staying out here." Miss Monroe was an attentive listener while the elder women were gossiping about her father's young friend. She met Scully frequently, but when she spoke to him he, though respectful, generally answered her in monosyllables.

One day she mentioned the fact to her father. "Your friend, Scully, is far from sociable."

"I never noticed it. He seems to be popular with the men, and they all swear by him. True, he doesn't drink or gamble, but when it comes to having a good time on the field, he is in for it with the best of them. Probably he doesn't pay as much attention to you ladies as you think he should," said her father, laughing at her.

"O, I don't care," retorted his daughter. "Perhaps he has some lady in Chicago that occupies all his thoughts."

"No, I don't believe it. I don't think Mike's much of a ladies' man."

Miss Monroe hoped the first sentence in her father's opinion was true, and that Mike Scully would change as to the latter, at least as far as one lady was concerned.

Chapter XXV

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Widow Burdett was in a frenzy of fear as she held her unconscious daughter in her arms. Her first impulse was to fly for help, but who could she get at that hour of the morning? And then, to leave her child in the condition she was in, it came into her mind she might die in her absence, so she carried her into the parlor, laid her on the sofa and began to bathe her temples and hands. In a few minutes, to her great relief, Florence opened her eyes, and, seeing her mother bending over her, closed them again.

"Florence, darling, look up. What has happened to you? Come, dear, speak to me. O, why did I let you go by yourself? Why didn't I go with you?" She reproached herself in her agony. "Come, speak to me." The girl burst out crying. "Never mind, darling, I will not be angry with you. Come, now, tell me what has happened?"

Her mother lifted her into a sitting position, and, taking a seat beside her, clung close to her until Florence's head rested on her shoulder.

"Come, now, you're better," her mother said, entreatingly, as she removed the matted hair from her forehead and stroked her cheek.

Florence opened her eyes again and looked around as if in fear.

"I have been so frightened, mama. I had to walk all the way home, and some one followed me."

"Well, never mind, dear, you are at home now. You can tell me in the morning."

"I fell and hurt my knee."

Her mother raised her skirts and saw that her knee had been bleeding.

"I have hurt my head, too," Florence continued. Her mother looked at her brow and saw the discoloring, caused

when she struck the girder in escaping from the drunken man on the viaduct.

"My poor child," she exclaimed. "Will I make you a cup of tea?"

"No, ma, I want to go to bed. I'm sick."

Her mother took her into the bedroom and helped her to disrobe. Her dress and underclothing were soiled.

Many times during the night Florence startled her mother, who slept with her. The girl would awake as if in dread of some frightful danger. Once she screamed and sat up in bed. Her mother tried to calm her.

When the time came for Widow Burdett to get up it was a great relief. She hadn't slept all night.

She brought her child a cup of tea, and as she looked at her it nearly fell from her hand. The bloom had left her cheek, her eyes seemed sunken, she was the picture of distress.

"Take this."

"I don't want anything, ma; I want to rest."

"Well, drink this, and then lie down." Florence drank the tea. Her mother smoothed her pillow. "Rest now," she said, kissing her. "You will soon be better." She went out, closing the door gently behind her.

"What shall I do?" she thought to herself, as she reached the kitchen. Her first impression was to go to her father, but she knew he would upbraid her and that her mother would scold her for letting Florence go alone, and Herman would be mad, so she decided to wait. Possibly after Florence had some rest she would be better. Besides, some of her people would more than likely come during the afternoon. Maybe Mrs. Long or Mrs. Sloan might call, and when they did, what would they say? They would no doubt blame her for letting her go alone.

"Yes, I am entirely to blame," she would say to herself. "I should never have let her go by herself."

During the day she frequently visited the bedroom and asked Florence how she was.

"I'm better now, mama; all I want is rest."

"Well, lie still; I won't let any one disturb you."

As it happened, to Mrs. Burdett's great relief, no one called

that day, so she was able to give her daughter her undivided attention. Florence thought to herself, "How can I tell my mother all that has happened?" She couldn't understand how people could be so cruel. She blamed Margy. She remembered what some of the girls had said about her in the store. She didn't believe it then; now she knew Margy was a bad girl.

She sobbed and bewailed her fate, until at last she fell asleep. Her mother came in on tip-toe, finding her asleep, arranged the counterpane on the bed and retired noiselessly.

Florence slept for some hours. It was supper-time when she awoke, much better in body, but still harassed in mind. She thought to herself, "How can I go back to the store in the morning?" She dreaded Margy's tattling tongue, and if she didn't go back to the store, what would Miss Brown and Miss Jones think? Mary Vann would be sure to inquire what had become of her. She couldn't think what to do for the best. If she stayed at home tomorrow, Monday, her mother would want her to talk of the ball and what happened there, and how she came to be so late in leaving, so she made up her mind that she would go to work in the morning. Perhaps she would talk with Miss Vann; she was her friend. But, no, she couldn't do that, but she would go to work, anyhow; it would give her time to think.

When Mary Vann caught sight of Florence her first words were, "Why, Flo, what ails you, girl? You look sick."

"Yes, I've been sick. I stayed in bed all day yesterday."

"O, I see! You were at the dance on Saturday night."

"Yes, I was there and stayed too late."

"Well, this gay life doesn't agree with you. I suppose you had a good time, anyhow."

Just at this moment a customer claimed Miss Vann's attention.

That noon Florence Burdett didn't go to the lunch-room, she stayed in the department. She gave as an excuse to Miss Vann's understudy, that she didn't feel like eating. Hurrying home as soon as her day's work was over, without seeing any one, her mother greeted her kindly, hoped she was better, merely asking her if her knee was still sore.

"I think it is much better," she said, lifting her dress so that her mother might inspect it.

"It must have bled a good deal," her mother remarked.

The next day Florence stayed around the millinery counter, not going near the lunch-room. As she came out of the store after quitting time, she found Miss Brown and Miss Jones waiting at the door for her.

"Why, Florence, what has got into you during the past two days? Why didn't you come to lunch?" inquired Miss Brown.

"I haven't been feeling well, so did not eat anything."

"You do look poorly," said Miss Jones. "What time did you leave the dance? we were looking for you."

"I must have left shortly after the supper; it must have been nearly one o'clock. I had no idea it was so late."

"O, then, you weren't there when the row commenced," exclaimed Miss Brown; "there was a terrible time after you left. You know the big woman that led the grand march?"

"Yes."

"Well she got into a fight with the other one, the one with the very low-cut dress, you know."

"Yes, I remember," said Florence.

"Well, they called one another the most frightful names and then began to pull one another's hair, then Mr. Hooligan came out and began to interfere, taking sides with the big woman, until somebody hit him on the side of the head with a pop bottle, when he ran away, shouting for a Mr. Hart—you know the nice young gentleman who was floor manager?"

Florence felt a sickening sensation as she nodded her head.

"But they couldn't find him, so the man who was taking the money at the door came up and tried to make peace, but he couldn't. There was a general row, Margy's fellow in the thick of it; we ran up on the stage where the musicians were sitting. O, it was terrible; then they arrested a young man they called Smith; they say he stole a man's watch; then the patrol came and the police ordered every one out, and we ran to get our clothes; and what do you think? when my friend went to get his bran new overcoat, that he had made to order, he gave in his check, and, would you believe it? they handed

him out an old brown overcoat, about three sizes too big for him, with a patch on the elbow, and when he protested that that wasn't his coat, the fellow in the wardrobe claimed that that was what the check called for. My friend began to argue, but the policeman came along and shoved him out. He appealed to the police, but they wouldn't listen. 'Get out,' is all they would say. We stood around the door for a while to see if we could find the young man who was floor manager, but he was gone."

"Perhaps he was just as bad as the rest," chimed in Miss Jones. "My! but you look sick, Florence."

"Yes, I'm very sick, I must hurry home; good-night girls."

"You'll be at lunch tomorrow won't you?" inquired the Brown girl.

"Perhaps."

"O come, we miss you very much; ta-ta," as they separated.

Florence on arriving home complained of not feeling well, took a cup of tea and went to bed.

A month had passed, and the grand reception and ball had ceased to be a subject for gossip. One evening Florence had only gone a little distance from the store when Hart met her. "Good evening, Miss Burdett," he said as he lifted his hat. She did not know what to say or do. Her first impulse was to run away, she was frightened at seeing him.

"Come now!" he said in a soothing tone, "I know you are very angry with me, but I have come to apologize to you and make amends as far as possible. You don't know how much I like you."

"Let me go! I never want to speak to you again."

"No, not until you say you'll forgive me. Come now, little girl, don't be so angry."

"No, I'll never forgive you."

"O, yes you will, I want to have a talk and explain matters; you know I had been drinking that night."

"Well you can't talk to me tonight, so let me pass."

"Why, you won't listen to me?"

"No."

"Well, some other time, when you are not in such a bad

humor, I suppose you'll let me see you to the car, anyhow?"

"I can find the way to the car myself."

"I am sure of that." Florence walked in the direction of the car, Hart by her side. As she got on the platform she turned her head to see where he was, he lifted his hat and bowed to her in the most gentlemanly manner.

"My, but she's game," he said to himself as he turned to walk away.

Florence didn't know what to think. It was strange he looked so respectable, his manners seemed perfect. She remembered his remark that he had been drinking, it was hardly clear to her what he meant by that.

Determined to avoid him in future, when she left the store the next evening she went one block north, instead of choosing the direct way to her home. She was always in a tremor, as she left the store. His assertion that he would see her again when she was not in such a bad humor was constantly ringing in her ears.

Hart had stood on the corner the way he knew she should come to get her car, for four evenings before he caught on to her artifice to escape him. He began to think she must have left the store. He inquired of Rock, who asked Margy if she was still there. Rock told him she was. On the next occasion he tried to waylay her. He stood much nearer the exit, but in the number of girls who came out together he missed her, failing to see which way she went.

With the persistence of a hunter for his quarry he was determined to meet her. Her splendid personality and her determination to evade him made him keener in his pursuit.

It was about the middle of March when he detected her leaving the store. He saw her glance around and hurry away in a northerly direction. His first impression was that probably she had changed her residence. He saw her turn the corner and go west, but was afraid to follow her for fear of creating a scene among the busy throng which at the time was leaving the many business houses.

He walked quickly south to the nearest corner and then west. He knew at the speed he was going he would reach the

end of the block they were both traveling before her. He peered around the corner and saw her turn south and come in the direction where he was standing; as she approached he stepped out and confronted her—she nearly ran into his arms.

He smiled as he lifted his hat; she made an attempt to pass him.

"Stay a moment! how are you this evening?" he said, blocking her way.

She was too confused to make a suitable reply.

"Going home, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, may I escort you part of the way?"

"No! I can find my own way."

"Come, now, you know I want to talk to you, and offer an explanation."

"I don't want any explanation. I want you to leave me alone."

"Well I'll never be satisfied until you listen to me."

Just then a policeman came sauntering along. Hart and Florence both observed him at the same time.

"Miss Burdett, I am going away on business for a couple of weeks. When I return I'm going to have you listen to my apology—and probably a proposal. You must give me that opportunity. Until then, good evening," hurrying away, ere the policeman had reached them. Florence stood for a moment confused, and then hurried home.

During the two weeks following her last interview with Hart she had often thought to herself what was best to do. To appeal for aid against him would necessitate some explanation —that was out of the question, so she ultimately made up her mind she would have to listen to him. She would tell him that she desired to have no further intercourse with him, and then most likely he would leave her alone.

The two weeks had expired, after which she looked out for him each evening as she left the store. She had braced herself for the occasion. Another week had passed, but no Hart had turned up. She began to wonder why he had not fulfilled his promise.

No apology that he could make would ever satisfy her, of that she was certain. But what he meant by a proposal began to excite her girlish curiosity. Nearly a month had elapsed when, leaving the store one evening, she saw him standing a little distance up the street. In spite of her determination she felt a tremor as she approached him. She noticed he had on a neat suit of clothes, a black silk pendant hung from his fob pocket, his attire was faultless. "Good evening," he said, lifting his hat in a manner as if he had studied Chesterfield.

"Good evening," she murmured, determined to be civil at least.

"I suppose you had given me up," he said, smiling, "the facts are I was detained longer away than I expected."

"It didn't make any difference to me," she replied, assuming a tone of haughty indifference.

"Come, now, don't talk that way, you don't know how much I care for you," smiling, "and how sorry I am for misbehaving as I did, but I will do right by you."

"I know you don't care for me, or you would not have treated me so shamefully as you did."

"Well, you're going to give me that interview?" he said, evading a reply to her stricture.

"Yes, what have you to say?"

"Well, we can't talk here. Come into the confectioner's and have an ice-cream; you needn't stay but a few minutes. We can sit down."

"I feel I shouldn't go with you."

"Well, come along, anyway."

As soon as they were seated he said, "What will you take? Nothing is too good for you," smiling.

In spite of her attempt to be serious she felt her face relaxing. "I will take an ice cream soda."

"I suppose you'll never forgive me," he said, "no matter what I do?"

"No! I don't believe I will."

"Well, some day I'll make it all right. I'm going to do the square thing by you. I've got a little money and as soon as I get some more I'll talk business."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we may get married."

She had to smile in spite of herself.

"I don't want to talk about it," he continued, "but you remember when you left the saloon?"

"I do," she said blushing.

"Well, I followed you all the way home."

"You did?" she said, rising from her chair.

"Yes, until I saw you entering into your own house."

"I don't believe you."

"Do you remember the drunken man frightening you on the viaduct?"

"Yes."

"Well, I sent him to the cleaners."

"You struck him for insulting me—but you insulted me."

"If I did, I'll let no other living man insult you."

"I must go home."

"May I see you to the car?"

"You may, if you like."

The fly had entered the spider's web.

* * * * * * * * *

From the time of the dance until the interview between Hart and Florence, where a partial reconciliation had been affected, Florence treated Margy with marked coolness. Margy knew her secret and gloated over the fact; but as Florence gave her no cause for resentment she kept it inviolate. As for herself she didn't care, she was "Rock's steady," and didn't care who knew it. Miss Brown and Miss Jones had no reason to feel any bitterness against Margy, they didn't look upon it as any crime to have a sweetheart, they themselves had young men friends with whom the most proper relationship was maintained, and they had no knowledge but that Mr. Rock and Margy were associated in a similar manner—true they had seen Rock in the thick of the fight at the dance, but they knew he did not commence the row, as they had seen him and Margy come in together about the time it started, and as Mr. Rock

was one of the managing committee, perhaps he was justified in taking sides in the conflict; besides (so Margy told the girls), he had done his level best to get Miss Brown's young man his overcoat, and had failed, but if ever he could find out who had rung the change, it would be bad for him, whoever he was, he would either give up the coat, Margy said, or go to jail, and perhaps get a good beating into the bargain.

Rock made Margy acquainted with the interview Hart had with her friend, Hart had been boasting of his conquest, "She's a stuck-up little snot, Margy told me," Rock said to Hart, after Hart had told him of meeting her the second time.

"I'll pluck her tail feathers," was Hart's brutal boast, "before I get through with her," laughing as if it was a good joke.

Rock and Hart, like the street car magnates in those days, were interested in crowded cars. They were good for their business; both combinations worked the passengers, there was only a difference in their methods, the company was satisfied to levy nickels from strap hangers, none of which escaped, while Rock and Hart only touched a few—of course, Rock and Hart had no ordinance, if they had they would be only too willing to touch them all.

At this time there was an agitation, a number of anarchists, as Hooligan would call them, began to raise the cry "No seat, no fare." Rock and Hart were as much opposed to this outrageous demand as were the Philadelphia and New York promoters. The necessity of passengers having to hold on to straps in the crowded cars, put them in a convenient position for Hart and Rock to pursue their calling.

Business was good for all concerned, there was no rivalry between Hart and Company and the Phila.-York Company—another bond of unity, the alderman was kindly disposed to both interests, one of which supplied him with funds, and the other with repeaters.

Margy, on receiving the tip from Rock as to affairs between Hart and Florence, began to feel as if she could make more free, the only check she had previous, was her knowledge that Florence was a favorite of Miss Vann, and should any controversy take place between her and Florence she knew she

would get the worst of it, because out she would have to go.

Now, things were somewhat changed. She greeted Florence cordially and Florence became a great deal more sociable with her.

"I saw you the other evening, Miss Burdett," she said laughingly on one occasion.

"Did you? Where?"

"O, you know where. Wasn't you in the ice cream parlor with your gentleman friend?" she said laughing. Florence felt a little embarrassed on finding Margy knew so much.

"Well," said Margy, continuing, "there's no finer fellow in Chicago than Mr. Hart, he's all right;" and so he was, as measured by Margy's standard.

Hart met Florence frequently, he insisted upon escorting her to the car, sometimes he took her to the ice cream parlor. On one occasion, by his persistence, she went and had supper with him, making an excuse when she got home other than the truth, the first time she ever deceived her mother. She had been delayed at the store, she said.

Hart on another occasion wanted to take her to the theatre. She declined—her mother would not permit her.

"I will have to go and make the old woman's acquaintance," he said jokingly to her.

"You had better not, you would get me into trouble; mother thinks I am too young to have a sweetheart following me."

One afternoon he went into the store, and going to where she was employed, spoke to her for a minute or two. After he had gone, Mary Vann, inquired "Who is that fellow, Flo?"

"He is a friend of mine."

"He looks pretty spruce. What does he do?"

"He is a clerk, I don't know just where."

"Well, he looks all right."

In spite of her former aversion and the great wrong he had done her, Florence began to think he wasn't so bad, after all.

Hart offered to buy her a present, a ring, a watch, or anything she wanted. She wouldn't accept it. "Mother would want to know where I got it."

"Well, here," he said, placing a twenty-dollar bill in her

hand, "buy something for yourself, or do what you like with it." She wanted to decline it, but he insisted. She put it into her purse; and felt for the first time that she was a capitalist. On her arrival home that evening she was in extra good spirits. Her mother was pleased to note the growing change in her daughter.

Florence didn't mention the twenty-dollar bill that evening. The next day at the store she began to wonder what she would do with it. If she bought something her mother would inquire where she got the money. She carried it around for three days until it began to harass her. She determined to tell a lie. She said she found it. Her mother inquired where. The girl not experienced in fabricating, had a difficulty in telling a straight story. She stammered in her recital, but her mother had no suspicion, saying, "We must read the advertisements, possibly some poor person lost it, so we must return it."

Florence had to read the Lost and Found Ads. in the newspapers every evening for a week, but none was there to meet the case. Mrs. Burdett mentioned the matter to Mrs. Long who was visiting her one evening. "What do you think we should do with it?" Mrs. Long thought for a moment, "If it was an article of jewelry, or clothing, or something you could make a claimant identify, you might place an ad. in the paper; but being as it's a twenty-dollar bill, you would have fifty claimants, and if you gave it to the police, sure! that would be the end of it. So it's my advice to you to use it. It's a certainty that whoever it is that's throwing twenty-dollar bills around, don't need them as bad as you."

Before the twenty-dollar bill was properly adjudicated, Florence had considerable experience in the art of Ananias.

Florence, partly through her attention to business, but mainly on account of Miss Mary Vann's friendship, had got a considerable raise in salary. The Easter trade had been especially good, the millinery department in the Great Cleveland Store had been a howling success, as Mr. Morris Cohan described it. Even he commended Miss Burdett, but Miss Vann clinched it by demanding five dollars per week for her protege from Shapiro.

"It can't be done," he said, "it would establish a precedent! We will give her another dollar, that will make three and a half. Why! she hasn't been here six months yet."

"Oh, never mind it," said Miss Vann snappishly, "I will talk to the Prairie people about her. I think I can get her in there."

She turned away, leaving Shapiro ruminating. In about half an hour he came back, and said "Mary" (when not in the hearing of the other employes he always addressed her by her Christian name), "I am going to see the boss about what you were talking to me a while ago."

The following pay night Florence had a bright, crisp five-dollar bill in her envelope. Mr. Shapiro had told her he had raised her wages on account of her attention to business. Florence knew better, she thanked Mary Vann.

Hart after Easter was most assiduous in his attention. He took her frequently to supper—it was many a time after eight when she got home. Her excuse was that she had to remain after the store was closed to fix stock and prepare for the morrow. Her mother never doubted her word. She told her mother she would have to put a little more style on now; as she was one of the regular salesladies. To this her mother had no objection, in fact encouraged her; she felt she was hardly competent to plan her daughter's outer garments.

The summer came. The Great Cleveland Store was going to give their help a picnic. Florence told Hart.

"When is it going to be?" he inquired.

"Some time in August—we're all going."

"Then I'll go, too."

"Why, it's only for the help—how are you going to go?"

"Never mind, I'll be there; Margy is going, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, Rock will be sure to be with her. I'll ask a few of my friends to go. Where is it going to be?"

"I don't know—we are going by train. I hear it's quite a journey, right into the woods, they say."

"That will be grand. Count me in."

Chapter XXVI

A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

One day in autumn, Jerry Smith had occasion to go to the railway depot. He asked Mike to go with him. "You're not busy," he said, "and I'll show you a little of the country; we'll take George with us."

"All right, I'll be glad to go."

After transacting the business which occasioned their going, Smith suggested they would make a few calls.

This was especially agreeable to Mike, who had a desire to visit some of the small ranches and possibly make the acquaintance of the men employed on them, for, though he had been on the Monroe ranch for many months, he was still a comparative stranger.

It was well on in the afternoon when they started to return, the road leading past the "Cowboys' Rest." When they reached it, Smith remarked, "Let us get off here, Scully, and see what's going on."

"I don't drink, as you know," replied Scully, "so would rather we would go ahead."

"Come, we will only stop for a few minutes; some of our fellows are in here, and I'd like to see what shape they're in."

With that they dismounted, throwing their lines to George, who was only too eager to go in, after fastening their horses to hitching posts, a number of which were there for the convenience of Black Jack Murry's patrons.

The cowboys on the Monroe and other ranches had recently received their monthly pay, and were out for a good time.

The dance hall, occupying a barn-like structure in the rear of the saloon proper, was full of gaiety. The girls were fully employed, dancing with their young sports, who had to conduct them to the bar after every dance. The rooms in which roulette and faro were played were also crowded, some betting their money freely, others, who were broke, looking on.

Seated at a table there were six playing poker; piles of chips were in front of some of the players. The poker players seemed as if they were men of more substantial means than those around the roulette wheel and faro table. They were ranchers, miners or foremen. It was a five-dollar limit, so they paid little attention to those occupied at the other games.

At the faro table was a young man of slender build, who had been betting with varying success. He began to lose heavily and expressed a desire to raise the limit, which the dealer of the cards persistently refused to do.

The gamester persisted in belittling the house for its want of pluck in not accepting his proposition to increase the stakes.

To this the dealer turned a deaf ear, confident of the fact that he would get the sport's pile if he only stayed long enough, while if he was permitted to play for an increased amount the young man might effect a successful coup or two and, getting his losings back, might escape.

He drank frequently and began to show signs of intoxication, and with it a corresponding loss of temper. Some were playing at the same table, but for more modest amounts, while others crowded around to watch the play of the person who had such grit, or rashness, as it should be considered.

The play was at its height when Scully, Smith and George entered. Smith, who was well known, met with many salutations. He looked over where they were playing poker. One of the players shouted, "Hello, Smith, you're just in time. Pull up a chair; there is room for one."

"Not today," replied Smith. "I have business that must be attended to; besides I have a young man with me."

"We'll make room for him, too; bring him in."

"I don't believe he'd play," answered Smith. "Besides, I wouldn't like to steer him up against you fellows; you all know the game too well."

"Why, there's easy money here, Smith; come and join us."

"No, thank you," laughingly said Smith, "I have ran up against some of you veterans before. I just stopped off to see if any of our fellows had to have a rig sent after them to carry them home."

"They're on hand," replied one of the players. "I noticed some of your men in the dance hall and others bucking the tiger."

"I suppose so. We'll see you later."

Scully, on entering, went over to where he saw the largest crowd of onlookers. Smith joined him. "That's young Bronson," he whispered, signifying the young man who was betting so heavily. "He is a miner. He doesn't come often, but when he does he gives them a game."

"Hey, there, what do you mean? I won that time."

"No, you didn't," replied the dealer, gathering in a number of bills.

"Yes, I did; I was on the queen."

"You bet on the jack," replied the man with the faro box.

"You're a liar," shouted young Bronson, in a towering passion, "and I am going to have my money."

"You will, will you?" retorted the dealer, rising to his feet.

The crowd began to scatter. Smith caught Scully by the arm and pulled him away.

"What's the matter?" shouted a voice from behind the bar.

The dancers stopped in the hall and began to peer through the door to see what was the commotion.

"Why, this stiff, Bronson, is trying to bluff me," answered the dealer.

"Yes, you son of a b——, I'll bluff you. If you think you can rob me, you're damnably mistaken."

Thinking there was going to be some gun play, two of the saloon hangers-on got between Bronson and the faro dealer.

"Bingo! Bingo!" shouted the man from behind the bar; "where the hell is that fellow?"

At the same moment a man came running from the dance hall. He was a fellow of giant proportions, with close-cropped hair and of the most forbidding appearance. As he came he brushed the crowd aside. He had a star on his breast, denoting he held some office.

"What's up?" he said to the dealer in a voice that meant trouble for some one.

"That fink," pointing to young Bronson, who was vainly

trying to get nearer the dealer, "says that we are bunkoing him."

"Come, young fellow," shouted Bingo, "you can't make such charges in this house. Out you go."

"Put him out," yelled the fellow from behind the bar.

"Not on your life," shouted Bronson, "until I get my money."

"You won't go?" roared Bingo, as he grabbed Bronson by the shoulder. Bronson held on to the table. Bingo pulled at him, but could not make him let go. "O, you won't, won't you?" and with this he struck Bronson a violent blow on the side of his face.

A young girl, who could not have been over seventeen years of age, in short skirts, rushed from the dance hall and, throwing her arms around Bronson's neck, begged Bingo not to hurt him. "I will take him out," she pleaded, piteously.

This seemed to infuriate the ruffian, who yelled at her to go back where she belonged.

With this he placed one hand inside the handkerchief round Bronson's neck, and, with the other caught hold of the arm with which Bronson was holding on to the table. There was a murmur amongst the crowd when they saw the man being strangled, but none thought fit to interfere.

"I'll teach you, young fellow, not to be so gay in the future," as he let go of Bronson's arm and struck him on the side of the face twice in succession.

The girl again appealed to Bingo to let him go. He made a kick at her, which she avoided.

Bingo now got him loose from the table, and, picking him up in his arms and carrying him to the door, threw him head first on to the road, where he lay.

The girl made as if she would go to Bronson's assistance. "Get in there, you dirty little bitch," shouted Bingo, as he sent her sprawling on the floor in the midst of the group.

As she lay, he raised his foot as if to kick her. "Don't do that," Scully shouted at him.

"O, another one of them! Ah, the tenderfoot from old Monroe's. So you're going to butt in, are you?"

"Well, I think you should not ill-use that girl," replied Mike, now showing some anger.

Smith, seeing trouble for Mike, went between him and the bouncer. He held his hand up to Bingo, at the same time saying to him, "Be quiet now; it is all over."

"Smith, let me tell you, you'd better get your friend out of here, or I'll give him what I gave the other fellow."

The girl still lay on the floor as if afraid to get up. Bingo stooped, and, seizing her by the hair of her head, lifted her to her feet.

"I am not going to stand for you abusing that girl any more," shouted Mike, getting around Smith. "Let her go!"

"You're looking for fight, are you?" sneered the bully. "I'll give you all you want of it."

He pushed the girl from him, and, facing Mike, "You'll go out now."

"Come," said Smith, "we have had enough of this."

All the games were now stopped, and a number of Monroe's men gathered around Scully and Smith.

"Out you go," shouted Bingo.

"You come with me," replied Mike.

Bingo looked at him and hissed between his teeth, "You shrimp, I'll break you in two."

"Come and try it," said Mike, as he went toward the door, followed by Smith, who was expostulating with him. Mike's blood was now up and intercession was in vain.

"A fight! A fight!" shouted some of those who were well up in their cups.

The men who had been playing poker gathered around Mike and Smith.

One of them remarked, "Why, he is too big for you, young fellow."

"You have not an earthly show with him," said another.

"He was brought as a bouncer all the way from Boston," said a third. "I understand there was some talk of them matching him against Sullivan."

Mike paid no attention to the remarks, but coolly unloosing the handkerchief from around his neck, unbuttoned his

blue shirt and pulled it over his head and tightened his belt a little. He looked thin, and his flesh was white. It looked like a guinea to a hayseed against him.

Bingo, who had followed him out, was brimming over with good humor. He remarked to Smith, "Hadn't you better send over for a wagon to take away the remains?"

The proprietor of the "Cowboys' Rest" had left from behind his bar to come and witness the slaughter.

One old man who was present, appealing to the crowd, said "It was a shame; the poor young fellow will be murdered."

Bingo had stripped to his drawers, and was impatient for the sacrifice. A broad grin illumined his countenance.

Mike was pale and serious. "All I want you to do," speaking to Smith and those around him, "is to see fair play for me, and keep the crowd back."

"You'll get that," replied an onlooker, who seemed to have great influence with those present. "Now, men," he said, "I want to see that this young fellow gets a square deal, and so am going to ask you to form a ring."

"All right," they replied, as they fell back.

Bingo sat on his boss's knee, grinning and passing jokes with those in his immediate neighborhood. "Are you ready, youngster?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mike, as he stepped to the front.

Bingo's breast was covered with hair, his ponderous arms and broad shoulders denoting great strength. He rushed forward in a stooped position, holding out his hands, as if he was going to wrestle.

Mike stood erect, his left arm advanced, his right across his breast.

They sparred for a moment or two, when Bingo made a vicious lunge with his left, which Mike avoided by nimbly stepping aside, both again sparring for an opening, Bingo following Mike around the ring. Bingo at length saw his opportunity (as he thought), and rushed forward. As he did, Mike shot out his left, hitting Bingo straight on the nose, steadying him for a moment. Bingo again tried to rush Mike, who stepped aside, at the same time planting a right hook on Bin-

go's ear. The Monroe crowd was jubilant. Even Smith began to warm up, and whispered to Mike as he passed in avoiding Bingo's rushing tactics, "Keep him at long range."

Mike paid no attention to any of the advice that was being offered him, but kept his eye on Bingo, waiting an opportunity to strike or to avoid Bingo's rushes.

Bingo, for his part, began to recognize that he had a job on his hands and exercised more care. He continued to follow Mike around the ring, and at length made a dive with his left, which Mike side-stepped. Ere Bingo could recover, Mike again tapped him on the nose, which was now bleeding copiously. More sparring and a clinch. Ere Mike could get loose they both fell to the ground, Bingo's ponderous frame on top.

"Let him up," shouted Smith.

Bingo was only too glad to let him up, as his nose wanted attending to.

His friends rushed him to his corner; a chair had been brought from the saloon. He sat on it while the saloon boss busied himself wiping the blood from his nose, attempting to stop the flow, a couple of the saloon hangers-on kept fanning him with towels.

Mike sat on the grass where he fell, stroking his fingers through his hair, and in answer to an invitation to sit on a friend's knee, said, "I am all right."

Round Two.—No time was kept, so when Bingo was ready he came forward. Mike jumped to his feet. He sparred around Bingo for a time, feinted with his left, as if to hit Bingo in the stomach. Bingo put his head forward. Scully uppercut him, with his right, opening a gash over Bingo's eye, and jumping away.

The blood was now fast flowing from Bingo's eye and nose, and the crowd began to whisper he wasn't in it.

Mike neither smiled nor frowned, but kept his eye fixed on his adversary.

Bingo rushed to a clinch. They wrestled, and Mike threw him cleanly, clearing himself and leaving Bingo on the ground.

Monroe's crowd set up a war whoop. Smith shouted at them to keep quiet.

Bingo was assisted up and led to his corner. His handlers began to work on him industriously.

"You have only to hit him once," whispered Murry, "and it's all over. Rush him this round and finish him."

Bingo nodded his head.

A chair had been brought for Mike and he sat on it. He could have had the house if he wanted it. Nine-tenths of the crowd was now with him. He sat patiently until he saw Bingo rise from his chair, when he approached the center.

Bingo was a sight. His nose was swelled to an alarming extent, there was a severe gash over one eye, while the other was already discolored. He rushed at Mike, who, without any seeming haste, stepped aside or back, as occasion required.

Up to this time Mike's face was expressionless. Now he knit his brow, his teeth were clinched and he became much more active on his feet.

Bingo followed. The pace was telling on him and he began to breathe hard.

Mike still led him on; he followed. Mike got close to him. Bingo lunged with all his force with his left. Mike gave a short step to the right and, with the full force of his whole system, struck Bingo on the point of the jaw.

He fell like a log. The fight was over.

The entire crowd gathered around Mike, yelling and cheering. Some of those who had been playing poker shook him by the hand.

If Smith had located a new herd on the plains he could not have felt more pleased or prouder.

"Good boy, Mike," he shouted, as he tapped him on the back.

After they had carted Bingo in, the landlord came over to Mike and asked him in. "Nothing's too good for you, young fellow. You's a peach."

"All I want," said Mike, "is a pail of water to wash up a bit." Bingo's blood was over his breast and neck.

The girls who had been driven back to the dance hall were craning their necks at the windows to get a look at the hero who had brought their driver to the dust. They had long since forgotten the way to pray, or they would have prayed

for him. As it was, they rejoiced in his victory and each one inwardly hoped that he might make her acquaintance.

When Mike was ready to leave the landlord said, "I hope there will be no ill feeling, young fellow?"

"Not a particle. I have no ill will toward Bingo, as far as I am personally concerned. I suppose he thinks he is doing his duty."

"That's what I pay him for," answered the landlord.

"Well, come, Smith, let us be going."

"Good day," said the landlord. "I am sorry you won't have something before you go. I will be glad, however, to have you call at any time."

To the latter invitation Mike made no reply.

The Monroe crowd, who still kept close to Mike, determined to go home with him in a body. Those who had their ponies with them, mounted, and others got on in the rear. They were all brimming over with good humor and before they started gave a series of war whoops. As they journeyed over the prairies Mike was the only serious man in the crowd. He reined up his horse and they gathered around him.

"Now, boys," he began, "I want you to do me a favor. Don't say a word to any one about what happened today. I don't want Monroe to know. I am sorry it happened, but if you keep quiet for a week or so it will be forgotten. Now, will you do this for me?"

"That's a pretty hard secret to keep," spoke up one. "Why, all Montana will know of it before a week. Bingo, the bouncer of the 'Cowboys' Rest,' knocked out by a tenderfoot in three rounds!"

"It wouldn't keep in cold storage," chimed in Smith.

"Well, let us say nothing about it, anyway. Let us pass it off as lightly as we can. Come, now, give me your word."

"All right, Mike," was their response.

Chapter XXVII

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

Hart notified Mort, Bert and Phipps about the picnic which was to be given to the employees of the Great Cleveland store.

"There will be plenty of girls there," said Rock, who was present at the time, grinning. "You fellows should come. Me and Margy's going."

They all agreed to go.

Florence asked her mother to go with her, but she happened to have some work that had to be finished. "Take Herman, he is not working," she said. Herman was only too glad to accompany his niece.

It was expected that every one would provide their own eatables, as it was to be a basket picnic. Florence's mother prepared the luncheon for her brother Herman and her daughter. While she was packing it, she thought of the years long ago when her husband was living and they used to take Florence out to the park. It made her sad to think of those happy days, so soon blasted and gone forever. While going out on the train, a young man came and spoke to Florence. "How do you do, Miss Burdett?" Her face turned scarlet. The young man noticed she had an escort with her, as Herman turned and looked at him.

"Very well, thank you."

"I believe we are going to have a very fine day," he continued.

"I hope so," she replied.

"Well, I may have the pleasure of meeting you out at the grove," he said as he left, taking off his hat and bowing to her as he departed.

"What's his name?" inquired Herman, when he was gone.

"Mr. Hart."

"Work in the store?"

She nodded.

Arriving at the grove, many rushed off to the platform where the band was arranging their instruments, preparatory to accommodating the dancers. Others sought places where they could eat their lunch, it being near noon when the train arrived.

"Flo, we will eat a little first," said Herman to her. "I don't want to be carrying this basket around."

While they were eating, the young man who had accosted them on the train came over to where they were seated on the grass. "I see you are enjoying yourselves."

"Yes," said Florence. "This is my uncle, Mr. Herman Wosta."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Wosta."

Wosta extended his hand. "Won't you join us?"

"Well, I don't like to impose upon good nature, but if you have a spare sandwich, I wouldn't mind."

"There is plenty here," said Wosta, "and I want to get rid of this basket, anyway, so sit down and help yourself."

Three young men were standing some distance away, observing them. One remarked, "Pipe Red where he is sitting; he's broke in already."

"Come, let us frost him," said another, laughing.

"No," said the third, "don't queer his game; that is the young girl he had up to the dance. She is a handsome girl, isn't she?"

"There's Rock and Margy off to the dancing platform," said the first speaker, on seeing Margy tripping along to where the music was playing, followed by Rock. "Let us go over there."

The three young men, who, as our readers have already surmised, were Mort, Bert and Phipps.

After Wosta, Florence and Hart had partaken of the lunch, Hart proposed they should go to where they were dancing.

"I don't mind," said Herman.

"I suppose you dance, Mr. Wosta?" remarked Hart, as they started in the direction of the music.

"Yes, a little." They had no sooner reached the platform than Florence spied Margy flouncing around with Rock, her head stuck close under his chin.

"Hello," said Hart, accosting the three young men previously mentioned. "Mr. Wosta, let me introduce you to Mr. Mort, Mr. Bert and Mr. Phipps. Miss Burdett, his niece." They bowed to one another, Mort, Bert and Phipps lifting their hats to the young lady.

"Come, Herman," said Hart, addressing his new acquaintance as familiarly as if they had gone to school together, "select a partner."

Herman looked around and, noticing a girl whom he had judged correctly as coming from the country the Rhine runs through, spoke to her in German.

"Yah," she said, and the next moment they were whirling around in a waltz.

"Come, Florence," placing his hand around her waist.

"You know I can't dance."

"Yes, you can," and in a moment she, too, was mingling in the merry throng. The dance over, they came to where Mort, Bert and Phipps were standing, and began to chat.

"See your uncle," said Hart. "He seems to be making a mash. Look how he's talking to that girl." Florence looked in the direction where her uncle and the German girl were engaged in an animated conversation.

"How do, Florence."

"Why, Mary, Genevieve, how are you?" The two girls looked at Hart—they recognized him at first glance as the very nice young gentleman who had acted as floor manager at the grand carnival and ball of the Five Jolly Boys.

Florence didn't introduce him.

"Well, here are our young men looking for us." Miss Brown and Miss Jones tripped away.

"Who are those girls?" inquired Hart, when they were gone.

"They work in the store with me."

"It's a wonder you wouldn't introduce a fellow. There! there! that's a schottische—come," and away they went again.

About three o'clock the prompter from the music stand announced that they were going to commence the athletic sports. He read off the different races, and prizes to be given for each. The young ladies' race he laid extra stress on, as the firm had

donated a special prize for that event. It was an article of clothing, millinery or jewelry, anything the winner might choose in the store, to the value of twenty-five dollars.

This caused a buzz of expectancy. None would be allowed to participate in this event except those employed by the firm, but as four-fifths of those working in the store were women and girls, there was no fear of not obtaining a large field.

"You're going in on that," said Hart.

"No, I'm ashamed," replied Florence.

"Come on, Florence," said Miss Brown, coming forward, "we're going to run."

"She's afraid," said Hart, addressing the speaker.

"Why, you can only lose," said Miss Jones.

Mort, Bert and Phipps came forward and joined Hart in pressing her.

Herman and his new acquaintance joined the group.

"I'm going to try," said the German girl. The young men looked at her. She seemed sadly out of condition, carrying at least thirty pounds of superfluous flesh.

Florence thought to herself, "I can beat her, anyway."

The entries were so numerous they had to run in heats. Miss Brown was in the first heat. There was a scramble at the start, the girls elbowing one another to get good positions. Miss Brown got off badly, and at the finish was counted amongst the also ran.

Herman Wosta, who was now acting as chaperon for his young German acquaintance, was seen going down the course with the girl.

"That's a likely nag you have, Herman," shouted Hart, who was standing in a group with Florence in the center. Herman laughed. They got in line. "They're off!" It was seen that Fraulein came puffing along considerably in the rear.

"Your filly's not in condition," shouted Mort to Florence's uncle, who was coming up the course after the runners.

Florence laughed heartily. She was thoroughly enjoying the sport.

"Look, there goes Margy," as she and Rock were seen going to the starting post, preparatory for the third heat. Margy

had pinned her outer garments up in the front so high as to display a liberal portion of her white stockings. "I'll bet on white socks," shouted Bert. "White Sox against the field." The crowd set up a roar of laughter.

Margy turned around with fire in her eyes, toward where the group were standing, in which was the person who had called the crowd's attention to the color of her stockings.

Bert ducked down so that she wouldn't see him. She knew his voice, however, and got a glimpse of Florence and those near by her laughing.

As the pacers were getting into line, Rock was seen shoving Margy into a central position. There was an altercation, in which Margy was taking an active part.

"That will do; get ready." The pistol flashed. Margy got a flying start and was seen tearing along in front. She grabbed her skirts as she ran and held them up until her garters were exposed.

"Go on, White Sox," roared the crowd. "Go on!" "Go on!" Every man on the ground was shouting encouragement. "Pull up your skirts," some roared to her. "White Sox in a canter." "No, the one with the blue dress has her." "Go on, Sox." The girls roared with laughter and excitement.

"Sox wins!" "Sox wins!" was to be heard on every side, as it was seen that the girl in blue could not entirely close the gap, and so it was Margy who landed in the arms of the man who had to catch the winner, a full yard ahead.

"You'll start in the fifth heat," said Hart, addressing Florence, "so let us go down near the start."

"No, I won't run."

"Go on! What are you afraid of?" said Miss Brown, who had been vanquished in the first heat.

Hart's friends joined in pressing her.

She looked at Uncle Herman, who had joined the group with his German girl, who attributed her defeat to being too stout. Herman smiled at her, but made no answer to her look at him.

"Come along," said Hart, coaxingly. "I'll bet ten dollars that you can beat Margy, and she's surely favorite now."

Florence thought in her mind she would like very much to beat Margy—she still harbored a little grudge against her.

Mort, Bert and Phipps still continued to press her, and she ultimately gave way and went toward the post while the fourth heat was getting ready to start, followed by her supporters.

"Are your boots tightly laced?" whispered Hart to her.

"No, I think one of them is a little loose." Hart immediately went down on one knee and adjusted the laces.

"You're all right now," he remarked, as he stood up. "You're sure to win," he said, encouragingly.

The fourth heat had no sooner started than Hart, Bert and Phipps pushed Florence into the center, at the starting place, and stood close behind her to see that no one would dispute her right to the position.

"You young gentlemen will have to stand back," ordered the starter.

"We're in nobody's road," replied Mort.

"Now, Florence," Hart whispered to her, "look out."

"They're off!" It was a fair start. Florence and a very tall girl on her right seemed locked together. It was a desperate struggle. She could hear the shouts of Hart and his friends behind her roaring, "Go on, Florence, you have her!"

Florence had no idea whether she had or not. She was straining every nerve, her eyes were on the people behind the tape, and step by step she seemed to be leaving her closest competitor, and the roar of the crowd she could hear shouting, "The blonde wins!" "The blonde wins!" Her friends in the rear were yelling so that their voices could be heard above the din of the multitude, "Go on, Florence!" "Go on, Florence, you have her!" Nearer the goal she made an extra effort to shake off the girl who had clung close to her all the way, and breasted the tape a bare half-yard ahead.

The other girls in the race were beat a distance.

Hart, Herman and the rest of her friends danced around her "There's nothing to it," shouted Hart. "She'll win the final in a canter." Florence looked appreciatingly at her champion.

"What do you think, Mort?" Hart inquired.

"She can't lose," was Mort's tip. "I'm going to have a little on her if there is any betting."

"Come on, Herman," Hart said to her uncle, "let us go and sit down somewhere. Never mind the balance of those heats. We'll see the final." Florence was only too glad to sit down. She felt exhausted after the hard tussle she'd had in beating the girl who hung on to her so persistently.

Mary Vann and Mr. Shapiro, who in company had witnessed the race, sought out Florence. On finding her, Miss Vann was lavish in praise of her protege. "You did splendid, little girl. I feel proud of you, and if you win I'm going to add something to the prize."

Mr. Shapiro, as became the dignity of the manager of the Great Cleveland store, remarked, "She ran well."

"Well, if she wins, I'll see you give her good value for the twenty-five-dollar prize. Remember, retail prices won't go, but cost, with a little rebate."

Mr. Shapiro laughed, while the group looked at Mary admiringly.

"Don't be afraid to pin up your skirts," was Mary Vann's recommendation, as she and Mr. Shapiro walked away.

Miss Jones joined the group. She had been vanquished in the seventh heat. She attributed her defeat to a nasty thing who placed her elbow before her just as she was coming to the front. "Only for that, I am sure I would have been in the final."

Hart called his friends aside and held a conference with his three partners in crime.

"Let us have a little fun," he suggested. "Go and tell Rock to offer to bet fifty dollars on Margy."

"A capital joke," said Bert, "if it's worked right."

"You go, Phipps," said Hart. "Tell him not to let on to Margy that it's only a bluff."

"Then if she should happen to win he'll have a hell of a time with her," chimed in Mort. "She'll want half the stake."

"I don't think he has fifty," continued Mort, "so we'd better send him over some. I have it here, Joe. Don't let any one see me give it to you."

Mort gave Phipps two twenties and a ten.

Phipps was going away when Hart called him back. "Tell him to want Mort to hold the money. I'll object, and after a little jolly we'll put it in the Dutchman's hand; he'll never tumble."

There were eleven girls to run off for the prize, two having ran a dead heat in one of the preliminaries; it was agreed to let both run in the final. All the contestants had their admirers and supporters and the rivalry was strong. On different parts of the ground groups could be seen around a central figure, in one a young woman in a brown dress seemed to be well known. It was rumored that she had won many races at picnics during the summer. The crowd around her was mostly composed of youngsters. She had won the eighth heat in a walk, as the sports say. One of the defeated girls complained she "was a ringer" (whatever that is).

Another openly charged that she was a professional. She only smiled at them as she went away, after being declared a winner, followed by her friends.

The cornet player blew a blast on his cornet for them to get ready for the final heat. A youngster about seventeen years of age was seen coming from where the girl in brown was seated. He approached Florence's circle.

"How are we going to fix de line dis time?" he inquired, addressing Hart.

"As we did before," Hart answered.

"Well, we're not going to be put on de outside where de crowd is," said the boy, defiantly.

"We don't care where you put yourself," said Bert. A number came forward, hearing the argument.

"Well, if you think you're going to put it over on us, you're mistaken," he said, turning away.

"Go chase yourself," shouted Mort.

"You'll see," was the youngster's threat as he left.

Rock at this moment was seen elbowing his way through the crowd that had gathered.

"I understand there's been some bluffing going on here—some talk of betting?"

"What's that you say?" inquired Hart, turning sharply around; he had been whispering something to Florence.

"I hear some of you fellows want to bet," said Rock, confronting him.

"Well, how do you want to bet?" retorted Hart.

"I'll bet Miss Margy Jenkins beats her."

"How much have you?" inquired Hart, snappishly.

"Fifty dollars," said Rock, pulling out the money.

"I'll go you."

"Mr. Hart," whispered Florence, rising, "I don't want you to bet on me."

"You never mind," he said, feigning impatience, "I know what I am doing."

"Who's going to hold this money?" inquired Hart.

"Put it in this man's hands," said Rock, pointing to Mort.

Hart demurred to making Mort stake-holder.

"Why, you know him," continued Rock.

"Yes, I know him, but knowing him and putting fifty bucks in his hands is a different thing. Let this man hold the stakes," pointing to Herman Wosta.

"I don't know him from a side of sole leather," said Rock, with a leer.

"Oh, he's all right," chimed in Mort. "You can trust him."

"Will you go good for him?" said Rock, inquiringly.

"I don't want to hold the money," protested Herman, totally innocent of the scheme.

"You hold the money," said Hart, thrusting his fifty dollars into Herman's hand.

"Well, if you say it's all right, Henry." Rock covered Hart's fifty.

Florence was fearfully embarrassed. She was beginning to feel nervous. The crowd by this time was twenty deep around her.

The youngster who came to represent the girl in brown pushed his way through the crowd.

"I'd like to make a little bet wid you," he said, addressing Hart.

"What do you want to bet?"

The youngster held a whispered conversation with three others about his own age. One was heard to say, "Bet it all."

"I'll bet you five seventy-five dat Miss Stern—dat's de girl wid de brown dress—comes in before her."

"You're on," said Hart, producing a five and a one-dollar bill; "put it in this man's hand."

The young sport looked Herman all over.

"Go on," said Phipps, "He's holding a hundred already." The money was deposited.

"I've seen de starter and he says you'll have to draw for places," the youngster informed them, as he turned to get Miss Stern in trim for the race, followed by his associates.

The final call for the start was given. There was a rush from all sides to get places. The contestants were seen coming from their paddocks, as it were. A number of volunteers had been pressed into service to keep the crowd back, some of them armed with sticks. "Keep back and give the girls a fair show," was the appeal of those engaged in keeping the course clear.

Margy was seen coming down the course, attended by Rock. She had her dress and underskirts pinned up so high that one might have observed her garters. "Here comes White Sox," was the acclaim, a number began to clap their hands, and the word that her young fellow had bet fifty dollars on her was passed along the line.

"If you win," shouted a man on one side, as she was passing, "we'll get you a job from Charlie Comiskey to run the bases for some of them slow coaches of his." There was a general laugh; Margy smiled at the author of the witticism. As she neared the starter she got an ovation.

Miss Stern came cantering down the course, followed by her backer with her coat on his arm. About midway she sprinted, showing a burst of speed.

"My, but she's a goer," was remarked by many. "I think she's a winner," said an elderly man, who seemed to be alone, but as was afterward found out was the proprietor of the Great Cleveland Store.

Other girls came down the center of the course escorted by

their friends, but got little attention, except a few remarks from some of the young men along the line as to some peculiarities in them.

Around the starter's place there was a throng.

"Come, draw for positions," said the starter, holding a hat in his hand, high enough to prevent any one looking in, "and remember, No. 1 is on the right, here," pointing to the position, "No. 2 is next and so one until eleven is on the extreme left."

Miss Stern's trainer and backer was the first to draw. "Number tree," he shouted. "Dat's good," said his chum. Miss Stern went toward the position and viewed the track ahead of her in a critical manner. "That's all right," she remarked to her backer; "couldn't be better."

Rock was next. He drew Number 5. He showed the slip to the man. "Come here, Margy." Margy took her place.

Florence had been brought to the starting place outside the crowd. The boys saw she was nervous, so kept her out of view of the spectators as much as possible.

Miss Jones and Miss Brown had attended to her preparations, which consisted of pinning her skirts a little up in front. They wanted to pin her petticoats up, too. "Ever so little," said Miss Jones, "so as to give more freedom to your knees."

"No," said Florence, emphatically, "that will do." The embroidery on the bottom of her white petticoat could be seen just above her shoe tops.

"You'd better go draw for her, Herman; I'd be afraid I'd draw a blank," said Hart, laughing.

Herman drew Number 7.

The starter had difficulty in keeping the girls in line, some in their eagerness wanting to poach a few inches.

"Keep back there, miss," was his frequent appeal.

Hart's last instructions to Florence, as he tapped her gently on the shoulder, was, "You keep still, never mind anybody. Keep your ears open for the sound of the pistol, and your eyes straight ahead. If we win the bit of money, we may need it in the future," he whispered into her ear. She smiled at him.

There were three false starts. One girl would run away and

three or four would follow her. On one occasion Florence took one step forward, but stepped back immediately.

Miss Stern stood like a statue, her left arm extended. Margy kept prancing, eager for the fray, her head down, her shoulders up.

A flash of the pistol, there was a roar—"They're off!"

"Miss Stern in a walk," yelled her backer.

"Go on, Margy," shouted Rock at the pitch of his voice. "White Sox! "White Sox!"

Ere half the distance was traveled it looked as if it would be a race between the Stern girl and Margy. Florence had lost a half yard at the start, she was still third, the gap between the first three and the other eight was gradually widening and some had already given up the chase.

"Brownie wins! Brownie wins!" yelled the crowd. "Come on, White Sox." "Come on, White Sox." "Good girl, keep at it."

"The blonde," shouted a man. "Look at the blonde," echoed the crowd, as they saw Florence gradually closing the gap between herself and the two other leaders. "The blonde!" "The blonde!" "The blonde!" developed into a roar as they saw Florence and Miss Stern side by side, straining every nerve.

"The blonde!" "The blonde!" "The blonde!" was shouted as fast as tongue could proclaim the sound. A final roar went up, "The blonde wins!" as Florence breasted the tape a few inches ahead of her nearest competitor, Margy scarcely a yard behind.

Hart, Mort, Bert and Phipps jumped for the referee. "Miss Burdett wins," shouted Hart into his ear. "By nearly a yard," exclaimed Mort.

"No, no," said the man, "hardly a foot."

"She's won, anyhow," said Phipps.

"Oh, yes, she won, that brown girl second, the little girl with the white socks third."

Florence still lay panting in the arms of the man who caught her. Hart ran forward and, taking her from him, kissed her (he apologized to her uncle after, saying he was so excited, he

didn't know just what he was doing). "O, that's all right," said the good-natured Herman, who never felt so proud in his life.

"That's not fair," shouted Miss Stern's backer, supported by a number of his chums; "Miss Stern won fairly."

"Get out, you snipe," roared Hart at him, "I'll give you a belt on the jaw," and he stepped back as if to carry his threat into execution.

Phipps shoved the youngster violently away.

"Come, now," said Mort, "let us have no quarreling. Miss Burdett won fairly, didn't she, Miss Stern?" The girl nodded her head.

Margy congratulated Florence. As she was only third she couldn't feel sore. If she'd been second she would never have forgiven her.

"Where's my girl?" shouted Miss Vann, running forward and taking Florence in her arms and kissing her, Mr. Shapiro looking on. The elderly man who had given the girl in brown as a tip came and spoke to Shapiro. Miss Vann joined them, still singing the praises of her girl.

"Let's go," said Hart; as they moved away the crowd followed them. They went toward the dancing pavilion. Florence was flushed.

"You're tired," Hart said to her, tenderly.

"No, I'm all right."

"Then come, we'll have this dance and will get away from the crowd."

Florence was lost amongst the dancers.

After the dance was over the group met in a corner of the pavilion. Herman Wosta gave Hart the stakes. "The stakeholder has a right to some commission," said Hart, laughing.

Herman protested, "I don't want any commission."

"Well, buy yourself a hat, anyway," Hart said, thrusting the five-dollar bill into Herman's hand.

Herman tried to force him to take it back, but Hart wouldn't have it. He was still seventy-five cents to the good.

"Put on your wraps and we will steal away for a stroll."

As soon as the dance was over and before Herman could

miss his niece, she and Hart were going toward the grove, where the trees were thickest. They were soon lost sight of by their friends.

When they had got some distance away, Hart told her there was a hotel and restaurant a little way up the road. "We will go and have something to eat." She offered no objection.

As they strolled along he began to talk of their first meeting. Six months ago she wouldn't have listened to him for a moment on the subject. As it was, the recollection caused her a pain.

Reaching the hotel, they entered the dining room.

"I never remember being so hungry," he remarked. "Have you any mushrooms?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter who was in attendance.

"Then two nice steaks with mushrooms. See that the meat is tender."

While they were waiting he began to tell her (a pipe story) of his bright prospects in the future, of some rich relations he had. She listened to him attentively. It was some time before the waiter arrived with their order. It looked tempting. The excitement and exertion had whetted Florence's appetite.

"We must have something to drink," he said, looking at her. "What will you have?"

"I never cared for anything only that we had at the supper table that night; that was nice."

"Well, I've won fifty, so we can afford a bottle." He beckoned the waiter. "Have you any Mum's?"

"No, sir, we have Cliquot's."

"Then bring us a quart bottle."

Ere the supper was over the lamps had been lit in the hotel.

"Come, Red," Florence said, sprightly, "we must go back—my friends will have missed me."

It was quite dark. Florence took his arm. "Let us hurry," she said. As they approached the grove all was quiet. She became alarmed. "Let us run." Ere they reached the railway track there were three loud screeches from the engine whistle. She had noticed in going to the hotel the cars standing on a siding. Now they were gone.

She ran into the little depot, Hart, not seeming to be in much hurry, following her. "What has become of the people that were at the picnic? Is this the right place?"

"The train pulled out about five minutes ago, miss. You see they have no lights in this grove."

She threw herself down on a bench. "What will I do?" she lamented. "Oh, what will I do?" Hart, who came leisurely along, professed surprise. "Too bad; too bad."

"What will we do?" she said, looking up at him. "When does the next train pass here?"—this to the station-master, as an idea seemed to strike her.

"Nothing until eleven in the morning, miss." She was stunned.

"What are we to do?" again she said to Hart.

"I see nothing for it but to go back to the hotel," he replied calmly.

"No, I'll stay here."

"We close up here when the freight goes by, miss."

"Does it go in the direction of Chicago?" Why she asked she didn't know.

"No, miss, it comes from Chicago." Her last hope had fled.

"You have a telegraph operator here?" inquired Hart.

"Yes, he's still here," looking in at the window where the operator was seated.

"Will he take a message?"

"Yes, of course, he will."

"What is your number, Florence?" She told him and he wrote:

"Mary Burdett, ——— ———:

"Have unfortunately missed train, looking for Herman. Going to stay in farmhouse. Don't be alarmed.

"FLORENCE."

He gave it to the operator. "Night dispatch," he said, as he handed it in.

"Let us walk back to the hotel."

She went with him in silence. Reaching there, he ordered another bottle of champagne. Florence's throat was parched,

she felt faint; she drank some of it, how much she didn't know.

He went up to the clerk's desk.

"Can we stay here tonight? We spent too long over our supper," he said, smiling, "and have missed the train. My wife is very much put out."

"I can accommodate you." The clerk handing him the register, he wrote:

"John B. Morgan and wife, Chicago."

Florence by this time was in a condition between resignation and despair. Hart pressed her to drink more of the champagne. He gloated over his conquest; he thought it was complete.

Chapter XXVIII

SCULLY IN BAD AND GOOD.

The news of the fight between Scully and the bouncer at the "Cowboys' Rest" was too good to remain long a secret; those not connected with the Monroe ranch, who had witnessed the conflict, spread it everywhere. It was the talk at the mines. Young Bronson, laid up in bed from the ill-usage he had received from Bingo, was highly elated, and resolved as soon as he was able to pay his respects to Mike.

"I know it was not for me he put up the scrap, but in defense of poor little Meta; so you tell me he put him down and out in three rounds?" This remark was made to a friend that sat by his bedside.

"Yes, siree."

"Glorious! He must be a scrapper."

"Well. I should say he is."

Monroe heard of the fight at a distant ranch he had visited the day afterward, none of his own men having mentioned it, though he had talked to many of them that morning before he left home.

"So you tell me that Mike slugged him good?"

"Slugged him's no name for it; he knocked the stuffings out of him."

"Well! Well! And you tell me Smith was there?"

"Yes, and that young coon of yours and a number of your men."

"The young rascal. Why, he hitched my horse up for me this morning, and never said a word about it; now I remember, he was in particular good humor; he seemed tickled to death. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he said, 'Nuffin, mister,' so I paid no further attention to him. I also was talking to Randal—he must have heard of it."

"I suppose they didn't want you to know."

"It seems not."

Monroe made a few calls during the day, and everywhere he went it was the subject of conversation.

"Who is that young fellow, Scully, you have over at your place, Monroe?" was the inquiry at most of the places he visited.

"A young fellow I brought with me from Denver. Why, what about him?"

Monroe was anxious to hear the opinion the people had of his protege, and wished to draw them out.

"Didn't you hear about the fight he had yesterday at the Rest?"

"Yes, I heard something about it, but don't know the particulars. How did my man come out?"

"Why, he made a veritable dub out of the Boston cyclone."

"You don't tell me."

When Monroe arrived home that night he was the proudest man in Montana. He was as much elated as if he was a fight promoter who had found a champion; not that he was in sympathy with such proceedings, but from the fact that his young friend had proved a hero, he felt he was entitled to share in the glory. As he drove through the gate leading to the barn, George ran to get hold of his horse. As soon as he got out of the rig he grabbed the colored boy by the ear. "You young son of a gun! before I went away this morning why didn't you tell me what happened yesterday, eh?" giving him a shake.

"I couldn't, massa."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Well, you see, massa, Mr. Scully made us promise not to say a word about it."

"Did he? Well, I want to know whose nigger you are—mine or Scully's?"

"Yours, massa."

"Here is a dollar for you," and Monroe let him go, tapping him good-naturedly on the cheek.

That night at the supper table there was great reserve on the part of Monroe's foremen. Monroe looked at the men hard from time to time and smiled. The ladies of the house had not heard a word of the shindie.

"Papa, you seem to be in very good humor tonight; you surely must have had a good time when you were away today."

Monroe straightened himself up in his chair and, looking over at his men, replied that he had met a few old cronies and talked matters over with them.

"I am glad to know you enjoyed yourself," replied his daughter. "Anything special?"

"No, just commonplace," shrugging his shoulders, at the same time looking significantly over at Smith, as much as to say, "I'm on."

The following morning when breakfast was over Miss Monroe was reading in the parlor when Miss Platt entered. "Did you hear the news, Virgie?"

"No, what news?"

"Why, there was a terrible row over at the gulch the day before yesterday, and Mr. Scully got into a fight."

"What? Mr. Scully got into a fight over at that place? I'm shocked. I thought he was a different kind of a person."

"Well, it's true. I heard some of the men talking about it. I heard one of them say it was a fight to a finish. I suppose they were all drunk."

"I didn't believe that Mr. Scully drank anything."

"I don't know as to that," answered Miss Platt, "but that there was a row, and I understand one of the women was mixed up in it."

"I am shocked to think of it."

"Yes, and I overheard one of them say that Scully was fighting for the woman, and that there was nearly murder."

"Terrible! I thought him to be so far superior to the rest of the men we have around here. It looks to me as if they are all alike."

"O, no, not that bad; you never heard of Mr. Randal visiting that dive."

"True, I never did. I hope for your sake he is an exception. I wonder if my father knows anything about it? I would be ashamed to ask him."

"Sure, he must know before this—all the men are talking about it."

There was a knock at the door. The housekeeper put her head in and said that "Mr. Scully had come over with a message from her father; would she tell him to come in?"

"Tell him to leave the message with you. I don't want to see him."

The housekeeper hesitated for a moment, somewhat surprised, as Mr. Scully, previous to that time, had always been treated with marked respect.

"You had better see him," said Miss Platt. "I would pay no attention to what has happened. What is it to you?"

It was more to her than she cared to tell.

"I suppose you are right. Tell him to come in."

"I must be off," remarked Miss Platt. As she left the room, Mike entered, hat in hand. Miss Monroe, who assumed to be reading at the time, looked up. She scrutinized him for a moment ere she spoke, to see if he bore any marks of the conflict.

He stood erect, neat and clean as ever, his well-combed locks brushed back from his forehead. He was not a gentleman, of that she was sure now, but he looked like one. "Well, sir, what is it?" in a cool indifference. Mike noticed the change.

"Your father sent me over to tell you that he was going out for a drive this morning, and wanted you to be ready to accompany him."

"You can tell him I will be ready." She recommenced reading her book.

Mike felt he had been cut. Her manner to him in the past had been genial. True, there was nothing but respectful familiarity between them. He felt uncomfortable, however.

He turned and left the room. He had no sooner gone than she felt sorry for snubbing him in the manner she did, so she laid down her book and shed a few tears. Her idol had fallen from grace, and she was unhappy.

When the rig was ready to take Monroe and his daughter out for a drive, Monroe lit a big black cigar and seated himself comfortably; he was at peace with all the world, and felt the enjoyment of it. His daughter got up beside him and took hold of the lines, it being her custom to drive whenever her father and she went out driving together.

She felt miserable. She reasoned with herself, "What need I care? It's none of my business what Scully does; he is nothing to me." Much as she tried to forget the episode, the words of Miss Platt, "He was fighting for a woman," would come to her mind, "and such a woman!" she would think to herself. Try as she would, Miss Platt's saying would not down; she could not banish it from her mind.

During the afternoon they visited the tomb of her mother; both father and daughter knelt in prayer. They arranged the drooping flowers and noted several repairs that were necessary, so that they might give the man whose duty it was to take care of all within the sacred enclosure the necessary instructions. Monroe noticed that his daughter was somewhat depressed, but attributed it to the visit to her mother's grave.

He never thought for a moment to allude to the fracas at the "Cowboys' Rest." He had ever tried to picture to his daughter everything that was good and bright and virtuous.

They drove to the town of ——. "We will go shopping, Virgie," he said. Her father was extra generous in inducing her to purchase what she might desire. "I feel very happy today, and as Christmas will soon be here, I want you to buy some presents for yourself and any acquaintances you may have out in this wilderness. Probably you would like to remember some of your friends in the Convent; don't stint yourself, my girl, you know we have plenty."

"By the bye, I will have to get a present for Mike; he is a fine fellow. I wonder what will be suitable?" His remarks struck her to the heart. "He was fighting for a woman" would revert to her mind.

She made no suggestion to her father's inquiry, "What do you think?"

"I have no opinion, papa, whatever you think."

"There will likely be some good shooting this winter. I'll buy him a shot-gun: he is worthy of it." His daughter was silent.

After Miss Monroe had made her purchases they drove home, her father contented, happy and proud beside his daughter, in whom he saw the reflex of her departed mother.

Virgie slept little that night. There was a ghost in the house; it was the first she had ever encountered during her whole sweet life. Her mother had died when she was quite young, before she had a full appreciation of the loss. She tried to banish from her mind the pitiful words, "He was fighting for a woman." At last she fell asleep.

She awoke in fright. She had dreamt she saw Scully and a giant of colossal proportions in a death struggle, the giant had Scully by the throat—she saw him in his agony of death, his tongue protruding. A woman stood by, laughing at his look of abject despair. She awoke, cold drops of sweat were on her forehead; she tried to sleep once more. She fell into a slumber and dreamt she was down deep in a noisome cavern, the air was foul, the stench oppressive; she knew not which way to turn to escape; she thought she saw crawling things over her head and vermin running around her feet; she tried to scream, but her tongue refused to act. She felt she was lost, and was about to fall down into a pit still deeper, when a voice rang out clear and distinct the words, "He was fighting for a woman."

She awoke in terror, sat up and looked around, to see if it was a reality. She lay back in her bed, determined to keep awake; she dare not attempt to sleep more that night.

During the morning she attended to her routine work as usual, gave the necessary instructions to the housekeeper and

attended to her father's wants; she always acted as his private secretary.

"My dear, you don't look very well this morning," said her father. "I hope you are not sick?"

"No, only a bad headache. I did not sleep well last night."

"I am sorry to hear that. Perhaps you had better lie down this afternoon, or maybe you had better go out riding; a scamper over the mountains might do you good. I am sorry I cannot go with you, as I have some business that I must attend to. If you don't care to go alone, I'll send one of the men with you. Mike's a splendid horseman—I'll get Randal to release him for the day."

"No, thank you, papa, I'll stay at home; I'll be better after awhile."

"Well, my child, have your own way, but remember if you're not better by evening, Doc Gibbs will be sent for. Good-bye," as he kissed her on the forehead and left.

He had no sooner gone than she resolved to hear the facts from an eye-witness. She'd know the truth, if it broke her heart. She had been aware of the fact that the colored boy had been with Smith and Scully the afternoon of the trouble —she would hear his version of it. She sent for him. When he arrived she was seated on the piano stool.

"George, you were out the day before yesterday with Mr. Smith and Mr. Scully, weren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I understand on the way back you stopped at the saloon in the gulch?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, tell me what happened there. I hear there was a row?"

"Yes, ma'am, but Master Scully told us to say nothing about it."

"Yes, but, George, every one knows about it now, so it's no secret, and I want you to tell me the particulars."

"Well, you see, it was dis way: When Massa Scully and Massa Smit came up to de saloon, just as we came in front of it, de free of us, Massa Smit sais, 'Mike, we'll get off here for

a few minutes.' Massa Scully sais, 'No, I would rather not.' 'O, come on, we'll only stay for a couple of minutes.' Massa Scully sais, 'Well, I'll wait for you here,' den Massa Smit sais, 'Come on, maybe some of our fellows is in and I want to see what shape dey're in.' I tell de truth, ma'am, I was feared Massa Scully would say no, as I wanted to go in and see de fun. Den Massa Scully followed Massa Smit in. I hitched de horses and go in, too. De house was full. Massa Smit, he talk to many people. Massa Scully stand back; I go look at de faro table.

"You know dat Bronson dat owns de mines?"

"Yes, I have heard of him."

"Well, you see, he was playing, betting lots of money. By golly, I neber seed such betting!

"Massa Scully, he still stand back. Before you have time to tink, big row started. Bronson sais dey are cheating him, de man wid de cards he called him—you don't want me to tell you what he called him—someting frightful. Den Bronson called him someting worse. I thought there would be some gun business, so I ducked behind Massa Scully, den dey called one anudder some more. I feels sure some one killed; some people hold Bronson. My! but wasn't he mad. Just den de boss behind de bar shout someting and yells for Bingo. You see, missie, Bingo's de bouncer, dis big (the colored boy extended his arms to show Bingo's proportions). Den Bingo comes running in from de dance place, and pushing everybody aside, he nocks Massa Scully nearly ober on top of me.

"Massa Smit pulls Massa Scully back, den de row begins fierce. Bingo cusses Bronson and calls him names, Bronson talks back, den Bingo gets real mad; he grabs Bronson by the throat and commences to choke him. Bronson, he hangs on to de table for dear life. Bingo he gets madder and strikes Bronson about de head and face. I looks up at Massa Scully, and I see he was getting mad, too. He neber sed noting, howeber, as Massa Smit was kind of standing in front ob him.

"Just den a girl, a little bit of a ting about so high (holding his hands up to his chin), she comes running out of de dance place and trows her arms about Bronson's neck, begs Bingo

not to hurt him. Dis makes Bingo madder den eber; he shubs her aside, she falls on de floor, den Bingo gives Bronson a great pull, choking him at de same time, so dat Bronson had to let go of de table; den de girl gets up agin and asks Bingo to let him go. Bingo shubs her aside and throws Bronson head-first right down in de road. I sprized he wasn't killed. Den de girl want to go help Bronson. Bingo shubs her in and trows her on de floor. I was looking at Massa Scully. I seed he get very red in de face and just den Bingo raises his foot to kick her.

"Massa Scully sais, 'Don't do dat; don't kick dat gal.' Bingo turned on Massa Scully right away, calls him names, say Monroe's tenderfoot, and much worse. Massa Scully again sais. 'Don't ill-use dat girl.' You see, she was lying on de floor, 'fraid to get up; den Bingo turned on Massa Scully as if he was going to eat him up, without eider salt or pepper."

As the colored boy went on with his narrative, Virgie got intensely interested. "Go on," she cried.

"Massa Scully kep quite cool, but, by jingo, you could see he was mad.

"Bingo abused him some more, and told him 'If it's fight you mean, I gives you all you want.'

"Massa Smit and two or tree more tried to persuade Massa Scully, but no use; Massa Scully sed he was going outside. I thought he'd be killed sure. Bingo follered him, den dey went out on de prairie. Some of de people said it was a shame, dat de young fellow wud be killed sure.

"Smit and some more begged Massa Scully to back down, but no use, missie."

The colored boy paused for breath. "Go on, George," said Virgie, now thoroughly enthused, "what happened then?"

"Why, you see, Massa Scully, he took off his handkerchief and his shirt, den he gives his pants a hitch and fastens his belt. I was trembling for sure. Den Bingo, he takes off his shirt and pants, missie, and ties a handkerchief around his drawers. Massa Scully turns to Massa Smit and sais, 'All I want you to do is to keep the crowd back and see dat I gets fair play.' A few of de men dat felt sure dat Bingo would kill

him, sed dey would, sure. Den Bingo, he sits on man's knee, and grins at Massa Scully and tells Smit to send to old Monroe's to cart away what'd be left of Massa Scully.

"Massa Scully neber sais a word, den he begins to fight. Massa Scully stands just like dis"—the boy tried to show Mike's pose and stepped around the parlor, as if sparring.

Virgie jumped from the piano stool to closer observe the boy's movements, now thoroughly excited. "Go on, George, with your story."

"Den Bingo comes just like dis. I held my bref; he runs at Massa Scully, I tink it all off, I shut my eyes. I opes dem just in time to see Massa Scully hit Bingo right on de nose, right dere, missie; dat was wid his left, and den wid his right he hits Bingo a wallop on de ear, makes him go hopping round de ring. I 'sure you, I begin to get courage. Den dey jumps round for a time and Bingo ketches Massa Scully, den dey wrestle; Bingo too big for Massa Scully, dey both fall, Bingo on top; den de saloon boss, he takes Bingo on one side and scrubs his face and rubs his breast where de blood was."

"Well, had Mr. Scully no friends?"

"Why, bless your heart, lots of 'em, but Massa Scully want no friends; he just sit down on de grass and look at Bingo; den, when Bingo ready, dey start fight again.

"Hah! Hah! Hah! By golly, missie, if you'd seen dat nose you would hab died. Den dey sparred round; Bingo looked fiercer den eber.

"Massa Scully like ice. De saloon boss shout 'Rush him, Bingo,' and Bingo done as de saloon boss tell him, but Massa Scully see him coming and just step aside, just like dis, and hits Bingo a wallop right ober de left eye; you'd a thought it was a razor he cut him wid; den he sparred some more, Massa Scully waiting for Bingo. Bingo he ran in and hugs Massa Scully like a bear, den dey wrestle, and as sure as I tell you, missie, Massa Scully trows Bingo flat on his back and rolls ober him! I wish you could have heard de shouts our side set up—you talk about a war dance by de Injuns, it was nutting like it."

"Then the fight was over, I suppose?"

"Not on your life, missie; Massa Scully get up and walk to our side, de saloon boss and some of his friends pick up Bingo and carry him ober to dere side, dey washed him and scrubbed him, he was a sight; dey rubbed him all ober. I heard de saloon boss try to cheer Bingo up. Bingo tried to grin," the boy laughed heartily at the idea.

"I brings a chair out and Massa Scully sits on it, waiting till dey had Bingo fixed up.

"Den dey starts to fight again; dis was round tree. De saloon boss shouted to Bingo to 'Go in and finish him,' meaning Massa Scully.

"Massa Scully, he dance round a little, just like dis. I sees he looks wicious; he goes close to Bingo; I holds my bref; Bingo hits at Massa Scully, he puts his head back and Bingo don't touch him; den Massa Scully goes right up to Bingo. My! Massa Scully looked bad den; I neber seed him look like dat before. He shuts his teet' tight and gibs Bingo a poke right in de stumic, and steps back to give Bingo time to get his bref, den he comes forward to Bingo agin and makes believe to hit Bingo in de stumic again wid his left. Bingo puts in his stumic quick, just like dis, and puts his great big head forward like dis; just as he does, Missie Monroe, afore you could tink, Massa Scully hits him right on de chin, a little on dis side, and Bingo lies flat on de ground.

"De saloon boss and his friends tries to wake him up, but he is sound asleep; de box is ober, de 'Boston cyclone,' as dey call him, is as stiff as a dead coon. Eberybody's wid Massa Scully den. Dey shout and want to shake hands wid him, and tap him on de back. All he says is, 'George, where's my shirt?'"

"Well, George, what happened then? I suppose you were crazy, too?"

"By golly, missie, I was neber so happy in my life. De saloon-keeper, he invites Massa Scully and eberybody in; he tells Massa Scully noting's too good for him; Massa Scully, he sez all he want's a pail of water to wash. I run for water, and he washed Bingo's blood from his neck and breast—you see, missie, when Bingo hug him he gets dat—den he puts on

his shirt and tie his handkercief round his neck. Saloon-keeper ask him what he take, Massa Scully say, 'Nuffin, tank you.' De saloon boss says, 'I hope no hard feelings.' Massa Scully says, 'No, not at all,' and smiles; dat's de only smile he gives de whole time."

"Where was the woman all this time, George?"

"Dey were all tickeled to deth; dey stood looking out of de window of de dance place. Ebery one of dem would hab left dere happy home for Massa Scully, but he neber looked where dey was."

"Well, that was ungallant of him; don't you think it was, George?"

"Naw, he wouldn't look at dat dirty white trash."

This remark brought a tear to Virgie's eye.

It was the climax of her hopes; in the innermost recesses of her heart there was a bright ray of hope—her faith had been restored.

"Den we all started for home. Massa Scully makes us all promise dat we'd neber gib it away, 'say nutting about it.' Don't you tink we done right, Missie Virgie?"

"Well, if you all gave your promise, you were in duty bound to keep it."

The door leading to the parlor, where the description of the fight had been given, was pushed open, and Mr. Monroe entered, laughing; he turned to his daughter, whose face was flushed with excitement, and said, "Come, Virgie, what do you think of that for a scrap? I think that George would make a good reporter for a sporting paper. Run away, boy, I'll see that Mr. Randal takes good care of you in the future." Turning to his daughter, "While I don't in any way encourage fighting of any kind, I think Mr. Scully proved himself a man, and was justified in everything he did. I feel prouder of him than ever. He resented the insult when that big brute called him 'Old Monroe's tenderfoot,' and going to the defense of the girl, bad and all as she might be, was an act worthy of a knight of old, such as we read about."

Miss Monroe was supremely happy to hear her father speak so highly of the man she had treated with such scant courtesy

the day before, and resolved in her mind to make amends at the earliest opportunity.

That night her dreams, if she had any, were of a different character than those of the night before.

Chapter XXIX

FLORENCE IN A BAD LIGHT.

Herman Wosta had not missed his niece until the word had been passed amongst the crowd that it was time the picnickers were leaving the ground. It was then dusk; the people were hurrying to get seats in the train. He sought her, but he had little anxiety, as he thought she had probably started earlier, and that he had missed her amongst the groups, who were hurrying toward the siding where the train stood. Reaching the train, he secured a seat for the German girl whose acquaintance he had made, and then commenced a tour of the different cars. He scanned the faces as he went along, but no sight of Florence could be seen.

He inquired of many if they had seen her, but none could give a favorable reply. He became anxious, and after he had reached the limit of his search he stepped off the train to look if he could see her coming. The whistle of the engine gave three loud blasts. "All aboard," shouted the conductor. "Come, young man, if you're going to Chicago, get on."

Herman was in doubt what he should do; the train began to move. "She must be aboard," he said to himself, as he grabbed the iron rail on the last car and swung on to the step. He immediately commenced another tour of the cars, but no Florence could be found. He located Mort, Bert, Phipps, Rock and Margy, who was sitting on the latter's lap with her arm around his neck. None of them had seen her.

"Where is that other young gentleman that was with you?" he inquired. None of them knew.

"I suppose he is somewhere on the train," replied Rock. Mort, Bert and Phipps looked through the window. Margy assumed to take no notice.

Wosta began to reproach himself for not staying behind. He sought the conductor and told him of his niece not being on the train. "What can I do?" he inquired. "I don't see as you can do anything. We don't stop till we get to Chicago, and if I did stop to let you off, you more than likely couldn't find your way back to the picnic grounds."

With a sad heart, he returned to where he had left his German acquaintance and sat down.

When the train pulled into the depot he jumped out in hopes that he was still mistaken, that he would see her on the platform. He waited until the last of the passengers had left the train, but no Florence. "How am I going to break the news to her mother, my sister?" he said to himself. The first saloon he came to he went in, and before he left had drank two glasses of whisky. He jumped up; a sudden thought struck him. "I will go back to the depot and make inquiries."

"Twelve twenty-seven in the morning," replied the man at the window.

"Is there any train going out there tonight?"

"No, sir. First train leaves here ten thirty in the morning."

Herman felt as if he wished himself dead; he silently turned around. "I must go tell them," he thought to himself; "but what can I say?"

On arriving at the Burdett cottage, he stood for a few minutes, irresolute as to what he should do or say; he peeped in through a crevice between the blind and the sash. He could see his sister in the dining-room; the table was set; he knew she was waiting their coming, and had prepared a meal for them. He saw her turn towards the window; he jerked his face away, though there was no possibility of her seeing him.

At last he entered.

His sister, hearing his footstep, came to the door leading to the dining-room to greet them. He went in and before inquiry could be made told of the mishap; Florence had been left behind.

"Oh, Herman! Herman! How could you do it? My child lost, perhaps murdered! Why didn't you stay and seek her?" she cried in her frenzy.

Herman could make no excuse; he held his head down like a culprit.

"Maybe she'll come on the next train," her mother cried.

"There's no train until morning," he moaned, "nor is there any going out tonight; if there had been I would have gone back."

"What will I do? What will I do?" she wailed.

"I will go and see Mr. Long; perhaps he will be able to help us." She snatched up her shawl and ran out, he following her.

Reaching Long's, she told them her trouble. Mrs. Long gave a fierce look at Herman. "This is a nice how-do-you-do," she said.

"Console yourself, Mrs. Burdett," said Long; "more than likely she'll turn up all right in the morning. Of course, I don't like the look of it, but I don't see what we can do. You say there's no train coming in from that direction tonight?" addressing Herman.

"No, sir; I made every inquiry."

"Nor none going out?"

"No, sir."

Mrs. Burdett could not suppress her grief. "I'll go over and see what father says," rising to leave.

"You go with her, Bridget," said Long, addressing his wife. Mrs. Long began preparation to accompany the sorrowing woman. "If I don't come back tonight, you'll know where I am," said Mrs. Long on leaving.

Mr. and Mrs. Wosta were very angry, when they heard of the trouble, Herman was soundly berated by his mother. He had no reply to make to any of her censure.

"Console yourself, my child," remarked the old man, "you seem born to trouble; but perhaps there is little harm done. She more than likely found lodgings in some of the houses out there, when she saw she missed the train."

"Who was she with?" inquired Mrs. Long.

"We were all together most of the time enjoying ourselves. There was a race for young women, and she won. A young gentleman who was in the company bet fifty dollars on her."

"What was his name?"

"A Mr. Hart."

"Didn't he see her before the train left?"

"I didn't see him; he was not on the train." Mrs. Long's brow lowered.

"Who was he?" inquired his sister.

"Florence introduced him to me, she knew him, said he worked in the store."

"Well, there's nothing to do but wait," remarked the old man.

That was an anxious night at the Wosta's as well as at the home of Widow Burdett. Mrs. Long stayed with her. A little after eight in the morning a messenger boy arrived with a telegram, which, as our readers know, put Herman in a bad light. Mrs. Long out of respect for her friend, who was now more angry than grieved, didn't give vent to her feelings.

Herman arrived shortly after the telegram, his sister treated him very curtly, Mrs. Long didn't deign to notice him.

"Any news?" he inquired. His sister handed him the telegram.

"So she lays the blame on me," he said, clenching his teeth, "Well, I'll have it out with her as soon as I see her, and if that fellow Hart's on the train, when I meet him I'll want him to explain something." With this he went out, pulling the door behind him with a bang that shook the cottage.

* * * * * * * * * *

When Florence awoke and saw her position, she jumped from the bed she had slept in.

"Where are you going?" inquired Hart.

"Home; to catch the train."

"What's your hurry? It don't go until after eleven o'clock."

She made no reply, but proceeded to dress; he got up and tried to detain her.

"Don't lay a finger on me; if you do, I'll scream for help," backing away from him. Being partly dressed, she gathered up the remainder of her clothes and sought the bath-room, fastening the door. Hot, scalding tears fell from her eyes. She felt she had been outraged, trapped. A spirit of resentment animated her, her head ached, she remembered the wine she drank. "What excuse can I offer," she thought, "I am ruined. Can I ever look my mother in the face again? I should have known better," she wiped the tears from her eyes with the towel, washed and put on the remainder of her clothing.

Hart was waiting for her in the office.

"I have ordered breakfast," he said with a smile.

"I don't want any breakfast," she replied, going towards the door. He followed her. Arriving at the depot there was still over an hour's wait for the train. He sat beside her, tried to enter into conversation, she was silent, making no reply to any of his remarks.

When the window was open for the sale of tickets he went and bought two for Chicago. On the arrival of the train, she went and took her seat. He sat beside her, again trying to induce her to talk.

"What are you fussing about?" he said, "it will be all right. I sent a telegram to your old woman that you missed the train, and that you were going to stop at a farm house. None of them will be any the wiser. Didn't I tell you I'll do the right thing by you?"

"You did; but I don't believe you."

He laughed. She turned from him and looked through the window. He tried to keep up a conversation, she made no reply. As the train entered the suburbs of Chicago he rose.

"I'm going to get off at the next station, I hope to see you when you've got over your tantrums."

"Remember your promise," was her reply.

He laughed as he took off his hat on leaving.

Arriving at Chicago she found her uncle waiting for her.

"So you've got here?"

"Yes, don't you see I'm here?"

"How did you come to miss the train?" he inquired, showing some temper.

"I don't know, I strolled away too far, and didn't think the train would leave so early."

"Who was with you?" grasping her by the arm.

"No one."

"Where is that fellow Hart?"

"I don't know."

"Well, he didn't come on the train last night?"

"How was I to know? I wasn't on the train."

"Well, I expected him on this train—and if he was I would have had him explain something."

"You'll have to see himself about that."

"Why did you lay the blame on me for your missing the train?"

"I didn't lay the blame on you."

"Yes, you did."

"Well, if I did; you see the people are looking at us. I'm going home."

As Florence entered the cottage her mother met her at the door, and folding her in her arms wept tears of joy, as she asked her how she came to miss the train. "Oh, Florence, you don't know how unhappy we have all been, we thought something terrible had happened you."

"Mama, best of mamas, I am sorry that I made you so unhappy." She began to cry, the tears of mother and daughter mingled as they embraced.

Mrs. Long was a silent, thoughtful witness.

Herman stalked sullenly into the kitchen.

"What time did you send the telegram?"

"It was after eight, mama."

"I want to know," shouted Herman, "why you blamed me in it? Read it," he shouted, placing the message in her hand.

She looked at it, she was short of an answer, her face became scarlet.

"Don't be cruel to her, Herman," was his sister's appeal, "probably she was so excited at the time she didn't know what she was writing."

"I want to know from herself," shouted Herman, this dialogue between Mrs. Burdett and her brother gave Florence time to frame an answer.

"The man in the depot wrote it. I told him I was looking for my uncle."

Herman, only half satisfied, left the house, banging the door after him as he left.

"Never mind him," said Mrs. Long, "he's mad. I was mad myself last night, laying all the blame on him, but now since she's home there's no further use of talking about it."

Florence went back to work the following day. Some of the girls showed a coolness; Margy was extremely sociable. "You missed the train," she said in a whisper. "Mr. Hart missed it, too," she continued, as she grinned into Florence's face, which turned scarlet.

Mary Vann shook her finger at her, "You must be more careful, my girl. I understand the young man who was paying so much attention to you missed the train also. You know, Florence, that looks suspicious."

Every one in the store seemed to know it. Florence resolved to turn a deaf ear to them all.

When she received the order for the twenty-five dollars' worth of merchandise she had won, she turned it over to her mother, who asked her what she would buy her with it. "Not a thing, mother; it's all for you."

Miss Vann, who had promised her a prize, told her she was going to give her something of the value of five dollars, "What will you choose, Flo? You know I told Shapiro you had to get wholesale prices, and I'll see that you get it."

"No, Miss Vann, I can't take anything from you, you have been too good to me already."

"Yes, but you must. I insist."

"I don't want anything."

"Come, girlie, what ails you?" Florence's lips quivered, she made no reply. "I am afraid there is something wrong with that girl," Miss Vann said to herself.

Next day she gave Florence an order for five dollars' worth. "Take that home to your mother," was her instructions.

It was two weeks before Hart accosted her, one evening while she was leaving the store.

"Well, have you got over your huff?"

"Why do you want to stop me?"

"O, I have something to tell you."

"Then tell me."

"I can't tell you here, come where we can sit down."

"No, I won't sit down."

"O, you won't, won't you?"

"No, sir; if you have anything to tell me, you can talk to me here." He looked across the street, a policeman was standing on the opposite corner. "Then if you don't want to talk to me, I'll bid you good night, but remember," in a threatening tone, "I'll see you later." He walked away, she pursued her journey home.

Mary Vann was a woman of experience, she had gone through the mill. She noticed the change in her protege. The girl was subdued, she felt like asking her her troubles. "A love affair, I suppose," said Mary to herself.

One morning while Florence was on her way to work, Hart accosted her. "I'm going to wait for you tonight," he said, "and I'm going to have a plain heart to heart talk with you." He turned on his heel and left her without another word.

Miss Vann noticed her very nervous condition when she came in, but said nothing to her.

Hart stopped her that evening shortly after she left the store. He had been drinking, "What I want to see you about," he said abruptly, "is that I'm going to a dance on Saturday night, and you're going with me."

"No, I'm not. I won't go to any more dances or anywhere else with you, until you fulfill your promise to me."

"What a hurry you're in. I've told you I'd treat you right."

"Yes, you told me, and at first I believed you, but now I don't."

"Well, you'll go, won't you?"

"No, I cannot."

"If you don't it will be worse for you, and you're not going to have that plug of a Dutchman with you, either. Remember,

I'll be around your house about nine o'clock waiting for you."

"And if I don't go"

"I'll expose you. My word's as good as yours," she felt as if she would faint.

As the week advanced her nervousness became more apparent to Miss Vann.

"You're positively sick, Flo," she said, on Saturday morning, "what ails you?"

"I don't feel well," the girl replied.

"I think you had better see a doctor."

"I'll be better soon."

Fear of exposure had destroyed her last vestige of courage. She felt as if she must submit. After supper she remarked to her mother, "I'm going out a little this evening."

"Where are you going?"

"I promised to meet some friends. I won't stay long."

"What time are you going?"

"About nine o'clock."

"Why, that's too late to go anywhere."

"But that's the time I promised to go."

Her mother looked at her in blank amazement.

It was close upon nine o'clock when Red Hart could have been seen standing near the lamp at the corner of Thirty-fifth and Halsted streets. He stood in the shadow, looking in the direction Florence would have to come, intent upon his purpose; he had not noticed a man coming around the corner.

"Here! you're the fellow I've been looking for," said the newcomer, laying his hand upon Hart's collar. "What is there between you and my niece?"

"That's my business," replied Hart, assuming a belligerent attitude.

"I'll let you know it's my business, too. You were the means of her losing the train coming from the picnic, and I want to find something out about you."

"You do, do you? Well, you find out. She'll be here in a minute or two and perhaps she'll tell you."

"So you're waiting for her, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then you'll come over to her mother's house and ask her leave."

"I'd like to see you make me!"

"I'll darn soon make you; come along." Herman's blood was up. He was a much more powerful man than Hart, he commenced to drag him along.

Hart stood as far from Herman as he could, Herman had him by the collar and was pulling him along, when he struck Wosta full in the face, breaking loose and ran down Thirty-fifth street, pursued by Herman. Reaching the alley and diving into the darkness Hart was soon lost to sight.

Herman, seeing pursuit hopeless, went towards the Burdett cottage, his nose bleeding profusely. He met Florence just coming out of the door. He pushed her back.

"My God, what has happened you?" his sister cried as she saw his condition.

"A friend of my lady's," looking at Florence, "and I have had a little mix-up, but I'll get him," looking at his sister, as he went towards the kitchen. "You'd better keep her in. I'm sorry to say, she'll take some watching."

Widow Burdett was stunned by his remarks.

Florence, dressed ready to go out, sat weeping bitterly in a chair.

"So you were going to meet him?" said Herman, white with rage. "Well, you can save yourself the trouble. I've seen him and I just want one more interview with him. Where does he hang out," he shouted, turning to Florence.

"I don't know," she sobbed.

"Well, I'll find out."

Mrs. Burdett was shocked, as she was the day her husband was brought home a corpse, she could find no speech. Her mind reverted to the morning her daughter returned from the dance in such a frightful condition and to her staying away the night of the picnic. She knew now that something was wrong, her daughter had deceived her—how far? She shuddered to think.

On the following Monday evening about seven o'clock, Hart and his associates met at Hooligan's. Hart was telling them of the scrap he had with the Dutchman.

"Did you soak him good?" inquired Rock.

"I just gave him one punch," answered Hart, "but he'll not forget it for some time. What I should have done, was to plug him."

"That's what you should," said Rock emphatically.

"What was it all about?" inquired Mort.

"You know that blond, that girl that won the race at the picnic, the one I kept out that night?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had a date with her, and was waiting on the corner when the Dutchman came along and began to ask me what I was doing there, and who I was and a whole lot of other dope. I told him to mind his own business. He said, 'I am minding my own business,' or something like that, and grabbed me by the collar."

"How are you, boys," said Hooligan, coming in to go on watch behind the bar.

"Go on with your story," said Rock, not heeding the interruption.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Hart, "he wanted me to go over and see her mother. I objected; he started to drag me, so I let him have one, and seeing the jig was up, broke away and ran down an alley, he after me."

"That's the time you should have done for him," said Rock, showing his dissatisfaction at Hart's methods.

Two policemen came in at this time, and beckoning Hooligan to come to the far end of the bar, whispered something to him, and went straight out by the side entrance.

Hooligan went over to where the men were sitting around the table. "I've just got the tip there's a warrant for you, Hart, somebody by the name of Wosta swore it out against you, and two of the Central men are looking for you."

The five men jumped to their feet.

"What do you think I should do, Henry?" inquired Hart, looking at Mort. "If that other affair of mine had only been settled I wouldn't have cared."

"I should advise you to keep out of the way for a time," was Mort's advice.

"Did they tell you what the charges was, Hooligan?" inquired Phipps.

"No; they didn't know."

"It's most likely for the slugging," suggested Hart.

"May be; may be worse," said Rock, grinning over at Hart.

"You'd better get out, anyway," said Mort, "until we have time to fix it."

"I think so," suggested Hooligan, "I wouldn't like you to be arrested here, it might give the house a bad name."

"Hear him," said Rock, looking fiercely at Hooligan.

"I'll skip, anyhow; I'll let Rock know where I am."

"Give us the cards, Hooligan," said Mort; "likely some one will be dropping in to look for our departed friend." They had only been playing a few minutes when two men entered the saloon simultaneously. One came in by the front and the other by the ladies' entrance. They each gave casual glances at those in the saloon, and then went up to the bar.

"Give me a small beer."

"What will you take?"

"I'll take a beer, too."

Hooligan served them. The man who ordered the drinks placed a ten-cent piece on the counter. Hooligan shoved it back toward him.

"Take pay for the drinks," said the man, pushing the ten-cent piece back toward Hooligan. He then turned his back to the bar and looked over to where the card game was going on, as if interested.

The two policemen, who had been in previously, entered. They both nodded to the two strangers, one of whom went toward them and began a conversation. "I was just saying," remarked the policeman, "that I hadn't seen Red around here for a couple of weeks."

"No, I guess he must be out of the city," replied Hooligan, at the same time going to the other end of the bar to serve a couple of customers who had come in.

"Hello, Squinty," said one of the newcomers, noticing him for the first time. "How's things?"

"Pretty good."

"What are you doing now?"

"Tending bar for Hooligan."

"Nothing else?" said his questioner, smiling.

"Not a thing."

"Come, let us be going," said the man who had paid for the two beers. "You've a pretty select trade here, I see, Mr. Hooligan," at the same time looking in the direction of the card table.

Hooligan was lost for an answer.

"I wonder what he meant by that?" said Hooligan, after they were out of hearing.

"He means that you keep a pretty tough joint," said Mort, laughing.

"He'd better be careful that I don't get his star," replied Hooligan, boastfully.

"You will, like hell," replied Mort. "That's Sergeant McCarthy; you had better treat him civilly when he comes around, or the Workingman's Headquarters might have a lock-out."

"I did try to treat him civil; I shoved his ten cents back to him when he went to pay for the drinks, and he wouldn't accept it."

"That's the kind of man he is," said Bert; "you can't bribe him with a few cheap drinks."

"But hadn't Hart a close call?" said Phipps.

"That reminds me," remarked Hooligan, "I'll have to see the alderman about that in the morning."

Chapter XXX

VIRGIE MONROE MAKES AMENDS TO SCULLY

Virgie Monroe, the day after her interview with the colored boy, determined to make amends to Scully; how to do it was a problem. She couldn't send for him and tell him of her sorrow for the mistake she had made; her pride wouldn't permit her to make too abject an apology, for she felt she was in a

measure not to blame in slighting him; as the impression she had formed of him through the version of the story she had heard justified it.

Her first idea was to inform her father of the facts of the case and let him explain the matter; she soon banished that plan, knowing her father would laugh, and wind up by saying, "I'll see Mike, it's all right."

"No, I'll see him myself and tell him I was out of humor when he called; if he is reasonable, I may tell him the cause."

From Miss Monroe's window a full view of the valley could be seen. She could see in the distance the herds of cattle and the cowboys tending them. She knew Mike was somewhere near them, she could observe a number of their horses tethered, the men in many instances lying round smoking and chatting. She looked carefully and thought she could recognize Hercules. She surmised that Scully was close by. She prepared her toilet with special care. "Probably he will come over to eat at noon; if he is alone I will meet him as if by chance," she soliloquized.

She gave orders to saddle Juno, as she would probably take a ride before dinner.

It was approaching midday as she looked intently from her window. She saw one of the men get up from the grass where he had been sitting with others and go towards Hercules. She knew that must be Scully, she saw him unloose the lariat by which the horse was fastened, fold it carefully and attach it to the hook on the saddle; she saw him tap his horse on the neck, stroke down his forelock and could see the animal put his nose in the man's face as if to kiss him; she saw him place his foot in the stirrup and vault into the saddle.

She ran downstairs to where Juno was fastened, waiting her pleasure, mounted and rode in the direction she knew Scully would come. As they came in plain view of one another she assumed an air of indifference, hardly looking in the direction of the man she had set out to meet, but when within proper distance Scully took off his hat and bowed his head, as he had often done before in passing.

Virgie hoped he would speak first, if only to bid her good

morning. When quite close she saw he was going to pass without even this formality.

She reined in her horse, bringing Juno to a stand. Scully seeing her intent, gently restrained Hercules, who, straining his neck, put his nose towards Juno's, who snapped at him. "Your horse is not very sociable this morning, Miss Monroe," he said, smiling.

"No, Mr. Scully, and I am afraid I was not very sociable with you the other morning. I have no doubt you noticed it."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Monroe, I did think you a little cool; I, however, attributed it to some little irritation on your part, probably something had annoyed you."

"You surmised right then, something had annoyed me."

"Well, so long as I was not to blame, it's all right."

"Yes, but I thought you were to blame; in fact, you were the innocent cause of it all."

"Indeed! Why, that's news to me," he said, smiling at her. "How could I cause you the annoyance?"

Her face began to color. "You see, I heard of the row in that horrid place, and I received the information in such manner as to put you in a bad light; so I was angry."

Mike looked steadily at her. She bowed her head under his gaze while a thrill ran through Mike's frame; he felt she was interested in him. "Well, Miss Monroe, if I am again returned to your good graces, I am happy. Your father is the only substantial friend I ever had in life, so you can easily understand the pain it would give me to lose the respect of his daughter."

She turned her horse in the direction Mike was going; both the animals were impatient. Mike checked Hercules—the moments were too pleasant to permit their hasty passing.

"I know all about it," she said, smiling at him.

"And you think I wasn't much to blame?"

"I know you were not to blame, but I don't want you to go near that place again."

"No fear; but let us forget it."

"Then you forgive me for my want of courtesy to you the other morning?"

"I never harbored any resentment toward you, Miss Monroe. I think too much of you." She looked into his face, he returning her glance. They had reached the men's quarters, Mike was about to dismount.

"It's ungallant of you," she said archly, "not to see me all the way." In his eagerness he shook the bridle reins, causing his horse to start forward. Mike checked him and they continued toward the house together. Reaching the front of the homestead, Mike jumped off and assisted Miss Monroe to alight; as she went up the steps leading to the veranda she turned and smiled at him, he lifted his hat.

George came forward and took hold of Juno, "Been out for a ride wid Miss Monroe?" he said to Scully, grinning.

"No, I just met her on the way to the house."

"Best gal in de nation."

"Do you think so, George?"

"Yes, sah."

Mike thought he was about right.

One day the following week Mr. Monroe and his daughter were taking a walk in the direction of the bunk houses. They went over to where Mike was standing, and as they approached Mike lifted his hat. "How are you this evening, Scully?"

"Fairly well, sir."

"You seem to me to be getting stout?"

"Well, that's so; I have gained ten pounds since I have been out here."

"Yes, my boy, that's the climate."

"I was attributing it to the bill of fare," said Mike, laughing.

"I suppose being out so much in the open air gives you an appetite, Mr. Scully," remarked Virgie.

"Yes, I think that has a good deal to do with it."

Just then a young, tough-looking fellow rode up. "Are you Mr. Scully?"

"Yes."

"I've a letter for you." Mike wondered who would send him a letter, and was about to put it in his pocket to read after Monroe and his daughter left.

"I guess he wants an answer right away," said the messenger.

Mike looked at the letter, there was no stamp on it. He opened it and commenced to read; a dark scowl came over his face. He looked at the young fellow who had brought it.

"Is there an answer?" inquired the man.

"No!" shouted Mike, "tell him there's no answer."

It was plain to Monroe and his daughter that whatever was in the letter was very displeasing to Scully. "Isn't that one of Murry's fellows?" inquired Monroe.

"Yes, sir; it seems so; I never saw him before."

Mike held the letter in his hand, and seemed to be thinking.

"I suppose that's a challenge, Mike," said Monroe. Virgie gave a start at the suggestion, Scully noticed her.

He was thinking whether he would tear up the missive or not. A thought struck him—probably Virgie would think the letter was either of a suggestive, or compromising character. He didn't care as to what her father thought, but he could see plainly her womanly curiosity was aroused.

He placed the letter in Monroe's hand.

"I can't read in this light without my glasses. Virgie, you read it."

"I'd rather she wouldn't."

"Why, there's no secret, nor anything immoral in it, is there?"

"No."

"Then read it for me, girl."

She proceeded to read:

"Mike Scully, Sir:—Ise wish to tell you ise a place open as i knows wud sute u and as u says u av no feelings after the little troubles use had wid bingo de boston ciklone ise glad to offer yuse de first shans, Bingo after he got out of bed after de trouncing u gives him pitched up de job i trise to swade him but no use he says he cant sta in any place were dere is a man he cant trash so quits; I offers you de possish at twicet de salery u gets from old monroe i knose you'l like de job all de girls is stuck on you, yuse can have pick and choice besides there

will be a little money on de side send word wid pete dat brings dis note or come over and see ur friend.

JACK MURRY."

As Virgie read the letter her face became scarlet. At its conclusion she looked hard at Mike; whose face protrayed intense wrath.

"I see you are in demand in this part of the country, Scully," said Monroe, smiling, though it was apparent he, too, was angry.

"It's just as well he didn't bring the letter himself," remarked Scully.

"He's a pretty tough citizen," said Monroe, "I suppose you are going to answer his letter?"

"No, sir."

"I would answer," said Miss Monroe, emphatically, "and I would give him a piece of my mind."

"Oh, yes, I suppose you would have him accept the job," winking at Scully.

Virgie was silent.

"Look at the splendid opening it is for him," said Monroe, continuing; "twice the salary your father's giving him, and all the girls stuck on him—you know that counts for something."

Miss Monroe's face lit up again, "It's a disgrace to allow such a place to exist, father, and you and the rest of the decent men in this community should combine to put him out."

"That's easier said than done, girl. Murry's quite a factor in this county." Scully tore the letter into pieces and threw it away.

"Well," remarked Monroe, "I suppose the ignorant blackguard thought he was paying you a very high compliment."

"I suppose so."

"Let us be going," said Virgie. "Good evening, Mr. Scully."

As the girl and her father left she turned around, and gave Mike a look of approval. She was, however, too angry to smile.

A couple of days after the above interview, Mr. Bronson called at Monroe's. He was well known to all the people at

the house as a wealthy young miner, with more money than sense; an inveterate gambler, and one who sometimes went on a "tear." Many of the young ladies, in spite of his well known failings, looked upon him as a catch, although, the country being sparsely populated and having so large a percentage of men over women, husbands were easy to get, but they were a rough lot, nearly all having the same failing as young Bronson, without his advantages. He was educated and could act the gentleman in good society. He was ushered into the little office, where Monroe was seated, his daughter and he looking over some contracts.

Miss Monroe bowed coldly to him as she rose to leave when he entered.

"Hello, Bronson, I'm glad to see you're up and around again."

"Thank you, Mr. Monroe. I just came over to make the acquaintance of a Mr. Scully you have here. I feel under an obligation to him, though I know it was not on my account, but as he pounded the fellow that abused me I feel a kind of friendship for him."

"Well, I don't know just at present where he is, but I'll send and find out."

"I am sorry to see that Miss Monroe is not very friendly with me."

"No, I guess she's not," smiling at him. "Some one must have been telling her about some of your doings."

"I suppose so," remarked Bronson, "but I've given them up now, I'm through."

"You won't try to buck the tiger any more?"

"Not for some time. I've been nearly dead."

"Ah, a sick-bed repentance," said Monroe, laughing.

"I mean it, and I'm going to stick."

"Wait a moment and I'll send George over to find Scully."

It took George some time to find Scully, who was out on the plains.

Monroe and Bronson talked over conditions in the district, and matters of business. The Full Hand mine which Bronson owned was putting out a large quantity of good paying ore.

"See, then, that you attend to it," was Monroe's advice, as he saw George and Scully coming towards the house. "Don't say too much about that trouble you had at Murry's. Mr. Scully don't care to talk about it."

"Why, that's just what I came over here to see him about."

"Well, then, draw it mild."

As Scully came in at the front door, Miss Monroe met him, "Good morning, Mr. Scully," extending her hand.

"Good morning, Miss Monroe." He gently pressed her hand as he held it for a little longer than was necessary.

"I see you didn't take that position yet?" she said, smiling.

He laughed, "No, not yet." He increased the pressure on her hand—he thought he could feel a tightening of her own on his great palm, ere he let go.

"Come in, Mike, there's a gentleman here who wants to make your acquaintance; Mr. Bronson, Mr. Scully."

They shook hands.

"I suppose you remember me, Mr. Scully?"

"Yes, I've seen you before."

"Well, I came over to make your acquaintance and to thank you for the favor, unintentional on your part, but a service that gave me great satisfaction anyway."

"Don't mention it," replied Scully, smiling at him.

"I know from what I have heard that it was hardly on my account, but you saw how that great big beast abused me, and perhaps that had something to do with your actions.

"Well, I didn't like to see him treat you as he did, but it was his brutality to the girl that made me mad."

"Why, don't you know," said Monroe, "he has got an offer of Bingo's job!"

Bronson looked at Mike for a moment, not knowing what to say. At length he said, "I hope he is not going to leave you, Mr. Monroe?"

"Well, you see," replied Monroe, "Black Jack Murry has offered him a large increase in salary and some special attractions entirely outside my powers to confer." Monroe winked at Scully as he made this statement.

"Well, if he's going to leave you on account of a monetary

consideration, I don't care what Jack offers him, I'll do the same and some better."

"What! raise the ante? It looks to me as if you and Murry are trying to bull the labor market."

"I mean what I say," replied Bronson warmly. "All Mr. Scully has to do, if he wants a change, is to come over to the office of the Full Hand and hang up his hat."

Scully, who enjoyed this repartee, thanked Mr. Bronson for his kind offer, but guessed he would stay where he was for some time. "The job I have suits me and I have more money than I have any use for. I never was much of a custodian for money anyhow, and now what I have," continued Mike, "I haven't any opportunity to spend."

"Bronson could show you a way," said Monroe, laughing; "but, Bronson, it's time you and I had a drink?"

"No, thank you; I've quit drinking."

"What!" said Monroe, rising, "you quit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the old scripture saying, 'While yet the light holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return.' I'm going to ask you to stay and have dinner with us, anyway."

"I don't think the mistress of the house cares for my company," said Bronson, grinning. "Perhaps you had better consult her before you ask me."

"O I'll square you with her. I'll tell her you've reformed. Mike, go tell Miss Monroe I want to see her."

Whatever Mike said to her we don't know, but she came in smiling.

"You know Mr. Bronson?"

"Yes, papa, I have heard of the gentleman."

"Well, I want you to shake hands with him. He has joined the temperance ranks with our friend Scully, and has promised to quit playing poker, so he is O. K. from your standard."

Bronson looked very sheepish but extended his hand to Miss Monroe, who said she was pleased to hear such a good report of him.

Scully wanted to bid them good morning, saying he had to go back.

A Modern Gladiator

"You'll stay and have dinner with us, Mike?"

"No, thank you."

"O yes, you will. I'll see the timekeeper about you and if he kicks I'll try and use my influence with him," remarked Monroe, laughing.

Mike hesitated and looked at Virgie. He read her mind in her glance, and stayed. Dinner over, Monroe took Bronson out to show him the stock, Scully and Miss Monroe going with them. A long passage divided the stockade where the most valuable cattle were kept. It was about six feet wide and on each side was a rough fence built of split saplings, about six feet high.

Mr. Monroe and his party were about midway up the passage when they heard a voice yelling, "Look out, head him off!" They looked in the direction of the voice and saw a magnificent young bull coming tearing along. The voice yelled again, "Look out!" Bronson, seeing the danger, took to his heels in an effort to get out of the passage before the bull could reach them. Mike ran in front of Miss Monroe just in time to see her climb the fence like an acrobat; Monroe flattened himself against the rails. Scully ran in front of the bull and began waving his arms and shouting. The bull, seeing him, lowered his head for a charge, determined to sweep all opposition aside. Mike grabbed the animal by the horns. "Let him go," shouted Monroe; "let him go!" Scully held on; the beast pushed Scully before him, using every effort to get loose. When they reached the open the animal increased its fury, and Monroe shouted to Scully, "Let him go!" Miss Monroe jumped off the fence and came down to get a better view of the struggle. The beast shook his head in the most frantic manner, then raised it, lifting Mike off his feet. Mike's agility was displayed in getting back on his feet again. The bull stood still, for a moment, to eye his tormenter, Mike tried to turn him back to the corral, while the animal, now wild with passion, renewed his efforts to shake Scully off. It was a struggle between mind and matter. Monroe, in spite of his persistent shouting to Scully to let him go, could but admire the superb grit, strength and agility of his protege. "That

man knows no fear," he said to Bronson, who was now keeping well in the background.

Miss Monroe's feelings were between admiration and fear for the gladiator. The fight was continued for some minutes; at last it was seen that the bull was in doubt; Mike gradually worked him back towards the passage, and upon reaching it Prince Mon, for he it was, made a last final effort, and failing, gave up the fight, looking as if in wonder at his adversary. Mike, getting him in between the posts, let go of his horns, giving him a slap on the flank, yelling at him at the same time. The bull began to retrace his steps, but after going some thirty feet up the passage-way he turned again. Mike shouted and waved his hands, the beast turned leisurely and trotted back to where Shanks was standing beside the open gate by which he had escaped. He trotted in, Shanks shut the gate on him, whereupon the bull came toward the fence and let out a final roar of defiance, conquered, but not subdued.

"Look here, young fellow," said Monroe, turning to Scully, "if you want to commit suicide I'd like you to find a more easy method, and one where we haven't to be spectators." Mike laughed.

Miss Monroe was enthusiastic. "You should go to Spain, Mr. Scully, where they do such things."

"Yes, or to Mexico," remarked Bronson, "I never got such a fright in my life."

Monroe had lots of experiences, but he never witnessed such an exhibition in his life before.

"I'm going back to the house to take a drink. You two can show Mr. Bronson around." While Monroe was taking the drink he gave Mrs. Thompson a description of the battle, and wound up by telling her that Scully was a d——d fool. Mrs. Thompson didn't agree with him; she thought Scully was perfect in every way.

"I was pleased to see him run in front of Virgie, when we saw the bull coming, that was all right; but why didn't he let it go?" looking at Mrs. Thompson, who inquired, "What did Bronson do?"

"Why, he took to his heels," said Monroe, bursting into a

fit of laughter. "He never stopped till he got 'round to one of the houses; he surely thought he was done for."

As time advanced it was no uncommon sight to see Scully and Miss Monroe out riding together, he mounted on Hercules, now over sixteen hands high, she on Juno, the most beautiful horse in all Montana.

Miss Monroe had a habit of dropping on Scully accidentally (on purpose). The cowboys whom they happened to come across would doff their hats to the pair; none of them ever felt jealous of Mike, he was a good fellow with all of them. "Never puts on any airs," as Jerry Smith said, one day.

Monroe, sitting out on the veranda sometimes when they rode up, would say, "Where did you find Mike?" as he would see Scully jump off his horse to assist Miss Monroe in alighting—not that it was necessary, as she could get on and off about as easy as she could get on or off her piano stool.

"I met him over at Pine Ridge," or "at the Gulch," she would say, quite unconcerned. Such meetings were in no way objectionable to Monroe. He wanted his daughter, when she did choose a mate, to select a man. He was rich enough to give her a dowry sufficient to tempt a German count or an English earl, but he never dreamt of such a thing; in fact, it was a wonder to him how an American girl could throw herself away on a titled profligate or diseased imbecile, as many of them were doing. He preferred good, healthy vigor as against fancy stock; he had only known Mike for a little over a year, but he knew he was a man; and he believed a very decent one, at that.

Miss Platt, who had chaperoned Miss Monroe from the time she was a child and who had been her constant companion when she was not at school, began to think that Virgie Monroe would not miss her so much now as she would have done formerly; and began to listen with more attention to Randal's appeal. At last it was decided, and Monroe congratulated them. Miss Monroe was especially pleased, particularly so when she found out that Randal had an option on a small ranch just a mile or so from their place.

"Don't be short of anything. If you want any money you

know where to get it," was Monroe's admonition to Randal.

Miss Monroe had told Miss Platt the same thing, so the wedding was consummated. Jerry Smith got orders to select one hundred promising yearlings and drive them over to the Randal ranch, with Mr. Monroe's and daughter's compliments.

When Mrs. Randal was taking her leave she whispered to Virgie, "Virgie, dear, you won't be long after me?"

"I don't know," said the girl.

"Why, has Mr. Scully never said anything?"

"Not a word," she replied.

"Well, he's a little shy, my girl; he's a thorough gentleman, and unless he thought it would be satisfactory to your father, I hardly think he would ever say the word."

"He is very reserved," said Miss Monroe. "In fact, he has never told me how he became acquainted with father. All I know is that father met him in Denver, and that he was out of work, and that father offered him a job."

"I know," said Mrs. Randal, earnestly.

"If you do, then tell me."

"I daren't without Mr. Randal's consent, but it was very honorable."

"If you love me, then, get Mr. Randal's consent and let me know."

Randal, like all newly married men, could not refuse his wife anything, so he gave the necessary permission.

The following day Mrs. Randal came over post haste. She and Virgie retired to Miss Monroe's room, where they wouldn't be disturbed. Mrs. Randal told her the story of Scully going to her father's rescue, the night Monroe was being nearly murdered. The story lost nothing in the telling, how a robber was beating her father over the head with a terrible club, and another was going to shoot him with a gun, how there was no help in sight, and how Scully ran forward and shouted, "What are you abusing that old man for?" and how he, single-handed, tackled the fellow with the club and the fellow with the gun, and of the frightful struggle that took place and how her father lay insensible on the ground.

Tears came into Virgie's eyes as she listened to the recital.

"Just like Mike," she said, when Mrs. Randal had concluded. "It's a wonder my father never told me."

"He told Mr. Randal and Mr. Smith and Stone, and said not to tell you for fear you would be alarmed when he went away again."

"But Mr. Scully never told me neither."

"You know Mr. Scully never boasts about anything."

"That's true," Virgie Monroe replied. "I hope he won't always be that way."

Virgie wiped her eyes as she kissed Mrs. Randal at parting. She now had two secrets: one her love for Mike Scully, the other his act of heroism in coming to her father's aid; one she couldn't afford to tell, the other she couldn't afford to keep.

The following day she rode over the prairies and waylaid Mike, as she had often done before. Instead of turning her horse in the direction he was coming, she pointed her riding whip towards Pine Ridge and he, only too willing, wheeled Hercules around.

"I have something to say to you," she said.

"Who about?" he inquired.

"About you."

"I hope it's nothing bad," he said smiling.

"No, it is very good; but I thought my father had no secrets from me."

"Well, you know, Miss Monroe, some of you ladies have little secrets you don't want people to know, and why not we men? There are a whole lot of things in my life I am sure I would not care for every one to know—perhaps you yourself have matters of a confidential character that you think it would be wrong to divulge."

Virgie had only one secret of that character—her love for Scully, and the propriety of her sex compelled her to keep it, though it broke her heart.

"My father loves me. Do you think people should keep secrets from those they love?"

"Yes, if the recital of them would cause either pain or anxiety to those they like, if the telling was unnecessary."

"So you have a secret, too, Mike?"

"Yes, one in particular."

"One you wouldn't care to tell any one?"

"No, one I should very much like to tell, only its telling might give both myself and the listener pain."

"It must be a very unhappy secret."

"It might, or it might not be, just as the listener took it."

"Then there's a mystery attached to it."

"No, no mystery. It's an oft-told story, as old as the world."

"Would you care to tell me."

"Not if you would promise not to be angry with me."

"Well, I promise—tell me."

"Virgie Monroe, I love you."

Juno was brought to a stand, Hercules was reined up close beside her.

Miss Monroe bent over on her saddle, her face towards Scully, his towering form bent towards her. He placed his good right arm around her waist and kissed her willing lips, again and again.

"Let us turn," she said. The happiness of the reciprocated love shone resplendent on their features as they rode along.

"By-the-bye, I forgot to ask you what you had heard about me; now come, tell me."

"I learned only yesterday of how you became acquainted with my father."

"Why, every one knows that I met him in Denver. I was looking for a position, and he offered me one."

"Yes, but I know the circumstances under which you first met him."

Mike hoped she didn't, but looked inquiringly at her.

"Yes, I know how my father was attacked by robbers, and might have been murdered if it hadn't been for you."

"Yes, I remember the incident—Virgie, if you knew I had been somewhat wild in my young days, do you think you could still love me?"

"Yes, emphatically, yes; I love you for what you are, Mike, not for what you were; and if you told me you were ever mean I would not believe you. If any one else told me, I would denounce them as falsifiers."

Chapter XXXI

FLORENCE LEARNS A THING OR TWO

On the Monday morning after the controversy between Hart and her uncle, when Mary Vann arrived at the millinery department she looked around and missing Florence, inquired if she had come.

"No, miss," replied her assistant.

"I'm afraid that girl's sick. I have noticed for the past week or so she seems nervous and poorly looking. If she doesn't turn up tomorrow I must make inquiries about her."

Florence, not having shown up the next day, Miss Vann dispatched Morris Cohen to the office to get her address. That night she started for Florence's residence. Knocking at the door, Mrs. Burdett opened it. "Does Miss Burdett live here?"

"Yes."

"Is she in? I understand she's sick. My name is Mary Vann, I work in the same store with her."

"O, yes, Miss Vann. I have heard her talk about you. Come in."

"How is she? I hope she is not ill."

Mrs. Burdett, before she made any reply, begged to be excused for a minute. She retired and in a short time returned to the parlor with another woman.

"This is Mrs. Long, Miss Vann."

Miss Vann bowed and said she was pleased to meet her.

"You're the lady that's at the head of the millinery where Florence works?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Burdett and Mrs. Long looked at one another for a moment as if in doubt what further to say.

"I have come to see Florence," Miss Vann continued, "who I understand is sick. I have noticed that she hasn't been well for some time, and I told her so. In fact, I advised her to see a doctor."

There was silence for a few moments.

Mary Vann noticed it.

Mrs. Burdett and Mrs. Long gazed at one another for a few seconds, Mrs. Burdett nodded to Mrs. Long.

"Well, Miss Vann, as you've been friendly to her, I suppose we'd better tell you the truth. Florence has had a quarrel with some of the members of the family, and don't feel like going back to the store."

"Well, I'm sure she's foolish to let that keep her away. She was doing well, and every one in the establishment thinks highly of her. You see, in my department a girl can learn something, and in a short while would be able to command a good salary. She'd be a very foolish girl to give up her job."

Mrs. Burdett and Mrs. Long again looked at each other.

"What's her trouble?" inquired Mary.

There was another painful pause.

"You'd better explain," said Mrs. Long, addressing Mrs. Burdett.

"You can tell her, Mrs. Long."

"Well, it's this way, Miss Vann. There has been a young fellow running after her, and he's objectionable to her uncle, and they have had a row."

"Is that all?" said Mary, smiling. "You must know, Mrs. Burdett, that your daughter is a remarkably good-looking girl. The surprise to me is that there aren't a dozen young fellows running after her."

"Yes, but we don't know anything about this young man. She said he worked in the store."

"What's his name?"

"A Mr. Hart."

"Hart? Hart? I never remember hearing the name, but he might be working there without me knowing him. But I'll soon find out who he is and all about him. He may be all right. I don't think, however, it's much of a crime for a girl to have a sweetheart."

"Yes, but she declares," replied Mrs. Long, "that she doesn't want to have anything more to do with him."

"O, I see, and he persists in forcing himself on her, does

he? Well, if he works in our store you leave him to me. I'll take care of him."

Mrs. Long again looked at Mrs. Burdett, as if to ask her if she should give any further explanation. Mrs. Burdett didn't seem to offer any objection. "You know what happened at the picnic, Miss Vann?"

"Yes, I was there, and now as I remember, Florence missed the train."

"Yes, that's what led to all the trouble."

"Well, probably that was an accident, she may have been a little careless, I don't think you should be too hard on her for that. You have no proof of any wrong-doing. I begin to believe you have been a little too harsh with her. Let me see her, and have a talk with her."

Mrs. Burdett went into the kitchen and brought Florence. She was the picture of distress, her eyes were red with crying.

"Why, Florence, my girl, what's wrong with you? If you were going to be hung, you couldn't look worse."

Florence could not say anything, but sob.

"I thought," said Mary, "when I came to see you I'd find you stretched out on the broad of your back. You must brace up and come to work."

"I think she'd better," said Mrs. Long.

"Let me see—this is Tuesday; you report for work on Thursday morning, and tell me your troubles. If she stops here," addressing the two ladies, "moping around, she'll go crazy."

Mary rose and kissed Florence on the forehead, exacted a promise that she would report at the store on Thursday morning.

"Mind, I'll be there before you," she said, in leaving.

Mrs. Long remarked when she left, "She seems a good soul."

Thursday morning Florence reported at the store.

"You look like a ghost," was Miss Vann's greeting, "I'm going to take you out to lunch with me today. I want to have a talk with you."

At the Ladies' Noonday Rest, there were some small dining-rooms for select patrons. Mary asked the woman at the coun-

ter if there was one unoccupied. The woman looked surprised —Mary generally sat at the table which had the greatest number of diners.

"Hello, Mary," shouted one of the women, "there's a seat here."

"Nothing doing," said Mary, waving her hand.

When Florence and she were seated she gave Florence the bill of fare. "Now eat a good dinner, girl." Florence couldn't eat.

"Come! Come! You mustn't feel despondent. I'll order for you." When the waiter brought what had been ordered, "See that we're not disturbed," was Mary's command to him.

When they had eaten enough Mary touched the bell, the waiter arrived.

"Bring me a Manhattan cocktail." Florence was surprised. "You have some ginger ale if you want it."

Florence didn't care for any.

When the cocktail was brought and the waiter gone, Miss Vann fished a little gold case out of an inner pocket, and taking a cigarette from it, lit it and began to smoke. Florence was more surprised than ever. She didn't know what to think.

"Now girl," said Mary Vann, placing her two feet on a chair, "I want to hear your confession."

Florence held her head down, but said nothing.

"You want me to help you. Who is this young man Hart that has got you into so much trouble?"

"I don't know. I first met him at that dance."

"You say he works in the store. I have inquired and no one seems to know him."

"He don't work at the store. I don't know where he works."

"Who is he? or where does he live?"

"I don't know."

"You seemed to be on intimate terms with him at the picnic."

"He forced himself on me, I couldn't avoid him. It was he that led me to miss the train."

"You stayed with him that night."

Florence's drooping eyelids and quivering lips were sufficient answer.

"I know the whole story. It's the moth and the flame. Don't be afraid of me, girl, I will never betray your secret. I know you were imposed upon; so was I. You have a fatal asset —your beauty. Vile men are ever looking for girls like you. If you were fortunate, that which you possess is worth a king's ransom; unfortunate, 'tis a fatal acquirement. But you say you first met him at a dance; what took place there?"

"I am ashamed to tell you."

"I know in advance; you need have no reserve. As I told you before, I was also a victim. Tell me, I'll know better how to act."

Florence told, 'midst sobs, her experience after the dance, and of Hart waylaying her outside of the store.

"And you never told your mother or any one?"

"No! how could I?"

"No, child, like thousands of others, you hid your shame. Society requires you should. Not one girl in a thousand but would have done likewise, though it was wrong. You were innocent of offense, still an unkind, ungenerous public would condemn you, while the black-hearted ruffian would receive the praise of his associates. They would glory in his triumph, in your destruction, yea, even many who consider themselves paragons of virtue, would sum up their conclusion by saying, 'What brought you there?' Come, we'll have to go back to the store."

As soon as Mary Vann had hung up her wrap and put away her hat she summoned Morris Cohen, who ran at her beck.

"Is O'Rourke in the building?"

"I don't know, miss. I'll find out."

In a few minutes Cohen returned with a big burly Irishman who had his hat on and looked very much like an ordinary customer.

She waved her hand to Cohen as a signal to vamoose.

"O'Rourke, there's a masher stands outside some evenings, and he annoys and insults some of our girls as soon as they leave the store."

"Is that so? Can you get any of the girls to point him out to me?"

"No, but I can give you a description of him; he's about five feet eight in height, dresses well, in dark clothes, wears a derby hat, and has a red head."

"O, sure, the red head's enough. The first red-headed man I see loitering about the store won't know what struck him."

"Do you see that girl?" pointing to Florence, who was standing at the other end of the counter, not knowing that she was the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, you mean Miss Burdett?"

"I see you know her," looking hard at O'Rourke.

"Sure, everybody in the store knows her, she's the handsomest and best behaved girl in the whole establishment. They tell me Morris Cohen is stuck on her."

"Why, the little sheeny! if he looks at her I'll spit in his eye." O'Rourke grinned.

"Well, the fellow, whoever he is, has accosted Florence a number of times. I want you to watch Miss Burdett for the next thirty days, and if you catch this fellow, I'll ask Shapiro to raise your salary; if you don't, I'll ask him to bounce you."

"O, you wouldn't do that," said O'Rourke, laughing. "But if he's around I'll get him. What's his name, do you know?"

"I believe they call him Hart."

The next day Miss Vann noticed Florence eating her sandwich behind the big looking glass.

"Why don't you go down where the girls eat?"

"I don't like to, I am afraid they have been talking about me."

"Let them talk."

"I would rather eat here, if you wouldn't object."

"No; you want a little exercise. Mr. Cohen."

"Yes, miss."

"Miss Burdett is not very well at present, and I want you to pass her out for her half hour at noon time."

"It's against the rules, Miss Vann."

"Never mind the rules, you do as I tell you." Turning to Florence, "There are some nice places around here where you can get a lunch for ten cents, and if you meet that party be sure and let me know."

The thirty days were nearly up when Miss Vann accosted O'Rourke, who was one of the house detectives.

"Did you get that fellow yet?"

"No, miss, but I very near got another fellow. You see I follow Miss Burdett every night till I see her get on the car. Well, one night last week about fifty feet from the store I saw a young snip with a red head smoking a cigarette, just as the girls came out. That's my man, I thinks to myself, but he's not near as big as Miss Vann describes him, but that's him anyhow, I felt cock sure. Well, to get within reach, I hurried in advance of the girls, and stood waiting, my fist shut, but sorry one of them did he look at, I felt terribly disappointed, and that fellow will never know how near heaven he was."

"Oh, you're a bum detective," said Miss Vann, laughing, as she ran away.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was Christmas eve when Rock rushed excitedly into Hooligan's. He ran over to where Mort, Bert, and Phipps were standing, "They've lagged Hart," he said.

"What, on the warrant?"

"No, on the cars; they've got him dead to rights, with the goods on him."

Going over to Hooligan he handed him some things, saying, "Put them behind the bar." He returned to where the men were standing.

"How was it?" inquired Mort.

"Well, you see, we were working State street. We got on a car that was crowded, and were doing fine. Hart had eased an old dame of her purse, and put it in his pocket, he was crowding toward the door of the car when he spied a fellow with a watch that looked like pie. He snipped it, and had it in his hand, when an old man happened to see him, and shouted, 'Holy murder, thieves.' Hart began to slug right and left, but just as if it was to be, two plain clothes men had got on the car at the corner. They ran in and jumped Hart, and had him down on his back in no time. Then a woman screamed, 'I've

lost my purse.' In the excitement I made for the front of the car, it was going like blazes, I jumped off and before I could stop myself, I nearly ran head first through a window. I dived round a corner and stood, while I saw the car stop and they taking Hart away with a pair of bracelets on him."

"That's tough," remarked Bert, "he's surely playing in hard luck."

"Do you think they got on to you?" said Phipps.

"No, I think not; I was working at the other end of the car at the time."

Hooligan was consulted, he shook his head, "I think they've got him," was his wise prediction, "but I'll see the alderman."

The following day being Christmas, the Great Cleveland store was closed. The next day O'Rourke was waiting the arrival of Miss Vann. Before the lady could take her hat off, he shoved a paper into her hand with a marked paragraph describing the capture of a notorious character by the name of Hart on a State street car.

"Do you think that's him?"

"I went and made inquiries, and they told me he had a red head. They call him Red for a nickname, on account of the color of his top-knot."

"You haven't said a word to Florence?"

"No."

"Then don't mention it."

Then, going over to where Florence stood, Miss Vann said, "Florence, I'm going out for a time; if Shapiro should come up and inquire for me, tell him I've gone out on a little business."

Mary Vann went straight to the home of a lady whose husband, she knew, was well acquainted with the States Attorney. After she told her story the lady said, "Robert will be home at noon. I'll make him see about it right away. But, Mary, can't you stay and have dinner with us?"

"No, I must hurry back to the store. Now don't neglect that matter."

Hart was held over to the grand jury, the next day bail was offered, but the States Attorney opposed it.

"This man, your honor, is under bonds already, and, besides, there's a warrant for his arrest on another charge."

"Well, I must accept bonds for him if they are offered in a sufficient amount."

"Well, your honor, as he is already under bonds, and being under a warrant, I think you could hold him for, say, ten days, and as the grand jury will sit on Monday next, I'll bring his case before them and see what disposition they make of it."

Hooligan and the good alderman were very ill at ease, while the States Attorney was appealing to the justice.

"Well, since there is to be no delay in this case, I'll pass up the question of bonds for a week. Will that be satisfactory?" looking at the States Attorney, who bowed his acquiescence.

The grand jury found not only a true bill against Hart for the latest offense but recommended that his bonds be increased for the case that had long been pending.

"They're going to railroad him," said Hooligan. "What's wrong with the States Attorney? I thought he was right."

"So did I, but somebody's knocked him," lamented the good alderman, who was present to see after the interests of one of his leading constituents.

Before sixty days had expired twelve good men and true gave Hart four years.

"It's an infernal shame," lamented Hooligan, in talking over the matter in his saloon the night Hart was sentenced.

Herman Wosta, who had been playing amateur detective and cursing the police department for their inability to capture Hart, learning of the robbery, spent the day of Hart's trial in court. When the verdict was returned he gave vent to his feelings in a manner that made the judge look sternly over at him. The bailiff pounded his gavel on the edge of the judge's bench.

"You'll have to get out," said another bailiff, laying his hand on Herman's shoulder, but as every one else was going that made little difference; he made a bee-line to his sister's home, and told her the good news.

"Now, Herman," said his sister, appealing to him, "I don't want you to be harsh with Florence. She was young and he

was a bad man. Perhaps, after all, it was only a harmless flirtation on her part. Come, now, tell me you'll be kind to her."

Herman remained silent.

"You know you're her uncle, and she has no father. I want you for my sake to forgive her. She is good now, and the cause of her trouble has been removed."

Herman's great big heart melted at the appeal of his sister. Harmony was again restored in the Wosta family.

* * * * * * * * * *

The holiday season had proven highly remunerative in the great Cleveland store. It was rumored that the proprietor had secured an option on the adjoining property and was going to put up an addition in the spring.

Mary Vann's department showed good returns. Florence had learned a good deal under the able tuition of her friend, and Miss Vann struck Shapiro for a raise in wages for her protege.

"I'll give her another dollar."

"You'll give her two; that girl's worth ten a week."

"Why, Mary, you'd bust the concern if you had your way."

Florence, on arriving home that evening, told her mother of her raise.

"Miss Vann is a very good friend to you, Florence. We must ask her up some time to take tea with us."

Florence heard one day that Margaret Jenkins had left.

"Did they discharge her?" she inquired.

"No, she left of her own free will; something is wrong with her," said the girl, looking significantly at Florence, who took no particular notice of her informant's manner. She was pleased to know that Margy had left the establishment.

On one occasion when Miss Vann had a little time she and Florence were talking.

"Where do you live, Miss Vann?"

"I stay at the Devonshire."

"That's a very swell place, is it not?"

"Yes, pretty nice, I have a suite of rooms."

"Do your people live there?"

"I have no people, I live by myself; some evening I will take you out to supper and show you my place."

Easter coming on, Miss Vann was very busy, and Florence had to stay occasionally after the regular hours of closing. Miss Vann sometimes took her to supper, for they had gotten very chummy.

"We are going to lose Miss Short," she mentioned, on one of those occasions.

"I'll be sorry for that," replied Florence, "she's a nice lady. What will you do, Miss Vann, for an assistant when she leaves?"

"O, I have one in mind," smiling.

The day after Miss Short left Mr. Shapiro came up to the millinery department. "Well, Miss Short has left us. I suppose, Mary, you'll have to advertise for a woman to take her place?"

"Not necessary, I have already selected one."

"Is she an experienced person? When did you get her?"

"We'll not be busy for some time and Miss Burdett can fill the bill."

"Yes, but you see Miss Short has been with us for some years, and she had twelve a week."

"Yes, and she was worth it."

"But surely you would not expect us to give the same salary to Miss Burdett."

"Why not, if she can fill the place?"

Florence, who had heard part of the controversy which was as much a surprise to her as it was to the manager, walked to the other end of the department to attend a customer. She glanced around, while the lady was looking at hersel. in the glass, and noticed Shapiro and her superior still holding an animated discussion. Shapiro waited until he saw that Florence had effected the sale. and noticed that Florence's customer looked very much pleased as she was leaving. He walked away when he saw her put the different hats, the lady had tried on, in their proper place. This done, Florence walked over to where Miss Vann was standing.

"Well, little girl, I've fixed it."

Florence looked at her in expectancy.

"Yes, you succeed Miss Short; Shapiro wanted to cut you down, but I wouldn't stand for it."

"And how much do I get now?"

"Twelve dollars a week."

"Twelve dollars a week! O that's too much."

"Yes, twelve dollars, and see that you earn it, when I'm absent you're the whole thing."

Florence thought that night she would never get home soon enough. When she reached the house she ran into the dining-room where her mother was waiting for her.

"What do you think, mamma? I've got another raise," throwing her arms around her mother, "and guess how much?"

"Another dollar."

"No."

"Well, how am I to guess, child?"

"Twelve dollars a week."

A cloud seemed to come over Widow Burdett's face in spite of the good news. Florence continued, "You see, it was this way: You remember me telling you that Miss Vann's assistant was going to leave to get married?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got her place. I told you I'd do well, when I went there, didn't I?"

Mrs. Burdett had some memories which caused a little gloom; she banished them, and shared in her daughter's enthusiasm.

"You must go right over and tell grandpa and grandma and uncle Herman tonight. I know they will be glad to hear it, and you'll not have to work so hard now, ma, and that's better than all."

The following morning Shapiro in going his rounds called at the millinery department.

"I suppose you'll want another girl, Miss Vann?"

"Yes, we'll want one to put away the hats and help when we're busy."

Florence thought it would be only right to thank Mr.

Shapiro for her promotion, though she had hardly ever spoken to him before.

"I wish to thank you very much, Mr. Shapiro, for you giving me Miss Short's place. I am sure I will do my best to deserve it."

"Don't thank me," he said, good naturedly; "you thank Miss Vann," looking in that lady's direction, who smiled at Shapiro in turn.

"Well, Mary," turning to go away, "since you are determined to select your own staff, if you can locate a girl around the place you think will suit you, take her."

"That was very proper of you," said Miss Vann to Florence, "to thank Mr. Shapiro, and I am very glad you did it."

"Yes, but, Miss Vann, I know at the same time if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have got it."

"Maybe that's so."

"I know it is so, but as he is manager I thought I should be respectful."

"Well, we'll have to hunt up another girl to take your place; do you know any?"

"I know a girl, but she's in the hardware. Her name is Miss Jones. There used to be another, Miss Brown, but she's left to be a nurse."

"Well, from selling tin cans to selling ladies' hats is quite a step, isn't it, Flo?"

"Yes, but Miss Jones is a very nice, accomplished young lady."

"Well, slip down and if she's not busy, tell her to come up. I want to see her."

Miss Jones came up with Florence. Miss Vann looked her over and asked her what salary she was getting downstairs?

"Four dollars, miss."

"Well, would you like to come here for five? This is much better than the basement, and probably in a short time you might get more money. You see your friend Florence has been quite a success."

"I am sure I would be very happy to get the place, and would do my very best to help you and Florence."

So Miss Mary Jones was transferred, to her great delight, from the hardware to the millinery. The first opportunity she had she thanked Florence. "It is so kind of you, Florence, to think of me."

Florence did well; in a few weeks Shapiro complimented Miss Vann on the selection of her very lady-like assistant.

"Florence, tomorrow night I am going to take you to supper, and then over to my place. Tell your mother in the morning when you're leaving, and that you won't be home until ten o'clock."

Florence told her mother of Miss Vann's invitation, "I won't go if you think I shouldn't, mother."

"Why not, my child? I'm sure Miss Vann has been so good to you, you should be pleased that she asked you."

The next evening Florence and Miss Vann dined at a well known restaurant in the down-town district.

"Bring me a brandy before you bring the soup," said Miss Vann, to the waiter, as she gave the order. The supper was the most elaborate Florence ever had in her whole life. She thought Miss Vann very extravagant.

"Bring me a pint bottle of claret," she ordered the waiter, after he had brought the meal.

"Will you take a little of this, Florence?" as she was filling her own glass.

"I never drank any of that."

"It's a light wine. I'll give you a little glass to see if you like it."

"It's not very sweet," remarked Florence.

"No, it's what they call a dry wine. It's good for your stomach."

Florence didn't know that anything ailed her stomach, and she positively didn't like the wine, but she drank it for sociability's sake. The check amounting to three dollars and sixty cents, Miss Vann gave the waiter four dollars, and waved him away with her hand.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, as he left.

"Come, Florence, we'll go."

Miss Vann's apartments consisted of three rooms—a parlor

splendidly furnished, everything in it of a costly character; in the bedroom a massive brass bed, a wardrobe, a dressing case with silver-backed brushes and combs, every article necessary for a wealthy lady's boudoir. The third was a bathroom done in white tile. A large porcelain tub stood in the center of the floor, a washstand with mirror, a shower bath stood in another corner.

Florence gazed in wonder. "This is beautiful. I didn't think a house like this would have such costly furnishing."

"Why, child, all of those are mine, even the bathroom fittings."

Florence hoped that some day she would be rich enough to have a similar place.

"Maybe you'd better not; you don't know the cost, my girl."

Florence couldn't understand her.

"Take off your wraps and hat, lay them on the bed."

Miss Vann took off her dress and shoes, pushed her feet into a pair of slippers, and going to a closet, took out a Japanese kimono and put it on, pulling over a little table on which was an ebony box mounted with silver. She took out a case in which there were cigarettes, and, placing her feet on a chair, began to smoke.

"Florence, your young man is still in Joliet," she said, smiling.

Florence was lost for an answer. "You mean Hart, of course."

"Yes."

"I suppose he is. I don't know."

"Do you understand that he has powerful political friends behind him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; I cannot understand why he should have, when it was proven he was such a bad man."

"Ah, I see you have little knowledge of how things are conducted in this big city. His very wickedness, his criminal record, and vile disposition, made him popular with a class who are factors in boodle politics, as they say. You were lucky things turned out as they did, or he would have dragged you down to a level of the most degraded."

"If then, as you say, he was so influential, how came it that he got such a speedy trial? I heard people remark it; and such a severe sentence?"

"I did it. I went after him, I landed him!"

There was at this juncture a knock on the door. "Come in."

The door opened, Mr. Shapiro entered. He hesitated, seeing that Mary had company.

"Come in, come in, there are no secrets between me and Florence."

Shapiro seemed somewhat ill at ease.

"You know Miss Burdett?"

"Yes, I know the young lady."

Miss Vann shoved the ebony case over towards him. He took a cigar from it and began to smoke. Miss Vann lit another cigarette.

"Doesn't Miss Burdett smoke?" he inquired.

"No, she'll learn soon enough. I'm dry—get me a drink; I placed some on ice before I left this morning."

Shapiro went into the bathroom and returned with a quart bottle of champagne. At the sight of it a tremor went through Florence's frame.

Shapiro popped the cork like a man that had much experience.

"I am just going to let you have a little glass of this, and race you right home," said Mary, looking at her guest.

Florence drank the glass, only too anxious to get away. On her way home she thought she discovered the reason Mary Vann had so much influence over the manager of the Great Cleveland store.

Chapter XXXII

MISS MONROE, DIPLOMAT

Randal's leaving the Monroe ranch, where he had been the acting manager for many years, necessitated a change in the staff. Some one had to be selected in his place. Scully's popularity enlisted on his side a number of the cowboys, who began to talk over the matter. Mr. Monroe had no doubt Scully could fill the bill, but then Smith and Stone, who were assistant foremen, had prior claims.

Miss Monroe's love for Scully being paramount over every other consideration, her father was in a dilemma.

"Whom are you going to put in Randal's place, papa?" she inquired, one day, when they were in the little office.

"I don't know; it seems as if a number of the young fellows are talking Scully. He, however, has been but a short time on the ranch, and hasn't had much experience. Still I have so much admiration for the fellow it's hard for me to turn him down if he wants the place."

"He has been a good friend to you, papa."

"Well! haven't I been a good friend to him?"

"Yes, but, father, he was a good friend to you before you knew him at all."

Monroe turned sharply around and looked his daughter in the face, asking her what she meant.

"I know of the service he rendered you when you were in danger."

"How do you know? Did Scully tell you?"

"No, papa! Mr. Scully never mentioned it to me, nor to any other person on the ranch."

"Well, how do you know?"

"Another party told me. I know all about it, it was told to me in confidence only a few days ago."

Monroe thought for a moment. "You seem to be an advocate of Scully's."

"Yes, father, how could I be otherwise? He is so different from the other men on the ranch."

"I see, I see," looking his daughter full in the face in which he recognized an index to her thoughts.

"Well, I'll see Scully and talk the matter over with him. I don't think he'll be unreasonable," pulling out his watch. "He's more than likely around the men's quarters now; I'll send for him right away."

When Mike appeared Monroe greeted him sociably, as was his custom. Virgie and he exchanged glances. "Sit down, Mike; what I want to see you about is the filling of Randal's place. I know a number of the men favor you, and you have a very warm and an influential supporter besides. I just thought before I decided, to consult you on the matter."

"I think it's a very simple matter; if I were in your position, Mr. Monroe, it wouldn't take me long to decide."

"O! that's the way you look at it, is it? but supposing you were to know that some one who has every claim on my line of action, wanted you, what would you say?"

"I would pay no attention to them."

Miss Monroe gave a start and looked daggers at Mike, who smiled at her. Monroe laughed as he noticed his daughter's embarrassment.

"Well, it's up to you. What do you say?"

"Appoint Jerry Smith, he is the oldest man in your service, and is competent to fill the place. I believe it is his by right."

Monroe looked at his daughter, "Well, girl, Mike is right, so we'll let it go at that. What about Stone?"

"Give him Jerry's place."

"Well, what about you?"

"I'm just right as I am."

"Why can't you take Stone's place?"

"No, give it to Shanks, he's a good, faithful fellow and can be trusted."

"Well, as I remember saying on a former occasion, you're a pretty modest man, but how are you going to get on in the world?"

"I have no fear for the future, Mr. Monroe. I think I am

doing very well and am very happy as it is." He stole a glance unnoticed by Monroe over at his daughter, and saw she was somewhat disappointed. "If that's all, I'll go back."

"That's all," said Monroe, and Scully took his leave.

After he was gone, Monroe looked at his daughter for a few seconds, "I see you are disappointed, Virgie; your candidate wouldn't run."

"I can't understand him," she said, pettishly.

"I do, he's a level-headed fellow; we all know his grit, but I never knew he had so much horse sense as he has."

Virgie remained silent. Scully's words, "I would pay no attention to them"—that meant her, though he didn't know it—jarred her.

"Never mind," he said, to encourage her, "Mike's by a long way the biggest man on the ranch, no matter what position he fills; he's O. K. In my estimation, you're number one and he's number two, so don't be annoyed."

This declaration immediately restored her to good humor, she kissed her father and left to attend to her household duties.

When the news of the promotion was given out, some of the younger men of the Monroe outfit were disappointed; they believed that the boss had turned Mike down, but as he was the same old Mike, they soon forgot it.

Scully, the prince of good fellows amongst the men, was somewhat reserved to the people of the homestead.

"We don't see you very often, Mike," Monroe said to him, one day.

Scully hardly knew what answer to make, as he saw Virgie very often. This was no secret to Monroe.

"I would like you to come over occasionally and talk business."

Mike would have liked very much to go over and talk business with his employer, but not the kind Monroe had in mind, so he had to content himself talking on this special line with Monroe's daughter, who was always an attentive listener.

Two years passed. The Lenten season was approaching—not that it made much difference on the Monroe ranch, except to a few—it was fully fifteen miles to the nearest church. Vir-

gie attended on special occasions and was a liberal contributor. The good pastor gave her a dispensation, her father used to accompany her sometimes. Virgie, however, during the season given up to penance, used to adhere to the rules, and make her father conform as much as she thought was reasonable.

One day when she and Scully were out riding together she said, "Mike, did you never go to church?"

"Yes, often; when I was little I used to serve as altar boy at the altar."

"That's a long time ago, but when were you there last?"

"That's a leading question," smiling at her, and evading a direct answer by saying, "There's no church to go to here."

"Well, Wednesday after next is Ash Wednesday, father and I are going, and we will take you with us."

"All right, I'll go." A thought flashed through Mike's mind. His mother's little prayer-book—"I forgot that," he said to himself, "I'm sorry it's gone, I must have left it behind in my haste in packing my things the day I left."

On Ash Wednesday the little church at M—— was crowded with the faithful, many coming long distances. All around the sacred edifice could be seen bronchos and rigs of different kinds, rough-looking men in full cowboy costume predominated, and a few ranchers with their wives and daughters.

After service Monroe and his daughter were greeted on every side. Scully was introduced, but his reputation had gone before him. The younger men were particularly sociable with him.

Mr. Monroe went into the priest's house to have a chat with Father Chadwick and to give him an Easter offering in advance; he knew his reverence had hard scraping to make ends meet; especially at this season of the year, when the priest's labor and expenses were considerably augmented.

Virgie noticed that Scully had no prayer-book, so she took him over to where they sold religious articles and bought him one.

"Now, be sure and read that," as she gave it into his hand.

He smiled affectionately at her as he gave his promise. Many of the young women gathered around Miss Monroe and chat-

ted about events that had happened since they last met. The ride home was particularly pleasant, Monroe was in the very best of humor, he had heard some complimentary remarks about his protege that pleased him very much.

"You'll go again next Sunday, won't you, father?"

"I'm not sure; you know my accounts are pretty clear, I don't know how Mike stands," he said, laughing. Mike turned red. "If I can't go, take Mike with you. As he comes from Chicago perhaps he requires a little overhauling." Mike and Virgie were only too glad to go alone.

"You see, father is getting old," she said, apologetically, to Mike, as they were mounting for the long journey on the following Sunday.

As they rode up to the Golden West hotel, where they had to leave their horses, a crowd gathered, some nodded to Miss Monroe and Mike; their principal object of curiosity, however, was to inspect the two beautiful animals.

"Aren't you coming in, Miss Monroe?" inquired the proprietor of the hotel, coming to the door.

"No, we haven't time; we will be back and have dinner with you."

On the road home Virgie talked about little episodes in her life, of her school days and of her early experiences as a girl. She never tired in praising her father. Mike spoke of Chicago, but never of himself.

"Do you ever write to your friends, Mike?"

"No, I have no friends. I had many acquaintances, but in leaving I decided never to write, and up to the present have seen no reason to change my mind." Virgie, as was only natural, was very desirous to learn something of his early history, but as he was unwilling to talk of it, she considered it bad taste to press him.

On the following Sunday Mr. Monroe accompanied them. Monroe was pleased to see Scully's knowledge of the services, when to kneel, when to stand, when to sit down. He noticed Mike's attention to the sermon, and came to the conclusion that Mike was somewhat of a practical Catholic.

On the third Sunday Monroe felt like staying at home; he

didn't feel well. As Miss Monroe and Scully were returnnig, Mike asked her if she thought her father would ever agree to their marriage.

"You'll have to ask him," she said, laughing.

"I suppose so, it's not the fear of asking him, but the fear of his refusal I dread; you know, Virgie, I would have to leave here if he said no."

"I'll talk the matter over with him myself this week."

"Brave girl! see that you push my suit; tell him that I know I am not worthy of you."

"Do you think that would be the best way?" she said, smiling.

"It's true, and tell him the truth; it's what I will do if I am compelled to solicit your hand."

"I will tell him no such thing; I will tell him I want you, and that my happiness depends on it."

One afternoon in the following week Monroe and his daughter were together in the office.

"Papa, how old was my mother when you and she were married?"

"What makes you ask me such a question, child?"

"I thought I would like to know."

"She was just turned nineteen."

"Do you think she was too young to marry?"

"No."

"She was poor, I understand."

"She hadn't a nickel, but what difference did that make? I had plenty."

"Then you didn't think when you married her you married below your station?"

"Why, child, what are you talking about? There was no such thing as station. I married your mother because I loved her. Do you think I took any cognizance of her poverty?"

"Do you think she loved you for yourself.

"She said she did."

"And you believed her?"

"Implicitly! I believe I was her first and only choice."

"Then she got the man she wanted?"

"Sure."

"Do you think every woman should have her pick?"

"Well, hardly; some foolish girls are incapable of judging—they become infatuated with some worthless fellow and make fools of themselves. Then I think parents are in duty bound to interfere. I 'know I would."

"How long, pa, do you think a woman should know a man before she marries him?"

"O there's no rule in that matter; you might know some men half your life, and they would turn out a fraud at the finish; there are others you could form an opinion of in a year. There are certain traits in men's characters that can be seen on the surface. The woman, however, who marries a man of vile disposition in the hope of changing him, is foolish. I have known some women in New York marry drunkards, under the belief that they could make sober men of them; 'twould be better they had married horse thieves. Then, I believe, they would have some hopes."

"I believe, father, you would be very hard to please."

"In your case, yes, my dear, very hard to please; but we'll talk about that when I see some fellow coming around after you. I hope it will be a long time, I want you all to myself; you know you're all I have." He took her in his arms and kissed her—"now run away and 'tend to your work."

"But, father, suppose some one is already coming around after me?"

"What!"

"And that he was not going to take me away from you?"

"Well, then, I would want a little time to consider it, but wait till he asks me for you."

"He may be afraid to ask you."

"Then he's a coward, and no man."

"You wouldn't say that, pa, if you knew whom I mean."

"I believe I already know whom you mean; physically, he may be the bravest of the brave. Let us try his mental and moral courage. Your father has not been blind to what has been going on for the past year."

"Then you are not angry with me, pa, are you?"

"No, my child, since your mother's death your happiness has been my only care. It's natural you should want a mate—my only desire is that you should have one worthy of you."

"Well, don't you think Mr. Scully is a good man?"

"I have no reason to think otherwise. Has he talked this matter over with you?"

"Yes."

"And you gave him some encouragement?"

"Yes, I have, father; I love him dearly and I know he loves me."

"Then I have no objection."

"Best of fathers!" she exclaimed, as she threw her arms around his neck. A tear glistened in his eye, his thoughts were on her departed mother.

"Say nothing to Mike about our conversation, don't forget your dignity. If he wants you, there is no fear but he'll ask for you," were his parting words.

The following day Virgie and Scully met on the range. She was full of life, he was somewhat melancholy.

"Virgie, can I have any hope of gaining your father's consent?"

"You can ask him," she said, smiling.

"I'm afraid."

"Why, I thought you were brave!"

"Maybe, in some things—it is not the asking I dread, but his refusal."

"You know the old saying, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"Well, when do you want me to see him?"

"Tomorrow after dinner. He generally goes to his office. I will pin my handkerchief on my window as a signal that he is alone; you'll not have as long a struggle with him as you did with Prince Mon," she said, laughing.

Mike, as per agreement, watched for the signal. He saw Virgie pin her handkerchief to the middle sash, and smile at him as she saw him looking.

Mike went in and knocked at the office door, "Come in. Hello, Mike, is that you? Sit down."

"I would as soon stand, sir. I came on very important business."

"Well, spit it out."

"I came to ask you for your daughter's hand."

Monroe feigned to be very much surprised. "I suppose you'd like the ranch thrown in?"

"No, sir," replied Mike, reddening to the roots of his hair, "I want nothing thrown in."

"I always thought you were a pretty modest kind of a fellow," remarked Monroe, teasing him.

"Well, sir, I hope you don't think me sordid, or that I am wishing to marry your daughter on account of her financial prospects?"

"Suppose I don't consent, what then?"

"Well, I'll have to leave this place, though not unmindful of the services you have rendered me, Mr. Monroe. But I couldn't stay a day longer."

"Then to keep you on the ranch I must give up my daughter?"

"Don't put it in that way, Mr. Monroe. It would be better for me to leave, better for both me and her."

"I hate like hell to lose you, Mike."

Scully turned as about to leave—he had been standing during the colloquy.

"Sit down a moment."

"I would rather be going, sir." He was the picture of despair.

"Sit down, I want to tell you something."

Mike waited for Monroe to speak, to hear his hopes blasted.

Monroe looked him steadily in the face for a second, "Mike, my daughter is all I have in the world. You don't think I prize those fields, this home, or those cattle, as anything in comparison to my daughter's happiness, and you come and ask me to give her up!"

"I would try to make her happy, sir, and would be faithful to you. I would be satisfied for you to still have the first claim on her."

"That's not natural—the wife must give up father and

mother to follow her husband. She must leave the home of her parents if he wills."

"But I'll never will it."

"Well, there's no use of talking further about it."

"Well, Mr. Monroe, I hope you'll forgive me, I have spent two happy years with you and wherever I am, I will never forget your kindness," Mike extended his hand. "I would like to bid Miss Monroe good-bye, sir, if you have no objections."

"Not a bit; you can see her, if you want to."

Scully met Mrs. Thompson in the passage. She saw he was in bad spirits. "What's wrong, Mike? Hope you and Monroe have not had a falling out?"

"No. I want to see Miss Monroe."

"She's upstairs—I'll call her down."

"Let him come up," spoke a voice from the second landing. "I'll see him here."

As soon as Mike reached the landing Virgie beckoned him to come into a room. He hesitated for a moment, he saw it was her bedroom.

"Well, you saw father?" she said, eagerly.

"Yes, there is no hope for us," in the most melancholy tone.

She burst out laughing. He looked at her in blank amazement.

"What did he say to you?"

"Why, he wouldn't give me any encouragement."

"But did he say no?"

"Not exactly, but just the same he wouldn't consent."

She approached where he was sitting, his head bowed down, she lifted it up and kissed him.

"Never mind, Mike, I have his consent already." He looked up for a moment, bewildered. "Yes, my father has consented to our marriage."

He jumped from his seat, folding her in his arms, laughing with her. "So the old man was only tormenting me!"

"Yes, come downstairs and we'll make him apologize."

When they reached the office Monroe was coolly smoking a big black cigar.

"What have you been doing to Mike?" she said.

"I have done nothing to him, I just wanted him to receive the verdict from you—Mike, take a cigar."

Scully was compelled to laugh at the methodical coolness of his friend and benefactor. "Mr. Monroe, I hope, with God's help, to prove worthy of the confidence you repose in me."

"I have no fear, my boy," extending his hand. "I must go out," Monroe's heart was too full to stay.

"Now, Mike," Virgie said, when her father had left, "you must come and stay in the house; I have already had Mrs. Thompson fix your room. You know you will have to make some preparations, which you can hardly do in the men's quarters."

"Do you think it necessary for me to change places?"

"Yes, it is; during this season I don't want you to have to listen to the coarse talk, and ribald jests, that I know are common over there, so take George over with you and bring what things you want with you."

That evening Scully surprised the boys by saying, "Well, boys I am going to leave you."

"What's that you say?" said one, eagerly—they were all excited for a moment.

"What's up? You're not going away, surely?"

"No," he said, laughing, "I am just going to change quarters for a while; I am going over to the house."

Holy week had come, Michael had prepared himself for a terrible ordeal. He had a very big story to tell the Reverend Father Chadwick. It had to be done, however, there was no escape from it. It was on Holy Thursday Mike and his affianced set out for the church.

Virgie was in the best of spirits, Mike was a little gloomy. "I suppose you've a long story to tell Father Chadwick?" she said, quizzing him.

"A great deal too long," he replied, "but I'll see that the score is properly and promptly kept up to date, in the future."

"I expect you'll have no account in the future," she said, laughing.

When they reached the sacred edifice Father Chadwick was in the confessional, quite a number were waiting. When it

came to Miss Monroe's turn she was in and out again in a few seconds; Scully had a feeling such as he had never had before; tackling the two robbers, Bingo, or Prince Mon, was nothing to it. He was a very long time in the box; his future wife, intent on her prayers, had not noticed it.

When Mike came out of the confessional he felt the same relief that all penitent sinners do, who, under similar circumstances, have faith in the doctrine of the Holy Roman Catholic Church—a load had been lifted from his heart, his soul, his conscience, and, as he knelt down beside the woman he loved, he felt his spirits rise.

Skeptics and protestors may dispute this theory, but no greater solace to a sinful soul can possibly be found than that furnished by the Catholic Church. "Confession is good for the soul," is an old saying—it might be added, it is good for the mind; yea, and good for the body. Michael Scully felt the full influence of it. He was a man again. Father Chadwick may have exacted from him a strict penance, but in the privacy of his room he performed it cheerfully.

As he and Virgie Monroe approached the altar together on Easter Sunday morning to partake of the Sacrament, Mike had one thought uppermost in his mind—God had been good and merciful to him.

Many gazed at the young couple in admiration.

The young women as they gathered outside the church, after service, gossiped with Miss Monroe. "When is it going to come off, Virgie?" asked Miss Stringer.

"What do you mean?" said Virgie, laughing.

"O you know what I mean—I suppose you'll give us a good time?"

"I don't know," answered Virgie, "you'll have to ask Mike," who at the time was the central figure in a group of stalwart young mountaineers who began to look upon him as a leading citizen. "You'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "I see Miss Monroe is waiting for me."

They both went into the priest's house and told Father Chadwick they had a job for him in the near future.

He congratulated them both, hoping God would bless them.

The following Sunday in reading of the announcements there was a commotion in the church as the pastor read, "There is a promise of marriage between Michael Scully, late of Chicago, and Miss Virginie Monroe of this county, first announcement."

When Virgie and Scully came out they were surrounded by nearly the whole congregation, who wished them every joy.

Chapter XXXIII

FLORENCE BURDETT ENTERS SOCIETY

The morning after Florence's visit to Miss Vann's, she and Mary were talking at the counter when Shapiro came along. Morris Cohen, seeing him, came towards them, said, "Good morning, Mr. Shapiro, I see you've got back; how did you find things in New York?"

"Business is quiet there, I got a few lines that I think will suit us."

"When did you get in?"

"About an hour ago."

Florence could not help looking at Mary Vann; that lady's face was expressionless. Florence turned and walked away, leaving Shapiro and the head of the millinery department together.

Two weeks afterward Miss Vann, approaching Florence, said, "Flo, I have two tickets for the theatre for next Thursday night, and will be unable to go. I will give them to you, you can take some one with you."

"I don't know whom I could take."

"Take your mother, I am sure she would enjoy it."

Florence was elated when she went home that evening and informed her mother about the tickets. "It's to be a grand performance, ma, the lady who takes the leading part, they say, is splendid. You must come."

"Why, child, I was never at a theatre like that in my life."

"That's no matter, you must come with me. You know I was never at a theatre either, and I want to go."

Mrs. Burdett, remembering a former occasion when she had pleaded an excuse (which she had afterwards cause to regret), consented to accompany her daughter.

When they arrived at the theatre, Widow Burdett was astonished at the magnificence of the surroundings. Having gone early, they were ushered into their seats, which happened to be in the parquet, fifth row from the stage, in a central position.

"These seats are grand, ma; we can see and hear everything."

The theatre began to fill. Mrs. Burdett was astonished to see all the finery; it was a gala night, the house was crowded from parquet to gallery, the boxes were filled with well dressed women, some decollette, a few men occupied the rear seats in the boxes, dressed in evening costume. Many groups were chatting previous to the curtain going up for the first time, The ladies in different parts of the house using their opera glasses and turning to those in close proximity to point out acquaintances they recognized in the audience, a waving of a fan, the nodding of heads and smiles of recognition that passed between the people seemed to interest Mrs. Burdett. Florence was all enthusiasm, delighted with everything she saw, and felt happy at the thought that her mother was with her, dressed neatly but plain. They seemed out of place in such a fashionable crowd.

The orchestra began to play, at last the curtain rose, all eyes were on the stage. The play was "Camille." The great Madam Tremain took the leading role.

In the early part of the play Mrs. Burdett was very much impressed by the realism of the stage settings, the characters, and their costumes, never having seen a performance on such a scale before. It seemed to her truly marvelous.

The supper scene was to her a source of great delight, the gaiety and laughter of the performers were contagious. She enjoyed it immensely.

Florence was happy in seeing her mother enjoy the performance. She was in raptures. When the curtain went down after the first act she turned to her mother, "Isn't it grand, ma? Aren't you glad you came?"

As the play progressed an uneasy feeling came over Florence's mother. She began to be suspicious of the moral tone of the play, and as to the propriety of young women like her daughter listening to the discourse of the men and women in the cast.

Mrs. Burdett gazed into the faces of many of the women in the audience, as if to learn their feelings in the matter, but the only sentiment she could discern was the intense interest they took in the play and the attention paid to the dialogue, some of which in her opinion was suggestive of improper relationship. The cottage in the garden where Camille and Armand Duval took refuge reminded her forcibly of a period in her own simple life. When Henry Burdett and she were first married, they, too, had their cottage and its garden, how they were full of hope with every prospect of a happy future, soon, alas! to be blasted by the inexorable hand of fate. A feeling of sadness came over her, which reached the climax in the last scene where Camille. sick unto death, mourned the absence of the man she loved.

Florence and her mother shed tears during the death scene, as did many of those in the great audience. The reality of the acting of Madam Tremain, as she sat dying in a chair near the footlights, in plain view of Mary Burdett, so affected her as to be only relieved when the curtain rose after the last act, and in response to loud and repeated calls of the delighted audience, Madam Tremain, full of radiant smiles, bowed her acknowledgment to her enthusiastic admirers.

That night, before Mrs. Burdett retired to rest, she prayed fervently that Divine Providence might shield her daughter from the allurements of wealth and the temptations of designing, profligate men.

The following morning, while at breakfast, Mrs. Burdett told Florence to invite Miss Vann to her home to take tea with them.

"You know, Florence, she has been very good to you and I want to show her we are not unmindful of her kindness."

Florence was only too happy to ask her friend to visit them. That same day she told Miss Vann of her mother's desire. "You know, Miss Vann, my mother would be very much pleased if you would come. We haven't much of a home," apologetically, "but I'm sure you won't mind that."

"Why, girl, what are you talking about? Your home is a palace to what I was accustomed to in my early days. I have, as you know, been to your house, and was very much impressed with what I saw, everything neat and nice. I'll go, and be glad of your invitation. It will have to be on a Sunday, however; say next Sunday."

Mr. and Mrs. Long were invited, Mrs. Sloan, as on all great occasions, had to be there, though she was now well up in years. Mrs. Burdett would have liked to have had her father and mother come, but the old couple had to decline. Old Mrs. Wosta was feeble, and the old man enjoyed his rest on a Sunday. He generally took a nap. Herman was asked and promised he would attend.

Mrs. Sloan baked a cake for the occasion, and a few extra little dainties were provided. Florence was naturally anxious to entertain her patron as best their humble means could provide.

About five in the evening a cab stopped at the door and Miss Vann stepped out of it, Florence met her at the door and ushered her into the parlor. Miss Vann was a revelation—dressed in the pink of fashion, her dress, her coat, her parasol, seemed the costliest that money could buy. Florence had never seen her in her best attire before, "Miss Vann, you look charming," she said, as she scrutinized her, previous to notifying her mother and Mrs. Long of her arrival. "Take off your hat and coat—give them to me."

Mrs Burdett and Mrs. Long came into the parlor. "I'm sure, Miss Vann, I am very much pleased that you came. You have been so good to Florence, I want to thank you for all you have done for us."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Burdett. Florence is a good girl

and deserves all I have ever done for her. I don't know how I could get on without her."

Mrs. Burdett's heart was overflowing with gratitude, and Mrs. Long was no less pleased to hear her talk as she did.

Mr. Long and Herman, who had been out in the garden, came in and were duly introduced.

"Did I not see you before, Mr. Wosta?" inquired Miss Vann.

Herman, who had recognized her at first glance as being amongst those he had seen around Florence at the picnic, looked embarrassed; Florence's face took on a ruddier hue. Miss Vann noticed it in a moment and changed the subject.

"You have a cosy little place here, Mrs. Burdett. This, I suppose, is a picture of Florence's father?" looking at the picture on the wall.

"Yes, Miss Vann."

"I notice the resemblance. I hear Florence sometimes talking of the garden you have, I must see it."

"Florence will show you while we are preparing supper. You and Mr. Long can go, too," speaking to her brother.

Miss Vann praised everything in the garden. "What beautiful geraniums you have, and those peonies are very fine, and rose bushes, too. This is delightful." Looking at Herman, "Who is the gardener?"

"My sister."

"She must be very clever."

"Florence, come here a minute," said her mother, speaking from the back porch.

"Excuse me, Miss Vann," said Florence.

"Run along, girl." As soon as Florence had left, Mary Vann turned to Wosta, "Dietche sprachen?"

"Yah."

"Do you understand German, Mr. Long?"

"Not a word."

"Then it is not good taste to speak in a language that part of the company don't understand."

"O, never mind me," said Long, laughing.

Mary Vann and Herman began to converse. "You see, my people were Hollanders," she said to him, in excellent Ger-

man, "We used to live in Philadelphia; I'm one of the Pennsylvania Dutch you have heard about."

Herman was delighted to hear it. The conversation between the two became very animated, Herman laughed frequently during the discourse. She inquired into his whole history, what he worked at, and what became of the stout girl he had at the picnic. This last seemed to tickle him.

"I have lost all track of her."

"Well, she could hardly run away from you," she said, smiling. "I noticed her in the race, she didn't seem to be able to run very fast."

Herman laughed heartily.

"Do you know what I am talking to him about?" she said, in English, to Mr. Long.

"No, miss."

"I am talking about a little German girl he had out at the picnic. He seemed to be infatuated with her, in fact, wouldn't look at anyone else, and now he is trying to tell me he doesn't know anything about her. Do you think I should believe him?"

"I don't know," said Long, smiling.

Herman was delighted with Mary, her sprightly conversation pleased him very much. He set about plucking some flowers for her. She thanked him and held them in her hand until they were called into the house, where she got a pin from Mrs. Burdett and fastened them on her bodice.

Mary's sociable disposition and entertaining chat during supper impressed her listeners very favorably.

"I suppose you'll soon be giving up the business, Miss Vann," remarked Mrs. Long.

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, getting a husband and settling down."

"I don't find them very easy to get."

"You don't? Why, I've had two of them."

"Is that so? Well, I think the one you have now will hold you for some time," looking over at Mr. Long. "I have never received a good offer yet," said Mary, continuing.

"Maybe you're very hard to please?" said Mrs. Burdett, chiming in.

"I don't know, as soon as Mr. Right comes along, I suppose I'll be like the rest of my sex, not be able to say 'No' to him."

When it came time to take her departure, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Burdett and Florence went to the bedroom with her to get her her hat and coat.

"You wear very good clothes, Miss Vann," remarked Mrs. Long. "That's a splendid hat you have."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, it must have cost a bonny penny." Mrs. Burdett thought of the hat Henry had bought her years ago.

"You know I'm in the business, Mrs. Long, and it would hardly do for me to wear anything but what's up-to-date; besides, I have to dress well when I go in society, as I have to. Some of our wealthy patrons invite me out occasionally, and I have to be stylish, it's necessary; most people judge your worth by the clothes you wear. I am a kind of a shop figure," laughing, "just like a tailor's dummy. I see you do some dressmaking, Mrs. Burdett."

"Yes, miss."

"Where do you buy your goods?"

Mrs. Burdett told her.

"Well, when you want any more, come and see me. I may be able to get you inside prices; but I must be going. I wonder if I can find my way to the car?"

"I'll go with you," said Florence.

"No, girl, you'd better stay at home; maybe that big uncle of yours would show me."

Herman was only too glad of the opportunity. When he returned, his sister and Mrs. Long joked him about her. "I think you made an impression on her, Herman," said Mrs. Long.

"If you had only heard them talking Dutch together in the garden you would have thought so," remarked her husband.

Herman laughed as he said he thought she was "all right."

"How much salary has she, Florence?" inquired Mrs. Long.

"I hear she has two thousand a year."

Long whistled. "She'd be a catch for you, Herman."

Herman smiled.

Mrs. Long remarked, "She's a good sensible woman, and full of life."

The remark of Miss Vann's as to the necessity of people in her line wearing good clothes, and their improved circumstances, prompted Mrs. Burdett in encouraging her daughter to dress well, something to which Florence's natural vanity led her to give a willing ear; so in a few months, as far as clothes went, she was a fitting companion for her superior.

Miss Vann frequently took her to supper with her, and introduced her to a number of swell people of both sexes. She occasionally took her to her rooms. "I was out with Miss Vann this evening," was always a sufficient excuse. Should Mr. Shapiro happen to call during any of her visits to the Vann establishment, she had the good sense to know her room was preferable to her company; not that Miss Vann was any way particular—it was on account of Shapiro, who showed embarrassment when Mary had company. Florence surmised her relationship with Shapiro. She in turn knew Florence's secret, so there was a mutual understanding without any necessary explanation.

Amongst the gay set with which they met, many of the young sports began to show special attention to Florence.

"Beware, my girl," Mary said on one occasion, "don't make any dates with any of those fellows, and if you do, see that you don't keep them. Their papas and mamas would be adverse to their forming a lasting alliance with a shop girl, though you are a great deal better than any of them. They're all a pack of young profligates."

One evening shortly after Easter, Miss Vann had just taken seats at the Burk Hotel, a swell restaurant in those days, when two well dressed men came walking up the passage way between the tables. One of them in passing noticed Miss Vann.

"Good evening, Mary," coming forward and placing his hand on her shoulder in a very familiar manner.

"Hello, Mortell, how are you?"

"So, so."

"How's business?"

"We've had a very good Easter, but, as usual, I suppose you monopolized most of the millinery."

Mary laughed. "Well, we did our share. Mr. Prairie, let me introduce you to Miss Burdett, my assistant." Mr. Prairie and Miss Burdett bowed.

"Miss Vann, Alderman Great, Miss Burdett." The alderman and Florence exchanged looks. The recognition was mutual, though they had never met since the night of the dance of the Five Jolly Boys. Florence tried hard to keep her composure. The alderman, however, was familiar with the most interesting episode in her past life. He had learned it from Hart and Hooligan, particularly so when he tried to stand between justice and his constituent at the time Herman Wosta had taken out the warrant.

"May we sit beside you, Miss Vann?" inquired Mortell, smiling at her.

"This is a public restaurant, I don't see how I'm going to stop you."

The two men took the two vacant chairs, the table being arranged for four.

"Have you ladies ordered yet?" inquired Prairie, picking up the bill of fare.

"No, we have just sat down."

"Here, waiter," shouted Mortell.

"In a minute, sir."

"I think I'm going to have lobster, alderman."

"How unnatural of you," said Mary, turning to him.

"How so?"

"Why, feasting on one of your own kind, one lobster eating another."

The alderman laughed heartily. Florence had to stuff her handkerchief in her mouth to suppress her mirth.

"There you go again," retorted Mortell, "you never lose an opportunity to take a shot at me."

"Well, that's because I love you."

"You do, in my eye! Miss Burdett, you select for yourself; pay no attention to Miss Vann."

"She'd better take lobster, too," said Mary, laughing.

"Why, you don't mean to insinuate that Miss Burdett is of the same species as Mortell, I hope," said the alderman, laughing.

"O dear, no! Well, let us both have lobster," continued Mary, "we'll all be lobsters for this occasion, just to show Mr. Prairie we're not discriminating against him."

"Make it all lobster," said the alderman to the waiter, "and put a bottle of White Seal on ice."

During the supper the alderman chatted sociably with Florence, never making the slightest allusion to having ever seen her before. The champagne was served, they all drank their share of it.

"We're going to McVicker's after supper," remarked Mortell to Mary, "McCullough is there."

"Perhaps the ladies would go along?" suggested the alderman, in an off-hand manner.

Florence looked at Miss Vann.

"I would be afraid to be seen with you, Mr. Prairie," said Miss Vann, archly, "for fear of losing my character."

"Or of Shapiro seeing you, which?" retorted Mortell.

"O, there's no danger of that, he's in New York. Would you like to go, Florence?"

"I'm afraid I would be out too late."

"Well, your mother knows you're going to take supper with me this evening, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, we'll go."

"I'd better go and secure the seats," remarked the alderman, rising. He returned in a few minutes and announced that it was all right.

"Mary, might I claim your indulgence while I smoke?" said Mortell, looking at her appealingly.

"You may, if you promise not to blow the smoke into my face."

"Thank you; have you any objection, Miss Burdett?"

"No, sir."

Mortell Prairie handed his cigar case to the alderman; they both lit cigars.

"It's about eight o'clock," remarked the alderman, after they had smoked some time, "we should be going." The waiter was summoned, Mortell offered to pay the bill.

"Never mind," said the alderman, pulling out a large roll and tendering the waiter a twenty. The waiter gave him his change and received a liberal tip. "We may drop in after the theatre, see; reserve a table for us."

"All right, alderman, I'll attend to it."

Florence was surprised to find herself sitting in a box seat right beside the stage. She looked at the audience and found that many were gazing at her, some with opera glasses, and felt embarrassed.

McCullough was at his best. The audience rose in applause at the conclusion of every act. The magnificent personator of Bulwer Lytton's splendid character, "Richelieu," had to appear frequently before the curtain. The enthusiasm was contagious. Florence was delighted, as she listened attentively to the alderman's praise of the powerful tragedian. At the close of one of the acts the alderman signaled one of the caterers, who was vending candies, and bought the largest box of chocolate bonbons he had in his basket and gave them to Florence, who thanked him, then handed them to Miss Vann to open.

At the end of the play, as the curtain was being lowered, the audience rose *en masse*, cheering and clapping of hands could be heard from all parts of the house. McCullough had to come and bow his acknowledgment four times before the ladies began to look for their wraps.

"Splendid," said Florence.

"I wouldn't have missed it for a good deal," remarked Miss Vann.

The alderman held Florence's coat while she placed her arms in it. Mr. Prairie devoted his attention to Miss Vann.

Reaching the exit from the theatre the alderman said, "Now we must go and have a little lunch."

"I am afraid it's too late," said Florence, looking over at her superior.

"You might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," replied Miss Vann, jokingly, to her, "you can lay the blame on me."

The four walked towards the restaurant, Mr. Prairie and Miss Vann leading the way, the alderman and Miss Burdett following, the alderman chatting to her as they walked along; when they got to the restaurant it was crowded by people from the theatre. The waiter, who had been on the lookout for them, seeing them come in, said, "This way, alderman," and led them to a table where four chairs were so placed as to indicate the table was reserved.

Supper was ordered, including a bottle of White Seal. Supper concluded, Florence showed her impatience to go home.

"Yes, it's time we were going," said Miss Vann, "we have to go to work in the morning, you sports can stay up all night."

"You're very much afraid," said Mortell, smiling, "you probably think Shapiro will fire you. I wish he would."

"Why, would you give me a job if I got the bounce?"

"You bet, Mary."

"Well, if we have to part," said the alderman, "I'll order a carriage." He called the waiter, who, after a few minutes, announced the carriage was outside. The two gentlemen conducted the two ladies to the conveyance. When they were seated, Mr. Prairie said, looking into the vehicle, "May I see you home?"

"Not if I know it."

Orders were given to the coachman to take Miss Vann to her residence and then to take Miss Burdett home.

"What's your fare?" inquired the alderman. The driver was paid in advance, with a dollar extra for himself.

"That's a splendid girl," remarked Mortell, addressing the alderman.

"Yes, I've met her before."

"You don't say? Why, I thought you didn't know her."

The alderman smiled, without making any reply.

"Where now?" asked the alderman.

"Let's go over to Carrie's," was Mortell's reply, and the two gentlemen walked in the direction of South Clark street.

Chapter XXXIV

A QUIET WEDDING

The wedding of Michael Scully and Virgie Monroe was set for the first Monday in May.

Mr. Monroe wanted to make it a great event—he was going to make enough preparations to entertain all Montana.

Scully appealed to him not to do it. "Let us have a quiet wedding," he said, "and then after a time we will entertain all our friends."

"You're a great deal too modest, Mike, you'll become unpopular; they'll say you're shabby."

Scully won his affianced over to his way of thinking.

"You can give your women friends a grand reception in the near future, Virgie, in which we'll all take part."

The ranchers were all expectancy—they knew Monroe was a good entertainer and looked forward to having a good time.

Mike explained to the men on the ranch his desire for a quiet wedding, "I hope you'll not think me mean, boys. I promise you before the summer is over, I'll give you the time of your lives."

"All right, Mike," responded Jerry Smith, "we'll see that you have a nice quiet affair." He looked at Stone, and closed one eye, as he gave acquiescence to Mike's plans.

All preparations had been made for the wedding, a number of presents had been sent to the bride, the most costly of which had been sent by young Bronson, who had agreed to stand up with Mike, and as he had shown good conduct for some time it was very agreeable to Miss Monroe. Stringer's daughter, Suzanna, was going to act as bridesmaid, and as it was going to be a quiet affair, only a few friends had been invited—not much preparation was necessary.

What with looking after his attire, and paying attention to his fiancee, Mike didn't spend much time on the range previous to the event. He had heard that a few of the cattle in one of

the herds had strayed, but Jerry Smith had sent men in all directions to round them up.

Randal had called over to the homestead to congratulate the young couple, and had been seen two or three times over at the men's quarters in consultation with Smith, Stone or Shanks. To this no attention was paid, it was assumed they were talking stock.

Scully happened to meet Smith on the Friday previous to the wedding.

"Did you find the cattle yet, Jerry?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"They surely must have strayed a long way, or you would have found them before this."

"They've got in amongst the foothills somewhere—we'll find them."

"Well, if I hadn't an important engagement in the near future, which I cannot neglect, I would turn out and help you to locate them."

"O, you never mind, sir. I have Stone, Shanks and a number of our boys out looking. They'll round them up." He smiled, as he made this assertion.

"Well, I'll be at your service on Tuesday," remarked Mike, as he left the foreman of the Monroe Ranch.

The wedding was to take place immediately after high mass, which was to be sung for the occasion. An early start had to be made. Monroe, his daughter, Scully and Mrs. Randal, with George driving, formed the bridal party. Bronson, Miss Stringer and three other friends met them at the church. A number of the boys gathered around and wished them good luck.

"Glad is the bride the sun shines on"—if true, 'twas a happy day for Miss Monroe, for the weather was ideal, as were the spirits of all concerned.

The mass over, the bride approached the altar on the arm of her father, Scully, Bronson and Miss Stringer following. There could be heard outside just at this moment the report of three shots in succession—nothing to create surprise in this part of the country, but immediately following could be seen

groups of horsemen coming from every direction. Those from a distance coming at a gallop, every hill, bluff and barn seemed to have furnished a contingent, one of which was in full Indian garb, even to the warpaint and feathers; they had blankets and rugs on them; they were fully armed, having rifles and shotguns and tomahawks. The church was surrounded by hundreds of them. Where they came from was a mystery; the Ku Klux organization had never in all its dreaded career prepared a raid so skillfully and with less noise, or in such numbers.

Big Chief held up his hands, and made gestures to all present to keep quiet.

His reverence had tied the knot securely, and had given the couple his blessing. Mike had turned and given his arm to the bride, preparatory to leaving the church. All was solemn and still within the sacred edifice, except the whispering of those who had come to view the ceremony.

Scully and his bride had taken but a few steps from the altar rail when they heard a roar of musketry.

"Some of the boys are on hand, I hear," said Monroe, smiling. Mrs. Scully shared in her father's opinion. She had some idea what to expect. Bronson and Miss Stringer could hardly hide their merriment until they got out of the church. Mike had to laugh, he knew they had prepared a surprise for him. The firing was incessant, the smell and smoke from the powder was intense, and as the bridal party reached the door of the church, what met Mike's gaze was fifty painted savages; in the rear of them some three or four hundred men on horseback were still shooting as fast as they could load and pull the triggers of their guns.

Monroe's conveyance stood ready to receive its burden. Six of the painted savages, which it was afterward learned was of the Randal tribe, surrounded Mike and separated him from his wife.

"Ugh," said Big Chief, "pale face prisoner." Mike looked up at the warrior who was on horseback and couldn't distinguish him from the real thing. One of the savages was seen leading a horse to the front. Mike recognized it at a

glance as Hercules, and before he had time to object, his six captors had lifted him bodily into the saddle.

"Won't you let me go with my wife?" said Mike, appealingly.

"Ugh, pale face prisoner," grunted Big Chief.

The six warriors who had lifted him on to his horse shook their tomahawks in a menacing manner.

Mike looked in the direction of the conveyance and saw his wife convulsed with laughter. Her father was standing up surveying the crowd, the Indians who were not mounted were dancing a war dance and shouting the Sioux war-cry, the cowboys kept yelling and firing their guns.

Mike looked around and saw Bronson at the head of a troop, different in appearance. They were men from the mines. He was surprised to see Miss Stringer and Mrs. Randal also mounted and a fair contingent of cowgirls on their staff.

Big Chief gave the signal to his warriors who were not mounted to get into their saddles. They gave a final war-whoop, discharging all the guns that were still loaded. Big Chief took his position at the head of the procession, and the march commenced to the happy hunting grounds, where he promised his warriors there were plenty of maidens, eating and drinking, and some fire-water.

Scully looked back again at his wife, who nodded her approval. She looked supremely happy and was fully enjoying the occasion; he himself had long since entered into the fun.

The entire cavalcade started for the Monroe ranch. When they reached the house it was found that ample preparations had been made for a feast. Big Chief had fulfilled his promise. There was abundance to eat and drink and a number of fair maidens to entertain the warriors, and participate in the festivities. The large room at the men's quarters had been cleared of its furniture. Three musicians were on hand to furnish music.

Scully and his wife entered fully into the enjoyment of the occasion. Monroe, Stringer, and a number of the old-timers drank the health of the young couple so often, that they lost all count.

The festivities were carried on until late in the night—every one claimed that Mike Scully's quiet wedding was the noisiest ever held in the West, that it was a howling success, and that Big Chief Randal was a credit to his tribe.

The morning after, Mrs. Michael Scully sat at the head of the table, just as she did when Virgie Monroe, her husband on her left, her father on her right, Mrs. Thompson next to him. It was the family circle. The men on the ranch kept discreetly away.

The great event of the previous day seemed to have made no change—it wasn't even referred to.

Virgie Monroe, the happy maid, was now the happy matron. Michael Scully felt that the world was his, as he stole glances at his handsome wife—he saw in her the presiding genius of his happy future.

"You don't look well this morning," Virgie said, addressing her father.

"I have a frightful headache."

"I thought you would have," remarked Mrs. Thompson, "so have some good strong tea prepared for you."

"Look who's coming!" cried Monroe. The four looked in the direction of the approach to the house, and saw Stephen Stringer and Emil Roloff crossing the lawn. As soon as they reached the dining-room, Monroe determined to fire the first shot.

"Look here. Steve Stringer, I'm going to cut your acquaintance."

"I wish you would, I'd been at home in good time last night if it hadn't been for you, and here's Emil, I suppose he's afraid to go home."

"Why, what happened him? I'm not so much surprised at you, Steve. Emil, I'm kind of astonished at you, but I charge it up to the company you keep," looking at Stringer.

"Well," replied Stringer, "I've been keeping your company for the past twenty years, so any bad habits I have I learned from you. O, good morning, Mrs. Scully—I nearly forgot my good manners."

Virgie's face colored as she bowed her acknowledgment,

then looked at her husband, with whom she exchanged smiles.

"Sit down, Roloff, and you, too, Steve. I forgive you."

"You forgive me? I don't think I'll ever forgive you." He sat down, and looked around the table as if something was missing.

"He's looking for a little medicine, Mrs. Thompson," said Monroe, grinning. "Do you think you should prescribe a small dose for him?"

"I have some very good tea here, Mr. Stringer," said the housekeeper, smiling.

"I don't think it would stay on my stomach this morning, if I hadn't something to allay the fever in advance, Mrs. Thompson."

The colored boy who was serving at table had a large sized grin on his countenance.

"You know what's good, George," said Stringer, turning to him.

Mrs. Thompson nodded to George, who went out and returned with a bottle of whisky.

"If I had as much as you had last night," said Monroe, looking at Stringer, "I wouldn't look at it for a month."

"Well, what do you think of that, Roloff, did you ever hear the like?" filling his tumbler half full, and then helping Roloff.

"I think I'll take a little of that myself," said Monroe.

"You will?" said Stringer, looking at him, "I'm ashamed of you," as he put the glass to his mouth and took it down with a gulp, Roloff following his example.

"What happened you last night after I left you?" inquired Monroe.

"After you left me! after you were led away, you mean! Well, the last thing I remember was Bronson."

"What happened him?" inquired Mrs. Scully, eagerly.

"Why, he was talking fight; he said he had ten thousand dollars to put up that your husband could lick John L. Sullivan."

"I didn't think Bronson was an enemy of mine," said Mike, laughing.

"O, he meant it," chimed in Roloff, "and the crowd that was around him seemed all to agree with him."

"I am afraid he's fallen from grace," remarked Mrs. Scully.

"That's no name for it," replied Stringer, "he was *mortalius.*"

"I hope he set Suzanna home," she continued.

"I guess not; if there was any setting home, she set him home."

"He hadn't touched a drop for over a year before," remarked Roloff, "but he vowed he would get full last night if it was the last thing he did in life, and he kept his word."

"O, Bronson's all right," chimed in Monroe, "he's as good as they make 'em; but what happened to Big Chief?" grinning at Mike, as he inquired.

"His squaw took him away early; he was pretty good at the time, though. I think I'll take a little more of this, and then, perhaps, I can take a little of your tea, Mrs. Thompson. Roloff, you'll take some?"

Monroe handed his glass across, Stringer looked hard at him, Scully and his wife laughed. Stringer handed the bottle to Monroe.

"Well, Mike, we gave you a good set off, anyway, and those events don't come very often. I wish you every joy, you both have lots of friends.

"It was the biggest thing ever come off in Montana," remarked Roloff, enthusiastically, "and everybody was good-natured."

"It was a quiet wedding," remarked Monroe, looking over at his daughter.

"It was a great surprise to me," said Mike. "Randal, Smith, Stone, and Shanks worked it well. Smith had a lot of our fellows out hunting up stray cattle, but I know now it was rounding up the boys and girls he was."

George was chuckling behind Scully's chair.

"And you, you son of a gun, you were in on it, too, I suppose?" said Monroe, looking over at George, who nodded his head.

"Well, I must go home and take my boots off," said Stringer, rising.

"Why, did you sleep in them last night, Stephen?" inquired Monroe.

"Sure! and so did Emil, and he's a deacon of his church."

"Oh, Roloff! Roloff! you see what keeping bad company does!" said Monroe, shaking his head.

"Come, Emil," said Stringer, rising, "let us be going; we'll have to face the music anyway, so the sooner the better. Good-bye, old man; good-bye, Mrs. Scully and Mrs. Thompson. Mike, when you're coming over our way look in; and bring the missis with you."

Mike promised he would.

A week after the wedding Monroe summoned Smith, Stone and Shanks into his office. "Sit down, gentlemen, I have an announcement to make." He touched his bell, George answered it. "Tell Mrs. Scully to come in." When she arrived he told her to take a seat. She looked at him in expectation. "What I want to say to you fellows is this: I've worked hard for upwards of forty years in New York City and out here in Montana, and I'm going to pitch up the job. I don't intend to do a darned thing in the future, only to loaf and enjoy life."

"Why, you're surely not going to desert us, father?" smiling at him.

"No, but in the future you and Mike will have to run the ranch; I've done my share, and I'm through."

"Oh, father, you're only talking; you know you'll never be through."

"Well, if my advice is asked, I may give it, but that's all; now we'll take a drink on the head of it. You tell your husband my decision, and in the future you fellows will take instructions from Mr. Scully."

When Mrs. Scully told her husband that evening, Mike laughed, "We'll do the best we can, Virgie, but as long as your father's spared to us he'll be the boss."

Chapter XXXV

FLORENCE'S PROGRESS IN SOCIETY

"Florence, what did your mother say when you got home last night?"

"She didn't say much, but I could see that she wasn't pleased, she was waiting up for me. I told her that after you had taken me to supper you took me to the theatre; then she was satisfied; I began to tell her how grand it was, and she became interested. She asked me if there was any bad woman in the play, like 'Camille,' and I told her no, but a very splendid woman, and how the Cardinal protected her against the bad man. 'O,' she said, 'I would have liked to seen that.'"

"You didn't tell her of the two nice gentlemen that we had with us?"

"No, I never mentioned them. Is that Mr. Mortell Prairie the son of the man who owns the department store?"

"Yes, that's he."

"He seems a very nice gentleman."

"Yes, Flo, he is very nice, especially to the ladies. In fact, he is quite a ladies' man. He's recently from Europe, where his father sent him to get experience after he left Yale. He got the experience, which cost his father a good round sum; wherever he went he left a carmine streak behind him. In Paris he was a shining light for a time, until he had some misunderstanding with a woman's husband, who challenged him to fight a duel. Mortell preferred a foot race, so left Paris in a hurry. Then he went to Monte Carlo and hoped that the excitement of the gambling table would enable him to forget the many other attractions he had forsaken in Paris, London, and elsewhere, but at length his many calls on his loving papa's purse so exasperated the old man that he cabled Mortell some finances and peremptory instructions to take the next boat home, saying, 'This is final.'

"In this the old man was mistaken, as he found out by the

next mail that his young hopeful was in pledge, and that if he sent no money his son and heir might have to stay there indefinitely, so he sent to his agent in Paris to pay his bills, and then ship him. When he got home his father determined he would make him work for a living, so he made him vice-president of the concern, which enables Mortell to draw a salary he never earns, but as old Prairie is at the store every day in the year it is open, Mortell's job is a sinecure."

"You seem to be very friendly with him?"

"Yes, he knows I know him."

"He and the alderman seem to be companions."

"No, nothing of the kind. They meet occasionally—you see, old Prairie, besides being a merchant, is a large stockholder in many of the public utilities, and as the alderman is always on the same side as Prairie senior, the young man pays court to the alderman under the impression he is pushing the good work along.

"Do you know, Miss Vann, I met the alderman before?"

"No! you don't say so; where?"

"At the dance where I was, he led the grand march and bought champagne for Hart, while we were at the supper."

"He knew Hart, then?"

"Yes, quite well."

Miss Vann seemed to lapse into a study. Customers came in, so the conversation had to be dropped.

About a month later Miss Florence Burdett was walking leisurely along toward where she would take the car for home, when she saw the alderman approaching. Her acquaintance with him had been so brief, that it was her intention to pass him unnoticed.

"Good evening, Miss Burdett."

"Good evening, sir."

As the alderman stood, common courtesy required her to stand and speak to him.

"That was a very pleasant evening we spent together," smiling, "I enjoyed the show very much. Did you?"

"Yes, sir, I thought it was very fine."

"Do you enjoy going to the theatre?"

"Yes, I like to go, I have only been twice."

"Indeed! well, you see Miss Burdett, my official position enables me to get complimentary tickets; so if you will accept them, I would only be too happy to send you some."

"That would be very kind of you."

"You can take your young man with you."

She laughingly remarked that she had no young man.

"Well, that's not right," jokingly, "but you can hardly blame me if I doubt your word. I see you are in a hurry to go, so will bid you good evening. Give Miss Vann my regards when you see her."

The following week a note arrived at the Cleveland store addressed to Miss Florence Burdett. On opening it she found it contained two reserved seat tickets for Hooley's, with the briefest of notes, the compliments of Alderman Great.

Florence showed them to Miss Vann, who remarked, "You must have made some impression on him, Flo."

Florence laughed at the idea.

Two weeks afterward Florence was somewhat surprised to receive another note, in which, on opening, she found two tickets for McVicker's, with the compliments of the alderman, with a line hoping that she enjoyed the performance at Hooley's. As she had not seen the alderman to thank him for those he had previously sent, she felt somewhat diffident as to what to think about it. On showing them to Miss Vann that lady remarked:

"Didn't I tell you, you made an impression on him?"

"Why, he's a married man," said Florence, laughing, "what would he want with me?"

"Why, you silly goose, do you think that makes any difference with him? He's like most of the married men, he enjoys flirting a bit with the girls."

Florence's thoughts reverted to Shapiro, so was silent.

Florence told her mother that one of the patrons of the store had sent her the tickets and that she was going to offer them to Herman. Herman called the next evening and Florence presented him with the two tickets, explaining to him that this act of courtesy in sending tickets to the heads of the depart-

ments was quite common, that Miss Vann not only received tickets to the theatre, but even presents of jewelry, as well.

Herman didn't know anything to the contrary, so took it for granted.

Miss Vann, while out to dinner one day, happened to run across Mortell Prairie.

"How do, Mary!"

"O, how are you, Mortell!"

"Going to eat?"

"Yes."

"May I have the honor?"

"No, I'm going to the 'Noon-day Rest.'"

"O, I see; where, while eating lunch, you can discuss all the prominent scandals. Ha, ha, pretty good of you, Mary. By the way, how is your young friend, the girl that was at the theatre with us?"

"She's all right; why do you ask?"

"The alderman and I were talking about her. It seems he knows her."

"Well, he knows nothing wrong about her, does he?"

"Oh, no, he only said he met her before, and that she was a splendid girl. You should say a word or two for me to her, Mary."

"Get out! Get out! What would she want with a roue like you? Besides, is there not enough young women in your father's seraglio to help you to spend your money?"

"Well, Mary, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll get up a little theatre party some night, if you're willing. The girl enjoys the show and as she'll be chaperoned by you, I know you will be able to take care of her."

"You bet!"

"Well, is it a go?"

"I'll see; good-bye, I must be going."

Two weeks later Miss Vann received a letter from Mr. Mortell Prairie informing her that Alderman Great and himself desired herself and friend to accompany them to the grand opera on the opening night.

"Should they be favored, they would dine at Burk's at six-

thirty, where the alderman and myself will await your coming. Hoping for a favorable reply, yours very truly, Mortell Prairie.

"P. S.—Please signify your intentions by placing note in enclosed envelope."

"What do you think of this, Flo?" she said, handing her the note.

Florence didn't know what to think. "I never was at the opera," she said.

"Well, if you would like to go, say so. I have no objections."

"Then we'll go, but mind I musn't stay out too late, mother always sits up for me. I can tell her I am going with you, and that some one has presented you with the tickets."

"We'll have to dress pretty swell, little girl, if we go, for it's to be a great occasion, and our two gentlemen friends will be in evening dress."

"Then I'd better not go; you know my best would look shabby in such fine company."

"Well, they have given us plenty of notice, it's not until a week from Monday—that's nine days, and I will help you out. Go tell Madam Gervaise that I want to see her."

Madam Gervaise was head of the dressmaking department. When she arrived, Miss Vann said, "Madam Gervaise, I want you to make a dress for Miss Burdett. It must be ready against this day week, and I want you to do your very best."

"I will only be too happy, Miss Vann; what kind of a dress does the young lady require?"

"One for state occasions. We are going to the grand opera Monday week, and I want her to look as well as any other young woman in the assembly," smiling at Florence as she made the remark.

"Then it must be decollette."

"O, no," remarked Florence, "I never could wear one of them."

"Why, girl!" said Madam, "you have a splendid figure," placing her hand on Florence's shoulder, "you would look charming."

"Don't make it too low, Madam Gervaise, you see Florence never wore a low-cut dress, and probably would seem some-

what awkward if too much of her bust was exposed. Let it be medium; you know what we want."

Florence asked Miss Vann what she thought it would cost.

"Never mind that now, we will talk of that after, when we see the goods; go over and let her measure you. I'm going to wear black, you'll have white, emblematic of purity," smiling at Florence, whose face flushed at the allusion.

Florence, when she came back after being measured, again inquired what Miss Vann thought the dress would cost.

"Well, to a regular customer about one hundred dollars; to you about fifty."

"O, dear me, I will never be able to pay for it."

"Yes, you will, my credit is good here."

Mary Vann had notified Mr. Prairie of her acceptance of the invitation.

Florence told her mother of the proposal Miss Vann had given her to attend the grand opera on the opening night.

"I am afraid, Florence, your clothes are not good enough to go. You know it's different with Miss Vann, she has a very good income, and has lots of stylish dresses, nobody but herself to look after. If I had the money it would be different."

"If the firm would trust me for a dress, mamma, would you let me order one?"

"I don't like to go into debt, but if it wasn't too costly we might be able to pay for it."

"You know, ma, since you began to trade with the store you get things much cheaper."

"Yes, Miss Vann was very good, in getting me wholesale prices."

"I'm sure Madam Gervaise would make me something really swell, as she is a great friend of Miss Vann's."

"Well, then, order one, but be sure and tell Miss Vann our circumstances before you order it, so that she will not be disappointed."

The dress was of white satin. Madam Gervaise had determined to excel any of her previous efforts. It was not so much to please Florence as to please Miss Vann, whom she knew was influential in the firm.

Florence thought it was too low in the neck, Madam Gervaise protested it was too high, Miss Vann said it was just right. Florence had to admit it was splendid.

"But what will mother think of it?" she said, looking at Miss Vann.

"Why, you're a woman now, and must dress as women do. Wait till you see some of the fashionable girls with their scraggy shoulders exposed at the opera, you'll begin to think your dress is not in fashion."

Florence resolved to tell her mother all about the dress before she brought it home, so on the Friday evening before the opera, while at supper, she said, "Mother, my dress is made, and it's splendid, but I think it's a little too low cut in the shoulders. I told Madam Gervaise that, but she said it was not low enough."

"What did Miss Vann say about it?"

"She said it was just right, a little too high if anything."

"Probably it's the fashion."

"But mother, it's grand, of beautiful white satin, and fits me like a glove. I'm going to bring it home tomorrow evening and then you can see for yourself."

When Mrs. Burdett saw the dress she could but admire the material, trimmings, and workmanship. "Those French dressmakers are very clever, but, Florence, it is low in the neck. Try it on."

Florence put the dress on; it showed a good portion of her shapely shoulders, though not near as much as some Mrs. Burdett had noticed as worn by many of the women she had seen when Florence had taken her to the theatre. Besides, many of them were thin and shrunken, while Florence's figure was well rounded. Her mother felt too much pride in her as she stood before her to criticise harshly anything she wore.

"What do you think of it, ma?"

"It's very fine, but if it was a little higher in the shoulders, I would have liked it better. You'll have to have a pair of long gloves to wear with it, or your arms would look too bare, and you may have to wear something around your neck; possibly that will make the difference."

"Yes, ma, a few strings of pearls," she said, laughing.

"Well, put it away carefully, and don't get any creases in it—with care it will last you on many occasions."

The afternoon on which the grand opera season was to open, Miss Vann came over to where Florence was standing. She had an opera cloak on her arm. "Try this on, Florence, I have borrowed it for you for the evening. There will be few at the show tonight that will have one to equal it." Madam Gervaise came over while Florence had it on.

"Beautiful! magnificent! superb," she exclaimed.

Florence looked admiringly at herself in the glass.

"Now, go down and get your gloves, see that you get the best. Madam, you go with her, tell them to send the ticket to me."

Madam Gervaise selected the gloves for her, they came above her elbows. "You're sure they're all right, Madam Gervaise," said Mary, when Florence and Madam returned.

"Yes, miss! beautiful! magnificent! superb." Madam Gervaise wasn't very proficient in the English language, so invariably used the same terms in praise of everything.

About three o'clock a messenger boy brought a note to Miss Vann. It read:

"My Dear Mary:—I hope you and your friend will not disappoint us, everything is arranged. I have ordered a carriage at Payn's that awaits your orders. There is also a box of American Beauties, which, on inspection, you will admit are a proper accompaniment for two American beauties like you and your friend (this is no joke). Payn's people will keep them in good shape and place them in your carriage. See that they're there. Will be at the restaurant at six-thirty to await your coming. Don't be late.—M. P."

Florence's dress had been brought back to the store, as the two women were going to Miss Vann's to prepare their toilets.

Miss Vann notified Mr. Morris Cohen that she and Florence would leave the store a little earlier that evening. "If Mr. Shapiro comes around you can tell him."

"Shapiro left an hour ago, miss, and said he wouldn't be

back, so it's all right; there'll be little doing anyhow after five o'clock, and Miss Jones and I can attend to it, I will get her help if she needs it."

"Thank you, Morris, I'll not forget you."

A little before five o'clock Miss Vann went to the phone and telephoned to Payn's to send the carriage to the Cleveland store, to have it there by five, and not to forget to place the box of flowers, they had there, in it.

Miss Vann devoted twice the time to Miss Burdett's toilet that she gave to her own. She put a little powder on Florence's arms, shoulders and neck, not enough to be discernible, a little rouge on her cheeks, not that this was necessary, as the bloom of youth was on them.

"Florence, you know we are going there to be seen, as well as to see. So a little art is justifiable when we think it improves nature. I would share my jewelry with you, only you look so much better without them," as she placed her diamond earrings in her ears, fastened her necklace around her neck and put her rings on her fingers.

"Now, don't you think my dress is a little too low cut?" remarked Florence, looking in the glass as Miss Vann was helping her on with her opera cloak.

"Not a bit, girl, there won't be a Johnny there tonight that wouldn't want to feast his eyes on your beautiful shoulders, and who wouldn't wish your dress wasn't a great deal lower."

Florence could not help but smile.

It was just six-forty-five when the two ladies arrived at the restaurant. The gentlemen had been waiting over a half hour. Miss Vann was in black, her dress a silk brocade. She had a rose in her hair, and carried a cluster on her arm. Miss Burdett, dressed in white, had three of the smaller American Beauties pinned on her breast, one neatly arranged amongst her beautiful tresses and a number with long stems on her arm.

Alderman Great looked with admiration he could not disguise when he saw Florence. He felt he could leave his happy home for her—no novelty, as he had frequently left his home before.

"Miss Burdett, I cannot but compliment you on your looks,"

he said, as he helped her off with her cloak. "You look charming."

She smiled her acknowledgment of the compliment he paid her.

"Well, Mary, I never saw you look so spruce," remarked Mortell.

"Now, don't begin to flatter me," replied Miss Vann, as she brought her fan across his cheek. "I know you of old, Mortell, you have said more than that to a thousand women in your brief career."

"Yes, but I mean it to you."

"Get out! Let us have something to eat. I have ordered the carriage to wait for us."

"Plenty of time; waiter, tell the driver of Miss Vann's carriage to come back in one hour."

"Yes, alderman."

During the supper Alderman Great devoted all his attention to Florence, who thanked him for the tickets he sent her.

"I'm sure I enjoyed the treat."

"Not more so than I did, Miss, when I saw you there, though on one occasion I didn't notice you as being present."

"Oh, no, the last two tickets you sent me I couldn't go, so I gave them to my uncle."

"Open this wine," said the alderman to the waiter, who was standing close by.

"Do you think I should drink any before I go?" said Florence, looking inquiringly at Miss Vann.

"One glass won't do you any harm," replied the alderman, smiling at her. The alderman touched his glass to hers as she was about to lift it to her lips.

They had a box seat at the Auditorium, close to the stage.

"What do you think of these, Miss Vann?" inquired Mortell, as he was assisting her off with her cloak.

"They couldn't be better, you must have spoken in advance."

"I didn't speak at all; it's the alderman we are indebted to."

Miss Vann bowed and smiled to the alderman.

As the alderman assisted Florence off with her cloak, in spite of Miss Vann's and Madam Gervaise's opinion, she felt

a sense of nakedness. She was soon reassured, however, when she looked at many of the women in the audience, whose decollette dresses, V-shaped in the back, were cut nearly to the waist line, over their arms mere bands instead of sleeves, and in front a more than liberal part of their bust exposed.

Many eyes were cast in the direction of the box in which Florence and her friends sat. She looked towards the stage so as not to observe their gaze. "Florence," whispered Miss Vann, "look along the fourth row of seats in the parquet; wait a moment; they're looking at us. There's the boss and Shapiro and their wives. That scraggy old-fashioned Jewess is Mrs. Shapiro. Now look, they have seen us, and are no doubt talking about us." As Florence looked in the direction, Mr. Shapiro looked straight at her, while the boss adjusted his glasses to get a better focus on Mary Vann and her party.

It was Italian opera, the great Signor Trimarco was impersonating William Tell, supported by the greatest artists on the American stage; Florence was enraptured, though she couldn't understand a word they sung.

Mortell and Miss Vann kept up a whispering conversation by themselves which gave Alderman Great opportunity to devote his whole attention to Miss Burdett. At the conclusion of the opera they returned to the restaurant for supper. Florence had enjoyed the affair immensely. She began to recognize the opportunity wealth opened to enjoyment. The alderman was full of spirits, as was Mary and her partner. Champagne was ordered and drunk freely, Mary Vann began to get a little hilarious and guyed Mortell unmercifully, even referring to some of his escapades while in Europe; he took it all good-naturedly. Florence began to feel dizzy, she spoke of going home.

"Plenty of time," said the alderman, squeezing her hand, "we don't meet often."

"I'm going home," said Mary Vann, rising abruptly, "it's near two o'clock."

"Sit down," said Mortell, catching her by the hand.

"No, we're going; order our carriage."

"Yes, I want to go, I don't feel well," cried Florence.

"Waiter."

"Yes, miss."

"Call up Payn's and tell them to send a carriage over; to Mr. Mortell Prairie's account."

In a few minutes the carriage was announced.

"When may I have the pleasure of meeting you again?" the alderman whispered into Miss Burdett's ear as he was conducting her to the conveyance.

"I don't know," she replied, as she fell into the seat.

He held her hand and squeezed it as he bid her good night.

It was about a month afterward, Florence was going to her lunch when she met the alderman.

"How do you do, Miss Burdett? Where are you going?"

"I am going to get my lunch."

"Well, that is pleasing news, I'm thinking about having some lunch, too; what say you if you join me?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Great, I haven't much time."

"It won't take you longer in one place than in another. Here is a first-class restaurant within a few doors; come along."

Florence hesitated for a second, but remembering the alderman's friendship and gentlemanly conduct, she accompanied him.

When he had ordered for himself and her, "I have not seen you since the night we were at the opera; how did you get home?" said he.

"All right; only it was by far too late for me to be out."

"I guess it was. Do you know I was somewhat under the weather the next day? I am afraid I ate too much."

"Or drank too much," she said, laughing.

"Well, that's probably so, but I never spent a better evening. Do you know, Florence—you'll excuse me for calling you by your first name—you looked beautiful that night?"

"I'm afraid you flatter me, alderman."

"No, no! I mean it. Commence on your lunch; you haven't much time. How is Miss Vann?"

"She's quite well, she didn't put in appearance the morning after we were at the opera till near noon," she said, laughing.

"Perhaps she ate too much, too," smiling at his guest.

"Do you know, I wasn't well either?"

"Is that so? It seems as if we all ate too much, as Mortell told me the next time I saw him he had been sick. Would you like anything to drink, Florence?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, eat a hearty dinner. Waiter, bring this young lady some strawberries and a dish of ice cream."

"I have eaten enough, never mind."

"O, go on, make a meal of it. You have plenty of time—do you want me to send you some theatre tickets? Perhaps you or some of your friends could use them."

"If it was no inconvenience to you, or no expense, I would be pleased to have them."

When they were about to leave the alderman took her hand, holding it and looking her in the face said, "When may I see you again?"

She held her eyes down as she replied, "You are a married man, Mr. Great. Do you think it proper that I should meet you except in the company of others?"

This reply and question staggered him for a moment, he was lost for an answer.

"We have met three times," looking at her closely, "and there's been no impropriety."

She remembered four times, and felt pleased at his ignorance. The first time was stamped on her memory, never to be obliterated. She thought from his expression he had failed to recognize her as the girl whom he had seen with Hart.

"How long could such relationship as we have had, exist without your getting tired of me, or of me losing my good name?"

"Now, Miss Burdett, I begin to think you misunderstand me."

"I hope I do, but I am afraid not. I must be going."

"Well, I'll send you the tickets, anyway. I hope you're not mad at me?"

"No, Mr. Great, I appreciate your friendship, and hope to continue it," she extended her hand to him, he grasped it, she bid him good-day.

Chapter XXXVI

MONROE TOWNSHIP

A few days after Monroe's announcement that he was going to retire, Scully had the foremen come to the office. "You know," he commenced, "the old man has thrown the entire responsibility of the management of the ranch on me, and I feel I am hardly equal to the task, so will have to rely on your cooperation; so I propose we meet here occasionally and talk matters over, and that you come prepared to make suggestions."

"Well, everything's all right at present," remarked Smith.

"I know that; let us see that we keep them right. There's one thing I've been thinking over. I thought I'd ask your opinion; we have the best stock in Montana—that can't be disputed, but I have noticed that with the rapidly increasing population in the neighboring states there is a great demand for horses suitable for farming purposes. What would you think if we tried to raise some for that market?"

"An excellent idea," said Shanks; "Mr. Monroe favored raising thoroughbreds, they paid well, he made lots of money out of them; but if we had a good Percheron, or English stallion, we have plenty of brood mares, and there's a barrel of money in it."

"You'd sell them faster than you could raise them," remarked Stone.

"But remember," said Smith, smiling, "nothing goes with the old man but the best."

"That's my idea, too," replied Scully, "I'll see him about it."

When he mentioned it to Monroe, Monroe told him to go ahead.

"I suppose," said Mike, smiling, "you'll see about getting a horse for us? You know I'm not a very good judge."

"Opportunity oft makes the man." It proved to be the case with Mike Scully. Energetic and industrious, the affairs on the Monroe ranch were properly attended to, every innovation

Mike introduced proved a success. He invariably consulted his father-in-law, to be always met with the same answer, "Well, Mike, if you think it will work, go ahead."

As February approached, a close watch was kept around the Monroe homestead, for the coming of a big bird with very long legs and an extended beak.

Old Doctor Gibbs had been installed in the house as part of a reception committee. Monroe wanted to secure a professional nurse, and was somewhat displeased with Mrs. Thompson when she attempted to dissuade him from it.

"Mrs. Randal will be with us," she said, to the old man, "and we can take good care of Virgie," as she still called her.

Monroe, however, consulted Doctor Gibbs about the matter, who told him he need have no anxiety. "Everything is all right—don't worry."

Mike attended to his work as usual, only he called at the house more frequently during the day.

Mrs. Thompson told him if anything happened while he was out on the range, she would have George raise the flag. Well, one day Mike was out distributing fodder to the cattle, when Smith shouted, "Look. Mike!" Mike wheeled around with a jerk, looking in the direction of the house. He saw the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze; he jumped to his horse, unloosed him from where he was tethered, vaulted into the saddle, saying, "Now, boy, let me see how you can go." He was off at a gallop; reaching the house, he ran into the kitchen, where he found Mrs. Thompson swathing a fair-sized piece of humanity, considering his age, in flannels. Monroe was standing over her, feasting his eyes on the new arrival.

"Well, he's come," said Monroe, extending his hand to Mike, "and he's all right."

"A very fine boy," remarked Mrs. Thompson.

"Do you think I might go upstairs?" inquired Mike.

"Sure! go up," advised Mrs. Thompson.

Mike went up and knocked gently at the door. "Come in."

He found Doctor Gibbs and Mrs. Randal round the bed where his wife lay; he went and kissed her, she placed her arm around his neck and looked lovingly up into his face.

"How is she, doctor?"

"Splendid! couldn't be better."

Mike said something below his breath, which we surmise was, "Thank God!"

"I'll stay around the house, today," he whispered to his wife.

"Do, I might want you."

A week from that day Mrs. Scully was up nursing her baby. Mike had forestalled her before she could suggest a name for the child. "We'll call him John Monroe Scully," he said.

Her father wanted to install a nurse right away.

"No, my mother nursed me, and I'll nurse him."

"That's right," said Mrs. Thompson, who was listening.

"And I'll help," chimed in George, who happened to be there at the time. So Monroe had to drop the matter.

"Now, Mike," said Monroe to him one day, "you had your own way, or thought you were going to have, at the wedding, but I'll be darned if you'll have anything to do about the christening. This is going to be my turn."

And so it was.

Father Chadwick came to the house on the Sunday afternoon that the baby was to be baptized, and all Montana was welcome. "Yes, even if Black Jack Murry comes, I'll offer no objection," said Monroe, talking the matter over with Randal, Smith, Stone, and Shanks, who were on the committee of arrangements. Needless to say it was a big affair.

The christening of young John Monroe Scully was something to be remembered.

A few days before Christmas the same year that Mike's first baby was born, Father Chadwick rode over to make a friendly call on Monroe and his family. He was always a welcome guest. After supper Monroe, Scully and his wife were seated in the parlor, his reverence was talking of the paucity of his congregation, how few Catholics there were in that section of the country. "Our people," remarked his reverence, "are mostly Germans and Swedes. What English speaking people we have are mostly of English extraction. You're an Irishman, Mr. Scully?" he remarked, turning to Mike.

"Well, hardly, I was born in Chicago; both my father and

mother were born in Ireland, however, and, of course, I claim to be Irish, too."

"They're a grand people," said Chadwick, "I wish we had more of them out here."

"You're thinking of donations," said Monroe, joking him.

"Well, that amongst other matters, but the most important, they are all true to the faith."

"Only some of them," said Mike, breaking in, "what of the Orangemen?"

"Oh, they're the Scotch-Irish—I don't count them."

"Why, some of the Scotch held true to the faith, even in the worst days of persecution," remarked Monroe.

"Yes, they were the Highlanders. They were pure Celtic, anyhow; for that matter many of the staunchest supporters of our religion are English people. Those are exceptions, but the Irish, as a whole, were ever faithful."

"What will you call my son when he grows up?" said Mrs. Scully, smiling at his reverence.

"I haven't a bit of fear for him," replied his reverence, looking over at the boy Mrs. Scully was dandling on her knee, "he's what your father would call of a good stock, and there's no fear of his education being neglected."

"Not if I know it," said Monroe, proudly, looking over at his grandson, "that's my boy."

Scully and his wife exchanged looks—they knew the old man's heart and soul was in the youngster.

"What I can't understand," continued Chadwick, "is how the Irish people, coming as they did from a purely agricultural country, didn't seek farms instead of staying in the large cities."

"Perhaps that was owing to their poverty," remarked Monroe, "you see they were poor when they landed at New York, or Boston, and had to seek work right away."

"Yes, but even after they had money, they still stayed in the cities."

"Maybe the church had a good deal to do with it," said Scully.

"How was that?" inquired Mrs. Scully, looking at her husband.

"Well, you see the people of Ireland are very devout. I have heard my mother say that the man or woman, in the town in Ireland she came from, who wouldn't go regularly to mass, would be looked upon as a pagan, the neighbors would think it unlucky to associate with them. Having this feeling, those who came, especially the women, wouldn't go where they wouldn't be able to attend mass on a Sunday, thought they might die, perhaps, without an opportunity to receive the rites of their church. I know my mother wouldn't; and she was a fairly sensible woman."

"I believe that had a great deal to do with it," said Monroe.

"No doubt," replied his reverence.

One day Scully was doing some figuring in his office, when his wife came in with the baby. Mike took it from her, fondling him for a time. The boy now began to lisp a few words and showed a desire to walk around his chair, to his father's delight, "Virgie, I wonder when this youngster gets a little older, whom he will have for companions."

"Why, you and me and his grandfather, to be sure."

"Do you think that sufficient? When I was a boy I had other boys to play with."

"You were brought up in a big city; look at me, I had no girl companions until I went to school."

"You never missed them, perhaps, girls are not like boys—they want companionship. When we grow up it is different. You're all the companion I want. I wish we had some respectable neighbors, who had children; I'm looking to the future, not for our sakes, but for his."

"It would probably be better, but you know here it's impossible. My father would never leave this place, and you and me and his grandchild are all he has."

"No, nor will I ever leave it. This is our home, here we are supremely happy; but I have been thinking over a matter. I want your opinion. You see, the surrounding country is rapidly filling up, villages are being organized, great numbers are seeking homes in the West. We out here are comparatively isolated. Land is increasing in value, the very large area we possess prevents settlers from coming near us. We have fifty

thousand acres. I think a part of that should be thrown open for settlement, if only, say, three thousand acres, which would still leave us forty-seven thousand, which is much more than we will ever require."

"You mean to sell some of it to settlers?"

"Yes, under conditions, but not an acre to speculators."

"Why don't you talk to father about it?"

"I thought I would consult you first."

"I think it's a good idea; but first you should draw up a comprehensive plan."

Mike spoke to Monroe, who told him to go ahead. "There are five thousand acres of fine agricultural land in the Valley close to Pine Ridge that we can spare—I like your idea, Mike, it's good."

Immediately after getting Monroe's approval, Scully issued the following prospectus, which he had printed, sending copies to the local papers in the neighboring towns, and also to the depot masters on the different lines of railways within a radius of fifty miles, with a request that they would post them up in waiting-rooms and prominent places:

FOR SALE

One hundred forty-acre farms in Fair Valley, which is fifteen miles from ——. The land has a rich, black soil, suitable for the cultivation of wheat, barley, potatoes, and other vegetables, and such fruits as can be grown in this climate; the rainfall is sufficient, no irrigation is necessary, good well water can be obtained at a depth of from fifteen to twenty-five feet below the surface.

Easy terms and every assistance will be given to bona fide settlers who desire to establish for themselves a permanent home. Speculators need not apply. For further information apply to

THE MONROE LAND AGENCY,
—— County, Montana.

At the bottom of the poster was a plat of the land.

Ere a week had passed there were many inquiries for further information, to which Scully responded with a stereo-

typed letter that the land would be sold for ten dollars an acre, payment could be deferred for twenty years by the purchaser paying six per cent interest, to be paid on the first day of September, annually; there would be a clause in the lease prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on the ground, the installing of any gambling house, dance hall, or places for immoral purposes; such clauses to be so binding as to enable the present owner to cancel the lease, and eject the tenant; that further, no transfer of the land would be permitted to a third party without the consent of a committee of five who would adjudicate on the legitimacy and advisability of the transfer, and where objections were raised against such transfer, the Monroe estate guarantees to the party desiring to move full value for all improvements made during their possession; the committee of five aforementioned to act as appraisers.

The issuing of the poster caused a sensation; it was at variance with Monroe's policy, who had always been in the market to buy. Father Chadwick was enthusiastic over it.

"You've got a live man here," he remarked to Monroe, the first time they met after the poster appeared.

"Wasn't I a live man?" turning on the pastor.

"Yes, in your day; but things are changed now, and Scully is in harmony with the times."

"You're looking for an increase in your flock," replied Monroe, jokingly.

"Yes, I expect some of our way of thinking will take advantage of this splendid opportunity."

Stringer, Roloff, Randal and Bronson, all approved of it.

Before a week Scully had over twenty letters of inquiry, a number came and visited the land personally, and to one and all he said, "All reasonable assistance will be given, but you must live up to any agreements you make; this is a business proposition."

The many letters that arrived so enthused Monroe that without informing either Scully or his daughter, he went over to the town in which he banked, and placed ten thousand dollars to the credit of Michael Scully and brought a check book, which he handed to Mike with the remark:

"You'll need a little cash to run this thing, my boy, before you get through, and here's something to be going on with."

Mike handed the book to his wife, telling her to place that amount to the credit of the Monroe Land Agency, and charge six per cent interest against it.

"That's not a loan, Mike," shouted Monroe.

"I know that. I know it's a gift for which I thank you; but we're going to keep a correct account of everything."

Many who made application had little resources, but to all Mike gave encouragement; to those having families he was extra solicitous. "The first thing you do," he said to those who agreed to the terms, "is to provide shelter, put up a plain house, that you can use afterward as a barn." He had ordered lumber, doors and window sashes suitable for such purposes, the lumber being of such lengths as would require the least skill in putting such structures together, nails, locks, and the necessary hardware, which he sold on time. He ordered three gang plows of the latest improved style, harrows and rollers, and supplied horses, for the use of which he charged a fair rental. He established a general store on the ground, where supplies could be purchased. The progress was phenomenal. Monroe entered into the enterprise with spirit, aiding the settlers in every way he could.

"I thought you'd retired," said his daughter, smiling, to him one day, while at breakfast, when she noticed the clay on his boots.

"It begins to look, girl, as if I'd only started."

Mike, during all this time, never neglected the ranch. Monroe had no time to pay any attention to it. Father Chadwick was nearly as busy as Monroe. He found to his great delight that more than half of those availing themselves of the opportunity were of his religion, and as a rule those had the largest families.

"If the government of the country had only pursued this plan," he said, one evening, while enjoying a cigar with Monroe in the parlor, "how much better it would have been for all concerned. Instead, they allowed one hundred and sixty acres to every Dick, Tom and Harry that came along, the

most of the fellows who took claims held them for six months, till they could prove title, and then sold them to speculators, while the honest homesteader, who located to stay and hoped he would have neighbors, in a year or two found himself and his family out in the wilderness, tired of it on account of the isolation, and moved out."

"Yes, that was a shame," said Mrs. Scully, "especially for the poor woman who sometimes needed assistance which could not be obtained. Many died before help could be secured."

"I understand Doctor Gibbs had a case over there the other day," remarked Monroe.

"Yes," said Mike, "we had our first birth; both the woman and child are doing well. It's a job for you, Father Chadwick."

"Splendid," said the good priest, rubbing his hands, "I've been and seen them already."

"I think we'll start a little church of our own, Mike, it's too much to be letting his reverence have all the business."

"You can't get out of my parish," retorted the priest, "it covers the whole country!"

"That's so," said Monroe, laughing, "so we're up against it, and there's Gibbs, too, he says it's like striking oil. He looks for quite an increase in the population." Mike gave a significant look at his wife.

Amongst the settlers in Monroe Township, as it began to be called, were many artisans, most of whom had been brought up on farms, but had left them when young to move into the cities, where they believed there were larger opportunities, and at least more company, and now in turn, tired of city life, resolved to try the country once more. To all Mike showed a way for them to utilize their surplus time. The carpenters were in special demand, as were the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the wheelwright and the tailor. A grand system of co-operation was formed and, as if by necessity, everything began to hum. The season was propitious—the rich virgin soil gave ample rewards, so that when the time for paying the first annual interest arrived, few, if any there were, had difficulty in meeting it.

Black Jack Murry, who had condemned the thing on its inception on account of the prohibition clauses in the lease, had

to admit it was a howling success, and in spite of his original aversion felt pleased, as some of those who had settled on the land occasionally paid him a visit.

Just eighteen months after the birth of John Monroe Scully, young Mike arrived, to the great delight of all concerned.

Monroe's interest in the community was growing apace, he having assumed nearly the entire management of Monroe Township, with Mike and his wife as aids. It was a frequent sight to see him driving from one house to another, amongst the neighbors, inquiring as to how things were going, with young John perched up beside him.

The second year proved equally as prosperous, crops were good, cottages began to be built, the store that Mike had installed was a flourishing concern, and to this Mike gave considerable attention. It was located at the northeast corner of Main street and Monroe avenue, and was a favorite place of meeting for Stringer, Randal, Bronson, Roloff and others when they came to town, as they used to say. Even Black Jack Murry began to trade there on business principles—he always got the worth of his money.

On the third year there were a couple of transfers, but as Stringer, Randal, Bronson, Roloff and Father Chadwick had appraised the value of the improvements to the satisfaction of the outgoing tenant, and as there were over a dozen applicants for the farms, two of which the same committee decided upon, everything was satisfactory.

Mrs. Scully determined to be a factor, so she called a ladies' meeting, which Mrs. Bronson (*nee* Suzanna Stringer), Miss Roloff, Miss Winethrop, and a number of other ladies attended. Mrs. Scully called the meeting to order and in a few well chosen remarks, as the papers often put it, announced that the subject of the evening was education. "We have now quite a number of children here, and have no school. I thought I would bring you ladies together to talk the matter over." When she got through a number of the maids and matrons present clapped their hands.

"We have no building suitable," remarked one of the ladies present.

"O, I'll see to that," remarked Mrs. Scully.

"What about a teacher?" inquired another.

"I'm afraid we will have to do the teaching ourselves—some of us will have to volunteer."

"I'm willing to do my share," spoke up Miss Roloff.

"And I, too," chimed in Mrs. Bronson.

Some half dozen volunteered to give such time as they could. The ladies warmed up to the movement, a motion was made that they appoint officers, which was agreed to. Mrs. Scully was elected president after a mild protest on her part, Miss Sarah Roloff, secretary, and Mrs. Bronson, treasurer. After she inquired how much bonds she would have to put up, which created a laugh, Mike, who happened to enter the house at the time, hearing the laughter, opened the door and peeped in.

"We want you," shouted his wife.

"No, not me!" as he looked in and saw the number of females present. He beat a hasty retreat, the women laughing heartily as they saw him escape.

"I'm going to appoint a committee to bring Mr. Scully in," said his wife.

"Good! Good!"

"I appoint Mrs. Bronson, Miss Roloff and Mrs. Rooney."

"Bedad, we'll bring him, then," said the latter, as they went out.

When they returned, conducting Mike, he looked around and laughingly inquired what all this meant.

"The president will explain," said Mrs. Bronson.

Mike looked at his wife, who he noticed was the presiding genius.

"This, sir, is a meeting of the school board."

"Indeed, I didn't know we had such an august body."

"Well, we have, and I'm the president."

Scully bowed to her.

"And we have decided that the children's education in this place has been sadly neglected, and that you're to blame, sir."

"How am I to blame?"

"For not furnishing adequate school accommodations."

"Why, what do you expect me to do?"

"Build a schoolhouse without further delay."

"My children are too young to go to school," replied Mike, laughing.

"Mine's not," "Nor mine," "No, nor mine," spoke up several.

"Who's going to do the teaching?" inquired Mike.

"I am, for one," spoke up Miss Roloff.

"Then I'll go to school," said Scully. This sally on his part created a laugh in which the women joined. "And I'll get you a few pupils besides. I know one young man who'll only be too glad to go." Miss Roloff blushed while the other women laughed at her.

"Well, the orders of the board are," said his wife, assuming an authoritative air, "that you proceed without further delay to put up a suitable building for school purposes."

"I'll see your father about you," said Mike, grinning at his wife.

"You'll promise before you leave this room, sir; know that I'm the president."

"Well, as you're the boss, I suppose I'll have to promise."

"Now you can leave the room."

"Can't I stay?"

"No, sir, we're going into executive session!"

Mike bowed himself out, 'midst the uproarious laughter of the lady members of the school organization.

When he was gone the question of a site came up. It was decided to locate it on the southwest corner of Main street and Monroe avenue.

"I make a motion," said Mrs. Bronson, "that if he builds us a nice schoolhouse that we call it after him."

Mrs. Randal seconded the motion.

The school was built to the entire satisfaction of the committee. Scully, however, balked at having his name put over it, and was allowed to make a suggestion. It was called the Thomas Jefferson, which met the general approval, it being a Democratic constituency.

Another year had passed, rapid developments had taken place in Monroe Township. Through the pass at Pine Ridge, through Main street to the river, had become a thoroughfare,

and a ferry had been established over the river. Little remained to be done.

One evening Mike came home. He had something wrapped in paper under his arm; it was near supper time.

Mr. Monroe, Mrs. Scully and her two children were seated in the parlor. Johnny went and threw his arms around his father's legs.

"What's that you have Mike?" inquired his wife.

"It's a spade."

"Well, what are you bringing it in here for?"

He unwrapped the paper. The spade was silver plated.

"What are you going to do with that?" said Monroe, looking at it in Scully's hand.

"Oh, that's a secret."

"I didn't think you had any secrets," said his wife, smiling.

"O, yes, I've had one, but I'm going to tell you now. You see, you've given me so many surprises since I've been here, I thought I'd give you one. We're going to dig the foundation for the church tomorrow, and I got this spade so that your father could turn the first sod."

Monroe bowed his head in his hands. Scully's wife gave him a look of admiration. The bell rang, announcing their supper was ready. As Monroe lifted his head a tear was seen glistening in his eye.

Chapter XXXVII

THE PRIMER CLASS

Tony Murphy had attended school for four years, thanks to the aid and persistency of his patron, Mrs. Great, and the watchful eye of Father Nolan. Now almost fourteen years of age, he began to think that he knew enough. He wanted to go to work. Patsy O'Brien, two years his elder, had got a job in the tin factory through the influence of his sister Mamie.

This necessitated young O'Brien giving up his newspaper route, which was taken up by Tony. This small job of distributing evening papers was not adequate to fill Tony's vaunting ambition. So he determined to revolt against a longer continuation of wasting his time going to school, and would embark in the newspaper business. There was a protest from Mrs. Great, and a lecture from the worthy priest, which was of no avail.

A strong factor in support of Tony's desire was the poverty of the O'Briens. Old man O'Brien was losing his pull with the good alderman, so instead of getting four or five months' work in a year from the city, he could scarcely get two; he protested—he was a good Democrat and never scratched his ticket. The alderman complimented him on his loyalty to principle. "But what can I do?" he said, "there's so many of my people wanting work and I have to divide it up as best I can."

Mrs. O'Brien, worn out with long years of struggle, began to show the effects of never-ceasing toil and trouble. Tony had his way. The three or four dollars that he could earn a week, added to that brought in by Mamie and Patsy, kept the pot boiling. Old man O'Brien and young Murphy began to feel a little more independent.

Mrs. O'Brien's chief trouble was in rounding the youngsters up at night. They used to gather around Hooligan's corner in a group, and often played pranks on the neighbors, with an occasional scrap amongst themselves. About nine P. M. Mrs. O'Brien would send Mamie to call in the children. Mamie would go to the front door and shout, "Patsee! Tony!" Sometimes they would turn a deaf ear to her, and after yelling a number of times she would threaten to "send mother." This invariably brought them, Tony lagging behind Patsy, who would protest to his sister, on coming within talking distance, that it was only nine o'clock. There were times when Mamie's war-cry would fail in bringing them in. Then Mrs. O'Brien would put her shawl over her head and go gunning for them; as she came up the little street some of the boys would see her and give the alarm, "Hook it, Patsy, your mother's coming."

Patsy and Tony would take to their heels, run a little way, then duck through an alley, run along it and find their way through one of the spaces between the houses fronting the O'Brien homestead, and while Mrs. O'Brien would be inquiring for them, the two youngsters would have time to peel off their clothes and jump into bed. She'd return and find them both feigning sound sleep. She knew better, and would ease her mind by denouncing the young ruffians at the corner, who had told her they hadn't seen them all night, Patsy and Tony chuckling to themselves, with the blankets stuffed into their mouths to suppress their laughter. They always enjoyed the joke of "putting it over the old woman," as they called it.

Amongst the group of urchins that used to congregate around the corner was one Gus Schultz by name. Mrs. O'Brien had a different appellation for him; she called him "the devil." His brother, Rudolph, two years younger, was only an imp in Mrs. O'Brien's estimation. Gus was the leader of the gang—he could smoke his cigarettes with as much enjoyment as a society belle, or as the son of an illustrious sire, who, by accident, became mayor of the great city of Chicago, and who, knowing that outside his accomplishments as a cigarette fiend he possessed naught but weakness and unfitness for the position, only appeared in the council chamber the night he was installed and the night he was extinguished, his political light going out forever.

As was natural, considering his extraction, Gus could drink beer, so the larger boys had a can hidden in a secure place under a flight of steps. Many a pint they consumed. Hooligan never inquired who sent them for it, it was none of his business, he paid a license—that was enough.

Sometimes there were complaints of the young hoodlums that hung around Hooligan's corner. That worthy always came to their defense. "They're neighbor's children," he would say, "and if they can't stand around their own corner, where will they stand?"

Many a time passers-by would hear language, phrases, and expressions, unknown a few years ago, and up to this day not in use in many of the effete nations of Europe.

Their chief amusement was to guy the girls as they passed. "How are you, Annie? Hello, Polly," they would say, when a couple would be going along. The girls might turn around to see who was accosting them.

"Come here," one of them would shout, "I want to talk to you!"

The girl, if she was foolish enough to stop, might give a look of contempt at the young snipes, as she rated them or in her indignation called them. If she did, they gave her the "ha ha" or made reflections about her that made her boil over ere she left, followed by their jeers and laughter.

Some of the gang never worked. They couldn't find a job, or over-indulgent parents didn't expect them to do so. Those used to hang around the whole day, except when they went home to eat. It was one round of pleasure. The Jew peddlers were their legitimate prey. If it was fruit he was selling, a couple would attract his attention by professing they were going to buy, while the rest of the bunch were looting his stock. If he complained, so much the worse for him. Gus Schultz, or some of his crowd, would run around in search of a brick or some other missle, to hurl at the "dam'd sheeny." They had as little use for the children of Israel as had their parents.

The "dirty Dagos," as they called the Italians, who began to settle in the neighborhood at this time, were another object of their wrath, or practical jokes, as they called them.

They were, however, somewhat impartial to all others—the man who had business to do in a store, and having a horse and buggy to leave standing outside, would do well to take his whip, horse-blanket or rugs, if he had any, with him; if he didn't take this wise precaution, he would be lucky, or the gang neglectful, if he had them when he came out.

On one occasion a peddler, whose business it was to serve free lunch to saloons, left his wagon outside Hooligan's and went in to see if he could induce him to put up a lunch. It took him some time trying to impress Hooligan with the advantage of offering this seductive plan of increasing his patronage. Hooligan was slow in coming to a conclusion. The man

was buying a few drinks. At length he gave up the effort. As he was leaving Hooligan told him to call again. In his absence from his wagon, without knowing it, he had done a land-office business—he had nearly got rid of all his stock, including the whip. They left him little, but the horse and wagon. When he found out his loss, he set up a roar, a crowd gathered, no one knew who committed the depredation. The peddler groaned at his loss, the crowd which had gathered laughed at him. Amongst the loot was a number of bricks of limburger cheese. It was a poor neighborhood for the sale of the Dutchman's delight, but Gus took his share home—the aroma from it was pleasing to their nostrils, the taste agreeable to their palates.

Some of it was offered to Mrs. Flynn. She chased the generous donor with the poker. "Take that dirty rotten stuff out of here," she cried, as her young hopeful scooted away with it in his hand. That day limburger cheese was a glut on the market, so the boys amused themselves by pelting it at one another, at the passers-by, or smearing the garments of some of the people who had to go that way; it being good and juicy made it adaptable for the purpose.

On another occasion, they spied a brewer's wagon standing a little way down the street. The brewer's men were in taking a drink. They did some family trade, and had quarter-barrels. "Come on, boys," said Gus, approaching the wagon, he got one of the quarters on his shoulder, but as it was a little too heavy for him he had to call for help. This feat, up to this time, was unparalleled. He was determined to get away with it, and two of his associates came to his aid. They steadied the barrel on his shoulder and endeavored to relieve him from part of the strain. The rest of the juveniles encouraged him by whispering, "Go on, Gus." Some of the older people who were witnesses of the occurrence laughed. The boys had nearly reached Hooligan's corner when the two brewery men came out of the place where they had been gossiping, and looking in the same direction as a number of people were gazing, detected the cause of their curiosity, and gave chase. Gus, unable to flee with the beer, was compelled

to drop it and take flight. Acts of enterprise like this made Gus a hero in the eyes of his associates.

When complaints of the young vagabonds got so frequent that the decent people of the neighborhood began to complain, other old blarneys of women would say, "Sure, they're only children."

Occasionally one of them used to get "pinched," as they called it. Hooligan or the good alderman got them out right away. This knowledge of their influence was an incentive to further depredations.

There was great excitement around Hooligan's one evening about the time this chapter is being recorded, an interesting event was going to take place, an honored guest was being expected. A reception committee had gone to meet the gentleman some distance out of town, and escort him to the place where anxious friends and ardent admirers would have an opportunity to greet him, just as the nabobs of the Union League or other representative bodies select committees to go a distance by rail to meet and conduct well advertised statesmen, politicians, or successful grafters who happened to be in their set.

A remarkable event worthy of recording happened on this august occasion, something the like of which never happened before in the "Workingman's Headquarters." Hooligan wasn't in favor of innovations of this character, but on an occasion of this magnitude he was willing to thaw out a little. The reunion was not going to be a frost if he could help it, so he dispatched Rock to go and secure a suitable lunch; one to the taste of the locality. Rock being to the manner born, told Hooligan he knew what would make a hit.

"Well, put it down on a piece of paper."

Rock began to jot it down. "We'll have a piece of corn beef—"

"And some cabbage," chimed in Hooligan.

"Yes, and a pig's head—that's what I'll take them," continued Rock, "and a half dozen loaves of bread. Do you think I should get a couple of them rye?"

"What for?" said Hooligan, in remonstrance. "Who the hell

would want rye? Only the Schultz bunch, and if they can't eat what other people eat, let them go without."

"I can get some potatoes, you know, the kind that's a little sour, and a few bunches of scallions, and maybe radishes; that will make a good lay-out, and we'll arrange it on the far end of the counter," suggested Rock, "it will look swell."

"No, it will take up too much room," said Hooligan, "we'll use the table and place it there," pointing to the ladies' entrance. "There's three dollars—go and do the best you can."

Rock set out for a place on Randolph street, where saloon lunches were a specialty, and returned to Hooligan's temple of personal liberty with everything as desired.

Hooligan looked at the supplies with admiration. Rock was dispatched to some of the neighboring houses to borrow a knife to carve with, and a few forks to point with. Those might be assumed to be a superfluity, as many of Hooligan's patrons would just as soon use their digits.

While things were being arranged on the table, some of the Hooligan vets felt like sampling it. Hooligan wouldn't stand for it. One of the juveniles who had come into the "Workingman's Headquarters" on business, noticed the lay-out. He spread the news. "Lots of everything, corn beef, cabbage, pig's head, everything grand," he described, in his enthusiasm.

"I wonder if he will let us have any of it?" inquired one of the boys, his mouth watering in expectation.

"If he don't he'll lose our trade," threatened another.

The illustrious visitor wasn't expected until about eight o'clock in the evening. Up to this time the lunch had been kept covered with a table cloth, the original intention being to place it under the victuals, but Hooligan with foresight thought better to place it over them. A number of people had gathered in the saloon, many of them strange to the house of Hooligan, they had got word of the expected arrival and were there to give him welcome.

Hooligan gave Rock orders to uncover the lunch. The regulars rose as one man, and advanced upon it.

"Go easy, there," shouted Hooligan, to them. They fell back after a slight skirmish; some only making a reconnoiter, from

the fact of their being in the rear rank. One of the kids came in for a pint of beer, accompanied by two others who came to investigate the display. While Hooligan was drawing the beer they each wheeled around in double-quick time, and grabbing a fork stuck it into a piece of the pig's head.

"That'll do, that'll do," yelled Hooligan, from behind the counter. He was too late, however, as each of the juveniles had succeeded in "spearing a chunk," as Jimmy Quinn would describe it. When they came out eating what they had captured, they described the lay-out in glowing terms.

"My, but it's fine," said one of the fortunate ones, licking his lips.

"Won't he let us have any?" inquired one of the longing ones.

"Naw! he chased us—we had to make a sneak or we'd have got none. He's put Rock to watch it."

"I'm going to have some," boasted Schultz.

"Me, too," said Flynn.

"You can count me in," remarked young Dempsey.

Shortly after eight P. M. a group consisting of a dozen or more could be seen coming down the main street, a young man neatly dressed was at the head of the procession. Henry Mort was on his right, Joe Phipps on his left, John Bert close behind him. They were chatting and laughing as they walked along. Passers-by turned and gazed at them, wondering who they were. As they neared Hooligan's they received an occasional nod and smile; reaching the entrance to "Workingman's Headquarters" the crowd of kids who gathered around set up a shout. The central figure nodded his approval and smiled at them. Gus Schultz grabbed him by the hand, he pressed his in return, and walked into the saloon.

"Hello, Hart, welcome home," shouted Hooligan, running from behind the bar to greet the illustrious traveler. There was hand-shaking and tapping on the back of the newcomer.

"My, Red, but you look well," remarked Rock, with his old grin; Hart seized Rock by the hand.

"How are they coming, old pal?" was Hart's friendly greeting.

"Let's have something," shouted Mort.

The drinks were set out and Hart's health drank. A number eager to display their friendship for the new arrival were clamoring for the opportunity to buy. Some of the youngsters lined the door to get a look at the hero of the hour.

During a little respite Hooligan, who was talking to Hart, seemed anxious. "I expected the alderman around—I told him you were coming."

"How is he?" inquired Hart.

"Better than ever," Hooligan replied, enthusiastically.

There was a commotion in front—"Hurrah for Great," could be heard. "Give us a nickel, alderman," yelled some of the kids. The city father stopped at the entrance and, placing his hand in his pocket, pulled out a number of small coins and threw them on the sidewalk. There was a general scramble; the alderman was laughing as he walked into the saloon. He was greeted on all sides, he went forward and shook Hart's hand warmly, and complimented him on his looks. The urchins outside, after the scramble for the money was over, waited in expectancy. They looked longing towards where the lunch lay—there were three or four of the regulars around it, fishing.

"Come, give the boys what they want," ordered the alderman. The regulars deserted the lunch to crowd to the bar.

"Now," whispered Schultz to Dempsey and Flynn. The three of them sneaked in, and going towards the lunch-table unobserved Schultz grabbed what was left of the pig's head, Dempsey secured the corn beef, Flynn took a couple of the loaves that were still uncut, and they retreated in good order by the ladies' entrance, and ran down the street, followed by the entire push.

"Fill them again," remarked the alderman, who was standing beside Hart, talking sociably to him, after the second round had been drank.

"We've a nice lunch, alderman," remarked Hooligan, beaming with pleasure.

"Well, I feel like taking a snack of something," turning towards the table, where he saw the tails of a few scallions sticking out of the tumbler, a number of radishes on a plate

with salt on the side; a few dabs of fat meat on the table. "Is this the lunch?" he looked at Hooligan inquiringly. Hooligan looked through a gap in the crowd to where he expected to see the spread.

"Holy Moses," he exclaimed, "by —— ——" He looked hard at some of the regulars as if they were worth searching, but like the late lamented Mark Hanna, they stood pat. Some of the kids were suggested. "If I knew who it was," yelled Hooligan in a towering passion, "I'd have the whole pack of rotten young thieves pinched."

Quite a number of well dressed young gentlemen who were present looked hard at Hooligan. He felt abashed—he knew he had committed himself. Such language was not appropriate in such company, especially on so auspicious an occasion.

Such was the environment of Tony Murphy's boyhood days.

Chapter XXXVIII

THE ABDUCTION

When Florence got back to the store after lunching with the alderman, she told Mary Vann what had taken place, and what she had said to the city father on leaving him.

"You did right, my girl; keep him and all like him at a safe distance. I can deliver to you the same kind of sermon as did a preacher who had some failings for which his flock upbraided him, 'Don't do as I do, but do as I say.' There is a great field open for you, wait; some day a man will come along that may be worthy of you. You know you have had some experience, let that be a lesson to you; a little dining, a little wining and a little sociability helps me to forget some of my early troubles. I have had my loves, now I have little but my hates. When you see me in the midst of a merry whirl, I am like the little bird in the cage that was saddest when he sang. Go and see what the lady wants."

Florence Burdett and Mary Vann were constant companions.

They often mingled with the gay set. Florence, however, had received a lesson, and with more mature judgment steered clear of the shoals that oft beset a beautiful woman. She had become an expert in her line, only second to Mary Vann, who was considered as having no equal in the millinery business. Florence had been five years in the Great Cleveland Store and commanded a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Her mother, contrary to her daughter's wishes, still did some sewing, so that Widow Burdett might be said to be on "Easy street." Occasionally Florence was out late of an evening, but as she could always give an account of herself satisfactory to her mother, the latter felt no uneasiness on her daughter's account —the Hart episode had been nearly forgotten.

One evening in the fall of the year, after leaving the store, Mary Vann and Florence had occasion to go west on Madison street. They had crossed the river; the weather of the past few days had been wretched. It had been sleeting, there was a coating of slush on the sidewalk, but their feet being incased in warm boots that were covered with arctics, it gave them little trouble, only to compel them to hold up their skirts. Both women had on sealskin coats and had muffs; there were but few people on the street.

"My, but this is a miserable night," said Florence, as she tried to avoid the thickest of the puddles on the ill-kept walk.

"Look at this poor creature coming along," said Mary, nudging her companion. The woman was about to pass them close to where there was a lamp post. Florence looked into her face—recognition was mutual.

"Why, Margy, is that you?" Margy looked up into her questioner's face, but it was a second or two before she could give utterance.

She had a large bundle under her shawl. She lifted it up a little as if to relieve the strain, displacing the shawl. Florence saw it was a child she was carrying.

"What's to do with you?" Florence said to her. Miss Vann walked on to the next corner where she stood.

"Oh, Miss Burdett, I have been in great trouble," she began to whimper.

A Tale Of Woe

"Well, there is no use of you crying—whose baby is that you've got?"

"It is mine."

"So you are married?"

"No, this is Rock's baby."

"Do you and he live together?"

"No, he won't do anything for me. I wish we could go in some place where I could talk to you."

"I can't go now, you see there is a lady waiting for me."

"Yes, I see, I know her—that is Miss Vann."

"If it's Rock's baby, why don't you make him do something for its support?"

"I did; I summoned him to court, and I got nothing but abuse. He had a lawyer there, they called him Fitz something. He said I was a common strumpet, and that he had a dozen reliable witnesses to prove it. I said he was a liar, that I never went with any one but Mr. Rock, and as God is my judge, Florence, that's true. The judge got cross with me and shouted that if I said another word he would have me thrown out of court. I had nobody to say a word for me, but the poor old woman I live with, and she looked as ragged and forlorn as myself. They didn't pay a bit of attention to her. The young blackguards he had there laughed at her, and then his lawyer said he had Mr. Rock's employer, one of the most respected citizens of our west side, to give his client a character. 'Mr. Hooligan, please come forward.' 'It is not necessary,' said the judge, 'the case is dismissed.'"

Florence looked at the child when Margy gave it another hitch-up, and noticed it had a terrible cast in its eyes.

"Did the judge look at the baby?"

"Look at nothing, they would hardly let me speak."

The baby sat up in Margy's arms and stared as best it could at Florence, who tapped it on the cheek.

"How old is he?"

"Gone two. If I hadn't him, I know what I would do," commencing to cry.

"Well, you musn't lose heart."

"I don't know what's to become of us," wailed Margy, "the

poor woman I live with is back in the rent, we may be turned out any day."

"Did you see Rock since the trial?"

"Yes, I went over to a saloon where he hangs out and asked him to do something for me. I daren't tell you what he said to me, only that if I came running around after him, he would kick the head off me. He would have struck me only for a Mr. Mort, who told him he wouldn't stand for it, and pushed him away. Mr. Mort gave me a two-dollar bill. Florence, Miss Vann could do something for me if you would ask her—she could get me a place." Florence took her purse from her muff and, opening it, gave Margy a five-dollar bill.

"I don't deserve it of you, Florence," bursting into a flood of tears.

"Give me your address, Margy. I see Miss Vann is getting impatient."

Margy told her where she lived.

Florence had shaken hands with her and was turning to leave, when Margy called her back.

"Florence, do you know that that man Hart has got back?"

Florence felt a sickening sensation—the news was as if a knife had pierced her.

"No."

"Yes, he got back last week. I was watching around where Rock stays and I saw there was something up, and then I sees Hart and a crowd with him coming down the street. I watched them go into the saloon where Rock hangs out."

Florence was speechless, she felt faint.

"Florence," Margy continued, "don't have anything to do with him; he's a bad man. He would murder you—he's worse than Rock."

"I must be going." When Florence reached Miss Vann, that lady chided her for keeping her waiting.

"But what ails you?" looking at Florence. "You're like a ghost."

Florence told her the cause of her uneasiness. "I thought they sent him away for four years?"

"Yes, they did, but probably he got some allowance for good

conduct while in jail. Most of those ruffians know how to behave themselves when they have to, but perhaps he'll never molest you."

"I feel sure he will, I don't know what to do."

"I do," said Mary, belligerently, "leave him to me."

The following morning Mary looked at her understudy as soon as she arrived at the store. "Any news?"

"No."

"Well, don't go away this evening till I go with you." On the third evening Mary Vann was seeing Florence to the car.

Hart confronted them. Florence, trembling, got behind Mary.

"I wish to speak to this young lady."

"What do you want to speak to her about?" replied Mary, looking him straight in the face.

"That's our business."

"Well, I'll make it my business; if you, young man, accost any of our girls while leaving their work, I'll have you arrested. It's good for you there's not a policeman around now, or I would give you into his hands."

"You would, would you?"

"Yes, sir; as it is, I'll have you watched. I know you, and if I hear any complaints I'll have the authorities go look for you."

Hart looked around as if dreading some one putting in an appearance. A few people stood hearing the controversy.

A scowl came over his face, which reminded Florence of Margy's parting words to her, "He would murder you."

"You don't think you are going to bluff me," shouted Mary to him.

"I'll see her later," snarled Hart, as he turned and walked away.

When Florence arrived home her mother noticed her excited condition. Florence pleaded that she did not feel well; she was afraid to tell her mother the real cause of her trouble, as she knew it would make her unhappy.

Ere Florence had reached the store the next morning, Miss Vann and O'Rourke had had a conference. O'Rourke was

loitering around the corner when Florence came along. He nodded to her, and followed her into the store.

"You're an abject coward," was Mary Vann's greeting to her.

Alderman Great dropped into Hooligan's a few evenings after the episode described above, and got into a conversation with Hart.

"Hart, what became of that girl of yours, the one you had the row with the Dutchman over?"

"She's around yet, I was going to speak to her the other evening on the street when a she-cat she had with her butted in and wouldn't let me. It's lucky for her there was people around or I'd have given her something she'd have never forgot."

"Why, did you let a woman bluff you?" said the alderman, laughing.

"You know me, alderman, but I couldn't afford to have a scene on the street, especially since I have only just got home."

"Well, I suppose you and her will pull together again?"

"You bet your life, she can't shake me."

Hart, in spite of his boast, could not forget the determined stand of Florence's champion. He wondered who she was. "I'll go slow for a time," he thought to himself.

Florence wanted to abandon her going out at noon to lunch, but Mary wouldn't listen to it.

The alderman sent Florence tickets for the theatre, but as she always had some one with her when she went, she felt some degree of security.

On one occasion, while out at lunch, she observed Hart some distance away coming towards her, she ran into a shoe store. After she had seen him pass the window she ran back to the store without getting her lunch.

A few days after this the alderman met her a few yards from the store at noon.

"Good day, Miss Burdett, going to lunch?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I go with you? I have something to say that concerns you—it's important."

Florence couldn't imagine what it was.

"Let us go in here—it is a little private." They sought a quiet corner at the far end of the store, where there was a table with two chairs. After the lunch was served and the waiter had left, he told her to go on with her lunch. After a time he looked at her and said:

"What I wanted to see you about personally, was that I happened to drop into a place the other evening, and I heard your name mentioned. A young man was talking to a group that was listening. The young man's name is Hart. I feel ashamed to tell you what he was saying about you."

Florence began to breath heavily, and turned pale, as if sick.

"Of course, I don't believe it was as bad as he said. Now if it is not true I want you to let me know. I think I can regulate Mr. Hart, you know he lives in my ward."

"I have nothing to say," Florence replied, rising, "but if you can prevent Hart from talking about me, and compel him to let me alone, I will feel grateful to you."

Florence left the restaurant with a heavy heart, the alderman chuckling to himself that he "had got even with her" for the polite snub she had given him on a former occasion.

It was the middle of December, one evening, when Miss Burdett's mother had sent her to the store to purchase some groceries; as she was returning, close to the alley by which Hart had escaped when pursued by Herman Wosta, Hart jumped from the alley in which he had been lurking and seized her by the arm, before she recognized him. She screamed, a number of young men who happened to be standing on a corner close by, ran to see what was the matter, and Hart, hearing the footsteps, ran away.

Florence recognized him as he ran. She had dropped the groceries in her fright.

"What's up?" shouted the first party that reached her.

"A man jumped out of the alley and seized me," she murmured, shaking in every limb.

"What way did he go?"

She pointed to the alley. They started in pursuit, but no trace of the robber, as they surmised it was, could be found.

Florence told Mary Vann the next morning.

"We'll swear a warrant out for him," suggested Mary, in anger.

"No, I couldn't do that, what would he say about me in court? Likely the same gang of ruffians that was ready to swear against poor Margy would be there to swear against me, and then what would my mother, grandparents, or Uncle Herman think? They still believe I am innocent of any wrong doing."

"So you are," said Mary, warmly, "and if it was me I would carry a gun and shoot him on sight."

"I met Mr. Great one day while out at lunch; he told me Hart was talking about me in a saloon; the alderman, I believe, knows everything.."

"Is that so? Then we should probably see the alderman. I understand you to say he knows him well?"

"Yes, he's one of his constituents."

"Probably an ardent supporter; if he is, you need expect little help from that quarter."

"I think I should see him anyhow—you could arrange an interview through Mr. Prairie for me."

"Yes, and that reminds me, I have never had an opportunity to thank him for putting that girl to work you were interested in. I can do both at the same time."

Mary Vann sent a note to Mr. Prairie, telling him to have Alderman Great call at the store at his earliest converience, as she wanted to see him. The following morning before ten o'clock the alderman called. Mary told him her object in sending for him. "It's Florence that wants to see you." Florence came over to where he and Miss Vann were talking.

"You want to see me, Miss Burdett?"

"Yes, it's about a private matter. I want to talk to you alone."

"Well, say I meet you at the restaurant where we have taken lunch together."

"Yes, that will do, I will be there a few minutes past twelve."

When Florence arrived at the restaurant the alderman was there ahead of her.

"What will you eat, Miss Burdett?" he said, as soon as she was seated.

"I cannot eat anything; I will just take a cup of tea."

"Why, are you not well?"

"No."

"I am sorry to hear that." When the order had been served, and the waiter gone, he looked at her, and in his blandest manner, inquired what he could do for her. She told him of Hart's accosting her and Miss Vann on the street, and of his later attacking her near her home; that she was afraid of her life of him.

He looked serious, as if thinking for a moment. "You don't want to make up with him then?"

"No, never."

"Do your people know the close relationship you have had with him in the past?" looking her straight in the face until she held her head down to avoid his piercing gaze.

"No, my Uncle Herman was suspicious; he and Hart had a fight one night, and Herman got a warrant out for him; but that was before he was sent away. It would break my mother's heart to know," as the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Well, don't cry," he said, soothingly, "I'll see what I can do, but you know he's a desperate character, and I myself wouldn't like to cross him. Maybe I can buy him off." In parting he held her hand a great deal longer than necessary. "She's easy," he said to himself, as he made a bee line to the City Hall.

Reaching the police department, he inquired if the chief were in. On being told he was, he walked into the private office without being announced.

"Hello, alderman, come in, sit down. Well, what's your trouble today? Some of your fellows in difficulties?"

"No, chief, all my boys are on their good behavior."

The chief laughed heartily, "Well, then, I suppose it's a job you want for some of them?"

"No, you're wrong again, chief."

"Well, what is it? you know anything I can do for you I will."

"You know that fellow Hart that got out of the pen lately?"

"You mean Red?"

"Yes. Well, chief, before he was sent over, he had a girl that he played with. While he was away she got on the square."

"Or formed another alliance," said the chief, grinning.

"Well, no matter how it is, Hart is determined to persecute her. She's deadly afraid of him."

"Then why don't she swear a warrant out for him?"

"For family reasons; her people are eminently respectable and don't know how close they were; and, of course, since he served a term that makes it worse."

"Well, how am I to interfere? I can't send him down without a charge against him."

"Bluff him! He won't know but what you have a dozen charges against him; but let him know he must let that girl alone."

"Tell him he must keep off other people's grass, eh, alderman? Well, I'll see what I can do."

"Do this for me, chief, and the first opportunity I have to serve you, you can count on me."

As soon as the alderman left the chief rang his bell. His messenger responded.

"Is McCarthy in?"

"Yes, sir, I think he is."

"Tell him I want to see him." When McCarthy arrived the chief turned to him. "Mac, you know Red Hart?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, hunt him up and tell him I want to see him. You needn't scare him, tell him it's nothing serious, but I must see him; tell him to be sure to come, or I'll have to bring him."

"I might not be able to see him until evening—he hangs around Hooligan's."

"Well, the morning will do, but be sure and find him."

That evening McCarthy sauntered into Hooligan's; Hart was playing cards. "Is this an honest game?" inquired McCarthy, smiling at the players.

"How are you, Mac?" said Rock, grinning up at the officer. Hooligan, who was behind the bar, never as much as recognized him. He knew he was a stiff, and so didn't deign to notice him.

McCarthy waited until the game was over, when he touched Red on the shoulder. "I want to see you for a second." Seeing the crowd start, he continued, "He'll be back in a minute—you needn't break up the game."

McCarthy and Hart went to the far end of the bar, beyond where the regulars were perched.

"Hart, the chief wants to see you; he told me to tell you that it was only a friendly call, but he must see you."

"What does he want to see me about?"

"I don't know, but you'd better go see him; if you don't he's likely to get mad and send out after you."

"Well, I'll go around in the morning about ten o'clock; but I know he's nothing against me."

The following morning when Hart showed up at the office, the chief greeted him sociably, "Come in, Red, and sit down; do you smoke? Take a cigar."

Red helped himself from the chief's box. After he had lit his cigar the chief picked up some papers from his desk, and revolving on his chair, looking at the papers in his hand, said: "Red, I have a very serious charge against you here, and I have been asked to press it."

Red began to get a little nervous.

"I told them I hated like hell to do it, that you had only been back a short time, and I wanted to give you a chance. They promised me they would let up, on conditions. I told them I would see you, that you were a reasonable kind of fellow, and that you would do what was right; you know that was stretching it some," smiling at Hart.

Hart couldn't for the life of him know what the chief was driving at.

"I don't know that you've got anything against me, chief?"

"Well, I'll tell you; before you went down you made the acquaintance of a young girl, you know how; I needn't tell you, it's all down here, and since you have been out you've

been persecuting her. Her friends want me to go after you with a hot stick, but I said no. Now, what I want you to do, and in fact, you must do, is let that girl alone. If you don't, you might as well bid good-bye to your Chicago friends for a long time." Hart got very fidgety on his chair; he was going to talk when the chief held up his hand, "Not a word; now, hear me out. If either you or any of your pals speak to her, or if she is molested by any one, it will be me or you for it." He touched his bell as he concluded. When his messenger came he said, "Tell McCarthy to come in." As soon as McCarthy came the chief, addressing him, said, "You know Mr. Hart, Mac?"

"Yes, sir, I know him quite well."

"Well, he and I have come to a mutual understanding about that little affair, but I want you to keep track of him, because there's no telling how soon we may have to go gunning for him. Now, Hart, be a good boy, and mind what I say to you. There, take another cigar, you can smoke it on the way home; and you, McCarthy, mind what I tell you. Good-morning, Mr. Hart." Hart again essayed to speak, but the chief held up his hand, "Show Mr. Hart out, Mac."

When Hart reached the street he stood dumbfounded. He felt worse than he did when he heard the verdict read which assigned him to Joliet for four years.

"She's told everything to that b—— that bluffed me on the street that day I met them, and she is the one that's knocking me, curse her."

The following morning the good alderman hurried to the office of the chief. "Well, chief, did you see that party?"

"Come and sit down, alderman." The chief went on to describe how he had bluffed Hart. The alderman laughed heartily. "I've put him under probation to McCarthy, but there's no danger."

"Did you scare him good?"

"I think I did—I put the fear of God in his heart."

On leaving the chief's office the alderman hurried to the Cleveland Store, where he went over and whispered to Florence, "Meet me at the restaurant at noon, important."

Florence was only too eager to hear what the alderman had to say, so hurried to the rendezvous.

"I'm tired and weary," remarked the alderman, as soon as Florence was seated, "I was up nearly all night hunting that fellow."

"Did you find him? What did he say?"

"Let the waiter get away first. I think I should have some wine. I am jaded; what say you if we have a bottle?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Great, if I drank anything now it would go to my head and I wouldn't be able to attend to my business."

"Well, we'll let it go; some other time. I've fixed that matter up for you, you'll never have any more trouble with Mr. Hart."

Florence felt her spirits rising. "How did you do it?" she inquired, eagerly.

"I simply had to buy him off, there was no other way.

A shadow crossed her countenance.

"Yes," he continued, "I saw there was nothing else to do, so I had to put up. The damned rascal stood out for a long time, until I gave him his price." He said this in an off-handed manner, as if it was a mere matter of business.

"I feel under great obligations to you, Mr. Great. I'm sure I will never be able to repay you."

"O, yes, you will," he said, smiling at her.

She held her head down—she had some inkling of his meaning.

"Now hurry back to your work. You need have no fear. I will meet you some evening in the near future."

Florence, only too eager to go, rushed off and told Miss Vann of the result of the mission they had intrusted to the good alderman.

Miss Vann looked wise, but made no comments, to Florence's surprise.

Great dropped into Hooligan's that same evening.

"Where's the boys tonight," he inquired, noticing their absence.

"Mort, Phipps and Bert have gone away for a few days. Hart and Rock were here about an hour ago. They went

somewhere and took young Schultz with them, they may be back soon."

"Hooligan, this is a tough job of mine, I've been running around all day helping out our people. I've hardly a leg to stand on; give our friends a drink and I'll go home. I'll drop in tomorrow night, when I'm passing."

The next night the alderman called; Hooligan had casually announced his coming, and when he arrived, Hart and Rock were present.

"Good evening, Hart; hello, Rock, how are they coming?" Rock said "All right." Hart seemed out of sorts, "What's up with you?" looking at Hart; "something wrong?"

"No, not much."

"Well, take something." The alderman assumed to be in the best of spirits, ordered another drink, Hart and he standing close together.

"Anything wrong?" whispered the alderman, smiling, "you look like a fellow whose best girl had gone back on him."

Hart smiled, as he said, "Maybe that's the trouble."

"Why, haven't you made up yet?"

"No, nor not likely to."

"Oh, probably she's soured on you on account of that trouble you got into; she'll come round all right—let on you don't know her. That's what brings them—probably some of her friends are butting in and knocking you."

"Yes, I blame that judy in the store where she works. I think she told her everything, and she's put bad in her head; but I'm going to take your advice for a time, and cut her."

"That's right," replied Great. "Hooligan, give us another drink, I must be going."

A month later, while Florence was walking along State street, she saw Hart coming in the direction she was going. She felt a tremor, fearing he would stop her. When he was near enough, he looked her over from head to foot and then looking straight before him, passed her without the slightest sign of recognition. She couldn't resist the temptation of turning and looking after him, but he went on his way.

The alderman continued to furnish Florence with theatre

tickets, they dined together occasionally, Miss Vann invariably being present. Florence turned a deaf ear to his suggestive remarks, or laughed them off. On one occasion he told her he had got himself into trouble over her.

"How's that?" she inquired.

"Well, that fellow Hart is sulking on me; you see he is very popular with the gang in our ward, he attends all the Saturday night dances, and is quite a fellow in certain circles. I'm afraid he has been telling some of them the deal I made with him over you. The other day he tapped me for some dough, and I had to give it to him. You see, I run again next spring, and I don't want those fellows to sour on me, especially Hart, not that I have any use for him, but as he is a political factor in my district I can't afford to fall out with him."

This dialogue struck home. It gave Florence a chill; she felt how much she was dependent on her friend.

The firmer Florence resisted the alderman's suit, the more he became infatuated with her. It was the old story of sour grapes. He began to think he was wasting his precious time; he felt so bitter on one occasion after she had laughed at him, that he had a notion to inspire Hart, to give him a quiet tip. His jealousy and insatiable desire prevented him.

The council was about to adjourn the latter part of June, all the aldermen were going to take a well merited (?) vacation after their arduous duties on behalf of the corporations and the effort required in conning their constituents. Great resolved to go abroad.

Florence and he were dining together when he told her of his intention.

"I will be gone about six weeks."

"I would dearly like to travel," she said, "if I had the money."

"You don't need any money," he replied, eagerly. "I have lots of money—why not come with me?"

"I would lose my position," she replied, smiling at him.

"Never mind your position; you won't need it when you get back."

"What would Mrs. Great think?" smiling.

"O, don't let that trouble you," he said, warmly. "I provide for her adequately."

"Why don't you take her with you?"

"I would much rather take you."

"Ah, alderman, I'm afraid you are a little naughty. I wish you a pleasant journey, however, and will be glad to welcome you back."

"I suppose you'll see me off, anyhow?"

"Sure."

"Then I leave on the third, by the eleven-forty-five over the Pennsylvania. I'll expect you to take supper with me that evening, and give me a little of your company. You know I have done a good deal for you, and would do more if you would let me."

"Well, I'll see you off, anyway, and when you come back—"

"What, when I come back?"

"Wait till you come back and you'll see."

"Well, the night I'm going don't bring Miss Vann with you. I want to have you all to myself."

Florence smiled at his prohibition of her friend.

Florence felt under deep obligations to him, but had long since recognized his design. She liked him as a friend, and enjoyed his company. She was willing to flirt with him, though she knew it was wrong, but how could she refuse him, after all he had done for her in the Hart matter?

In the many gay resorts they had attended together it was no uncommon sight to see married men accompanied by single women, and married women in the company of single men; some she knew were affinities, soul mates, as modern society calls them—it was the fashion, and why should she be an exception. She prided herself that she could take care of herself—she was no longer a girl.

The night of his departure she met him as per arrangement in a downtown hotel. She felt glad he was going—he would be gone six weeks—it would be a relief to her. He was waiting for her at the supper table. She smiled when she noticed two bottles of champagne in a cooler. "What are you going to do with all that champagne?" she inquired.

"Drink it; it will be a long time before I see you again, and as my train don't leave till eleven forty-five, I'm going to enjoy myself."

The best supper that the capable chef of the hotel could prepare was served, a special waiter stood at a respectful distance to serve. There were four long hours to wait before the alderman would have to take his departure. One of the bottles was opened immediately and consumed before supper was nearly over.

Florence assumed her most winning gaiety.

Mr. Great talked of their many meetings, dwelling occasionally on her past troubles and future prospects. To many of his allusions she had to smile and shake her head; she would humor him, however—in a brief time he would be gone. The second bottle was broached, she began to feel the exhilaration of the sparkling wine; after a time the reaction set in, she began to feel drowsy. She wished him away, and she at home and in bed. Ere eleven o'clock she began to weary; the lights began to grow dim to her optics.

"Well, I'll have to be going, I'll just have about time to catch the train, so get your hat on." She had some difficulty in arranging it.

Arriving at the depot there was still a few minutes before the train would pull out, "You might as well sit in the drawing room which I have engaged until the train is ready to start."

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A violent jar caused by the tightening of the air brakes on the train, as it was pulling into Upper Sandusky, awoke her to a realization of her position.

Chapter XXXIX

THE AFFINITY

Florence Burdett, awaking to the terrible position she found herself in, reproached the alderman bitterly, midst a flood of tears.

"You have ruined me!" she exclaimed, in her frenzy; "you have taken me from home and friends—you're a scoundrel."

"You'd better not speak so loud, the people in the car will hear you."

"I don't care," at the top of her voice. He left the room, seeing it was futile to argue with her, and retired to the smoker, where he stayed for over an hour. When he returned, she was more composed, she had cried her fill.

"'Tis fate," she said to herself, "I am now an outcast."

"I have ordered some breakfast brought to our room. I've told the porter you are indisposed; when he comes, don't make a show of me." He had become alarmed. "You must eat, anyhow." She made no reply; she was nursing her wrath. Ere she reached New York she realized the hopelessness of her situation—there was no turning back.

"Where are you going to take me?" she inquired.

"London, Paris, Berlin; wherever you wish to go."

In New York he bought her an outfit suitable for the passage across the ocean, took her to Tiffany's and bought her a diamond ring, for which he paid six hundred dollars. "You'll need another ring," as he saw her look at the costly jewel on her finger. She recognized his meaning—she knew it was absolutely necessary, so raised no objection.

During the voyage across she was deathly sick. He was all attention to her wants, lavish in his expenditures. The ship's doctor was called in to minister to her.

"A little seasickness, that's all—she'll be better in a day or two, then she'll enjoy the trip."

"You think, then, doctor, there's no danger?"

"Not a particle, Mr. Great, in fact, she'll be the better for it."

A brief stay in Liverpool, then on to London, the greatest of all modern cities. Mr. Great increased Florence's wardrobe in the stores in Regent street. She was dazzled by the magnificent display of ladies' finery, she chose what she wanted, there was no stint. Staying at one of the best hotels in the city, they drove through Regent's Park and looked on the gay scene of English aristocracy on Rotten Row, as it is called, in grand parade; the Crystal Palace, the Art Gallery, British Museum, Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London, where the beefeaters showed her where Lady Jane Grey lost her head. At night he took her to the theatres, his object being to give her no time to think.

A week in London, and on to Dover, from Dover across the English Channel to Calais, and then to Paris, where they visited, amongst other places, the Louvre, the depository of many of the great works of art; the Pantheon, a trip to the Palace at Versailles, with its beautiful gardens and its pleasant and painful memories; took her to the Invalides, where she gazed on the sarcophagus of the greatest soldier of whom history has any record—

"Who, born no King, made monarchs draw his car;
Whose game was empires, and whose stake was thrones;
Whose table, Earth—whose dice were human bones;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse;
He tasted empires, blessings, and its curse."

Great took her to the Comedie Francais, where she had to laugh at the gestures of the French actors, and was somewhat surprised at the dash, liberty, and suggestiveness of the French soubrettes, who took part in the play. On Sunday he took her to Notre Dame. It was the first time she had ever been in a Catholic church—she was astonished at the magnitude of the building, its splendid statuary, but, above all, the solemnity and grandeur of the services impressed her.

They dined at the cafes that lined the boulevards branching from the Place de la Concorde. In the contemplation of the many wonders she beheld she began to forget her troubles, or rather had no time to think of them. Great began to see her spirits rising. Here, too, he added to her wardrobe, by a visit to Worth, where she purchased a dress that far exceeded in cost anything that she had ever dreamed of possessing; here he also added to her jewelry by buying her a Swiss watch of the finest make, with a chain to correspond; eight days in Paris, and on to Berlin, where they visited all the sights. She noticed the difference between "gay Paree" and the staid Berlinese. She was in part of German parentage, and felt a special interest in the capital of the country from which her grandparents came. She thought how, under different circumstances, she would have liked to tell them of what she had seen in the Faderland. The art gallery here was a source of delight to her, as was a visit to the Comedy Theatre. She knew a little German which enchanced her appreciation of the play. On one occasion while walking in Unter den Linden, she took Great's arm. She was not Great's wife, but had, for appearance sake, to act as if she were.

He, seeing her interest in Germany and its people, took her to some of the smaller towns, so that she might visit the rural districts, the quaint German homes. At the end of six weeks he told her they must think of going home.

"I would like to stay here forever," she replied. She felt she had no home to go to.

He told her all would be well for the future, that he adored her and would never desert her.

She shook her head.

The trip across was devoid of interest, he played cards in the cabin when not attending to "his beautiful wife," as the people thought. She read and mingled freely with the lady passengers, who saw in her a woman of refinement. Two days in New York and then to Chicago. As she reached the city of her birth and misfortunes, she became gloomy. Mr. Great saw to the expressing of her trunks, which he directed to be taken to a private hotel on the north side of the city.

He went with her in a carriage and introduced her as his sister to the proprietor, who wasn't very particular anyhow. When the alderman departed, he kissed Florence good-bye, saying:

"I will be around this evening. I have considerable work to do during the day."

She waited until it was dark. A desire to visit the neighborhood of her old home came over her and she could not resist it. She dressed in her most modest garb, wearing a heavy veil, and set out. Reaching the little street on which the cottage stood, she looked to see if she was observed. She kept well within the shadow of the houses—her heart beat fast—she looked in every direction for fear of meeting some one she knew. As she came opposite her former home she saw that all was dark. She noticed that a large card was nailed on the door. She surmised its meaning, her heart sank within her as she crossed the road and read—

THIS COTTAGE FOR RENT
Apply at No. —

She retraced her steps and went back to the hotel with a heavy heart.

When Great came he found her weeping, but he must leave, there was a meeting he must attend.

Florence resolved the next day to see Mary Vann. She, at least, had little need to reproach her.

About the time she knew the Cleveland Store would close for the evening, she stood some distance away, in the direction she knew Miss Vann would come. After a time she saw her approaching, and stood in front of her former friend.

"Why, Florence! where have you come from? Where have you been?"

"I have been away, Mary. I have been in Europe."

"O, dear me! what trouble you have given to all concerned in you; why did you go away even without telling me, who had always been your friend?"

"I could not help it, I was led away. What has become of my mother? What did they do when they found I was gone?"

"We had a fearful time, but I can't tell you here; come and we'll have supper and then you can come to my rooms and I'll tell you all."

When Mary Vann and Florence reached Mary's apartments, the former said, "Now, tell me first, how you came to go away —tell the truth."

Florence told her the whole circumstances that led to her going, and where and with whom she had been.

"I am very sorry, Florence," as she heard the last of the story. "If it had been some single fellow, we might have compelled him to do the right thing by you; you'll probably be his plaything for a time, then he may discard you."

"He has promised he never would."

"Ah! promises of men! pshaw! I am afraid, however, there is no hope of a reconciliation between you and your family. Herman swears you'll never darken the door of the house he lives in, that the moment you come in, he goes out forever. His father is equally determined. At first they felt sore at me, as if I was in a measure to blame, but seeing the effort I made to locate you they have kind of forgiven me. I have met Herman a few times since, I tried to say a few words for you; that you were unfortunate, but it only made him mad; the last time I saw him he told me to never mention your name again; that you were dead to the whole family, that your mother's heart was broken and that she was resigned."

Florence could not suppress her sobs. "My poor mother," she exclaimed, as the tears flowed in profusion from her eyes. When she got somewhat composed, she inquired, "What happened when they missed me?"

"Your mother, Mrs. Long and Herman came into the store as soon as it was open the morning after you left to inquire for you. I was very much surprised. I told them that you had left at the usual hour on the previous evening, as I thought, to go home; that you never said one word to me that would lead me to believe otherwise. Your mother was in such distress she could hardly say anything. Mrs. Long asked me if I could suggest any place you could possibly go. I told them no. I asked them if they had inquired at the police

station, that you might be hurt, run over, maybe. I didn't know what to think at the time, so told them I would go to the police department with them. We gave the police a full description of you. They made inquiry at all the hospitals. The chief sent a number of men to visit the resorts. I told them that was futile, that you were a good girl. He asked me in confidence, if there was any man that you were keeping company with. I told him no; of course, I didn't mention the Hart affair, feeling confident that that episode was closed. We gave him your picture, which appeared in the papers with a description of the clothes you wore. The papers published it with an announcement, reading, 'Mysterious Disappearance of a Young Woman,' etc. On the third day Herman came in very much excited; he wanted to know if I could tell him anything about that fellow Hart; I said I couldn't, but that I didn't think that you would have anything to do with him. He said he was going to find out, and that he would go over and see the chief of police right away. 'You have seen him,' he said to me, 'I want you to come with me and help to give a description of him. Your uncle was so persistent I had to go.

"As soon as Herman mentioned Hart, the chief looked hard at us both.

" 'Did she keep company with that fellow?' said the chief. He was in a study. I spoke up and said that you had met him a year or two ago, but I didn't believe you would be found in his company.

" 'I agree with you,' said the chief.

"Herman wouldn't be satisfied, he wanted the chief to find Hart and question him.

" 'Well,' he said, ultimately, 'to satisfy myself, as well as you people, I will have him brought in; come around tomorrow about eleven o'clock and I'll have him here.'

"The next day your mother, Mrs. Long, Herman, and myself went to the chief's office; they brought Hart in, he looked daggers at Herman and me. My! but that fellow's a bad one. The chief questioned him. He protested he hadn't seen you for months, he didn't want to see you, you could go to hell for what he cared, that you were no good, anyway; at last the

chief had to tell him to shut up. Your mother was nearly in a faint in the chair, Herman was pale with passion.

"The chief told the officer to take Hart down stairs. 'I'll keep him for a couple of days, anyway,' he said. After they had taken Hart away, he said, addressing Herman:

" 'I think I have a clew, it may take a day or two to work it out; I'll notify you as soon as I have hunted up a certain trail.' So we left.

"I sent O'Rourke out scouting after you, told him to call on the chief of police, find out what he could, and offer his services to the police department. He came in on the third day after we had been to the chief's office and told me they had located you; that you'd 'flown the coop'—that's the way he put it; that McCarthy had found out all about it, that you had gone away one night on the eleven-forty-five over the Pennsylvania in the company of a man, with whom you occupied a drawing room; one of the porters who had identified your picture said that he noticed that when you tried to step on the little stool, which he placed for the convenience of passengers getting on and off the car, you stumbled so that he got a good look; he noticed that you had no baggage of any kind.

"The night porter on the Pullman also recognized your picture, as did the man who served your breakfast the next morning in your room. O'Rourke told me that the chief had notified your people to come in. I hoped your mother wouldn't go, but she did, as did Herman and Mrs. Long.

"When the chief told them the facts, your mother fainted. They had an awful time with her. Herman cursed, and hoped you never would come back.

" 'She's likely on the Atlantic by this time,' remarked the chief.

" 'I hope she'll be drowned,' roared your uncle, 'she's worse than the fellow she went away with, whoever he is.'

"I met Herman a few days later, and asked him if they had heard anything.

" 'No, and we don't want to hear anything; she's dead to us.' I asked him how your mother was; he told me they had brought her home and that she was sick in bed."

Florence bowed her head down, her hands on her temples.

"Mary, give me a glass of water. I feel as if I would choke."

"What are you going to do, Florence?"

"I don't know; what can I do?"

"Well, in my opinion, you have no chance of having a reconciliation for some time; even Mrs. Long has turned against you. She wept along with your mother, to whom she seems to be very much attached."

"I must go," said Florence, rising.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't care."

"Well, don't do anything rash. Come and see me in a few days. I'll try and find out what I can for you."

A week afterward Florence lay in wait for Miss Vann, who, as soon as she saw Florence, held up both her hands.

"Well, Mary, what did you find out?"

"I saw Herman the night before last. I knew where he worked. I made believe I had just met him by accident. He was very nice to me, we stood talking. I said, 'Herman, did you ever hear anything about Florence yet?' I didn't let on I'd seen you, so don't give me away. He immediately flared up. 'Miss Vann, I like you probably a great deal more than you think, and I hope we'll remain friends, if no more; but you must never mention that party to me, or inquire about her in my presence.' He cowed me, he's the first man in my life I was ever afraid of. I looked as entreatingly as I could at him, but could see by his eye, and his firmly set jaw, it was dangerous to talk further on that subject. I asked him how the family was? 'All sick,' he said.

" 'That's too bad. How is your sister?'

" 'Very sick.'

" 'Well, I'm very sorry, Mr. Wosta, for your trouble.'

" 'I know you are, Miss Vann; my people think a great deal of you.'

"You know, Florence, I was very glad to hear him say that, and if I was a better woman than I am, I believe I would try to make Herman's acquaintance. He is a good deal of a man."

"You don't think, then, there's any hope of a reconciliation at present?"

"Why, girl, I think that if you went to the house and they saw you coming, they would slam the door in your face. If your mother was well there would be some hope of her forgiving you, but Herman, never. Before I left him that day, I asked him to come into the store, when he was passing, and let me know how the family was getting along. He said he would."

Florence still stayed at the hotel, her "brother," Mr. Great, visiting her frequently. She often met Mary Vann—she was the only person she cared to meet. As Christmas came on, Mary told her that Herman called one evening, and they went to supper together; that he wasn't working, as the mill was closed down; that his sister was very sick and that his father was laid up with rheumatism.

" 'That's pretty tough, Herman,' I said to him. I inquired if they owned the house they lived in. He told me no; they just rented. I guess they are having pretty hard times. Before we parted I threw a very broad hint to him. I said, 'Herman, I would like to do something for your sister, if I give you a little money, would you give it to her?'

"He smiled and said, 'No, Miss Vann, we'll get on all right. Mr. and Mrs. Long see that she wants for nothing.' I pressed him, but he wouldn't take a cent. I'm sure, however, they are having it hard."

Florence resolved to write; she would ask her mother's pardon and enclose a check for fifty dollars, which she did. Two days later the letter was returned with check enclosed, but not a line of acknowledgment.

On return of the check she sought Mary to tell her what she had done, and the result.

"I'll see Herman in a day or two, perhaps he'll tell me about it. It's clear now they know you are in the city, so I'll have to make a clean breast of it; likely Herman will be somewhat angry with me, but I think I can handle him."

Herman Wosta came into the store the very day after the letter had been returned to Florence; Miss Vann could see by his manner he had news.

"Good day, Herman, how are the people at home?"

"My sister is very low. What do you think? We have heard from Florence."

"Is that so? Where is she?"

"Here in Chicago. She is staying at a hotel on the north side."

"Who told you?"

"She sent a letter with a check for fifty dollars in it."

"Well, that was kind of her, it shows she hasn't forgotten you."

"Herman reddened up," said Mary, to Florence, when telling her of the interview. "I assumed an air of perfect innocence as I looked up into his face."

"We promptly returned it," he said, emphatically, "I never saw my father so mad, he told me to return it without a moment's delay. He said, 'The hussy! does she think that we're going to live on the price of her infamy? We'd starve first.'"

"Herman, don't you think you're a little too bitter?" Mary said to him

"Bitter! bitter! you say, against the girl that's broke her mother's, my sister's, heart?"

"Maybe there's some extenuating circumstances, something we don't know; that she's been unfortunate."

"You've seen her?"

"Yes, I have."

"And you never told me."

"You forbid me to ever mention her name, and what could I do? You know I always liked Florence, and though we mingled some together in company, I always warned her. She was an innocent girl when she first met that ruffian Hart, and her poor mother's heart must still be yearning for her."

"Her mother never mentions her name."

"Perhaps she is too sick, or she's afraid to, you're all so bitter against her. Come, now, be a little more reasonable; she's not the only one."

"Well, there's no use of talking now, her mother's not in a fit condition to see her; if she gets better, she can do as she likes; but Florence will never, never find shelter under the

same roof with me, so there's no use of talking. I just stepped in to let you know she'd returned."

* * * * * * * * * *

It was in the middle of January, Florence was reading the evening paper. She happened to look over the death notices—she saw an item that paralyzed her. She swooned before she could finish the paragraph, and was only aroused when Great entered. It read:

"Mrs. Mary Burdett, the beloved daughter of Herman and Katherine Wosta, widow of the late Henry Burdett; sister of Herman, Wilhelm and Fraulein Wosta. May she rest in peace."

Great was alarmed; his mistress never shed a tear, she only gazed into space. Her cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing.

Three days later a funeral cortege could be seen wending its way through the cemetery. Following the coffin, was an aged couple; the man walked with head bowed down, the woman, old and feeble, could hardly totter along beside him. A stalwart man, his teeth firmly set, followed, and close to him were two other young people, a man and a girl; they were both sobbing bitterly. There were some four other couples solemnly walking behind, and then a number following promiscuously. They reached the grave, into which the coffin was promptly lowered. The grief of the women was most pronounced, as the grave digger filled in the grave; this having been done, the stalwart man took the old woman's arm and half bore her away to the exit of the graveyard, the old man being assisted by a friendly arm. As soon as they had departed, a figure that had been hiding behind one of the tombstones rushed forward, and throwing herself on the newly filled grave, cried, "Mother! Mother! O, my poor mother!"

She lay there long on the cold, damp earth. In her intense grief she felt not the chill January blast.

Chapter XL

A MONTANA ELECTION.

It was over seven years since Mike Scully left Chicago, with a troubled mind,—had no knowledge what would be his fortune. He could well remember the gloomy day in Denver while seeking employment, and his more than fortunate meeting with Mr. Monroe. He hadn't entirely forgotten his old friends, he hoped they were well, and above all, that they had changed their course of life. He began to have a longing to visit some day the scenes of his early youth, just to look on, an unknown traveler. But that was difficult, it might revive painful memories of his early career—people might begin to talk of Mike Scully, leader in many escapades far from creditable, now the wealthy Montana rancher, so he gave up the thought. He was a changed man physically, mentally, and morally; he had broadened out in brain and brawn.

Weighing over two hundred pounds and wearing a full beard, it is doubtful if any of his old time friends could recognize him; even his voice had changed, his chest expanded, his vigorous lungs gave a deeper tone, coupled with some of the provincialisms of Montana, contracted by his association with people on the range.

He still rode Hercules, his wife rode Juno, though a matron having now three children; the last to arrive, a little girl that she herself decided should be called Anastasia, after Mike's mother. She loved to ride out with her husband when time would permit. She was his companion as well as his wife, so different from some of our aristocratic proclivities. Monroe, now a prosperous township, gave him little trouble; his father-in-law giving it every attention. Stores were opened on Main street and Monroe avenue. The principal store, which sold agricultural implements and machinery, was under Mike's special supervision, but being a Jeffersonian Democrat, he was a free trader; all legitimate business was open to those capable

of embarking in them. Saloons, gambling houses, and places of immoral character were tabooed; they were not legitimate, in Scully's estimation—probably his antipathy to Hooligan had prejudiced him against the first mentioned, and the knowledge that whiskey had been the curse of his race and England's most powerful ally in keeping his countrymen under subjugation. He had no such antipathy to beer nor was he going to quarrel with those who used liquor, if he did he would have to fall out with nearly all his staunchest friends; it was by example alone he hoped to bring about a change for the better.

The growth of the township necessitated throwing more of the Monroe estate open to settlers. The increasing population induced others to come; men in the same line of business as Jack Murry wished to purchase sites in the township, but to all such Mike turned a deaf ear. This created some friction, Mike was denounced as a temperance crank: who was preventing the development of that part of the country.

Jack Murry, in talking to a number of kindred spirits, said, on one occasion, "If Mike Scully had his own way the whole country would be prohibition, and that men like myself who have sunk all they have in business would have their property confiscated. I located here when there was little but open prairie long before Mike Scully had shown up, and have property rights that must be respected." This argument was partly true, because long before Scully's advent Murry had arrived on the scene with a few dollars, a keg of whiskey, and a half-dozen packs of cards, and had increased the population by importing a number of girls from the slums of Chicago and other cities.

Mike heard of the criticism of himself and his ways, but it only caused him to laugh, none of the rowdies ever ventured to tell him these things to his face, the Bingo affair had never been forgotten.

Father Chadwick had complained to Mike about some of the goings on at Murry's and other places.

"How can we prevent it? They're outside our jurisdic-

tion, and if your reverence can't do anything with them, how can I? All I can do is to keep them outside of a certain territory."

As fall election came on it became apparent there were two elements in the community. It was not a temperance issue, though Murry and his friends wanted to give it that complexion; it was law and order against licentiousness. Some of the farmers' sons paid too many visits to the sporting houses and dance halls. The newly arrived proprietors of some of the slums had not even the discretion of Murry, who was the democratic Boss, and as the county was strongly Democratic and he had plenty of money to spend he seemed invincible. Whatever he said went, he represented an organized force with special interests to serve.

The opposition had little more than sentiment, though most of the substantial citizens were against "Murry and his gang," as they called them. Murry had the workers and the prestige of the word "Regularity."

The Fall convention was held, Murry's people nominated the old sheriff and county attorney, "Two liberal men," as the chairman put it, and staunch Democrats.

The dissenters ("Kickers," Murry called them) got together and resolved to put up an opposition ticket. There was some differences of opinion as to what to name it. "The Ranchers" was suggested, but as there were now a considerable number of farmers in the district that was dropped, and "Citizens Ticket" decided upon. The next thing was to find candidates—no easy matter, as the party long in power seemed invulnerable. Many thought of Mike Scully as a candidate for sheriff, but as he had taken no part in the deliberations they didn't know whether he would accept or not, Monroe thought he wouldn't. A committee on candidates was appointed composed of Stringer, Randal, Roloff, Rooney and Bronson, who had never forgiven Murry, and were only too eager to oppose him, or anything he stood for. The evening they waited on Scully they found him stretched his full length on the sofa in the parlor with little Mike sitting on his breast and Johnny trying

to pull him off, Mrs. Scully sitting with her little girl baby in her arms laughing at the antics of Mike and the children. Monroe was encouraging Johnny, now upward of three years old, in his efforts to displace little Mike.

As soon as the delegation entered Mike sat up and held the youngest child on his knee, while he restrained Johnny by holding him at arm's length.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Monroe, greeting them. "Come in, and sit down; help yourselves to cigars, there's a box there."

The delegation saluted Mrs. Scully, who replied to their friendly wishes by inquiring about their families.

"We've come to see you, Scully, about important business," said Stringer, who was chairman of the delegation.

"Then perhaps I had better retire," said Mrs. Scully.

"No, No," remarked Randal, smiling, "perhaps we'll want your influence."

"Well, what is it, gentlemen?" said Mike.

"We want to see if you'll run for sheriff," replied Stringer. "We're not satisfied with the nominations."

Mike laughed. "You know I'm not in politics, besides I'm a good Democrat and couldn't oppose the regular ticket," smiling.

"Regular nothing!" cried Randal. "You wouldn't call that pack of vagabonds Democrats, would you?"

Bronson was fierce in his denunciation of Murry and the "push."

Mike looked over at his wife, who, he saw, was interested in the discussion. "What say you, wife?"

"If I thought we could beat them I would like you to run."

"Beat them!" cried Rooney. "We won't leave a grease spot of them."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. You look for another candidate and if you can't find one to suit, I'll run."

The committee left in high glee determined not to look further. The campaign was fast and furious, the regulars

The Happy Family

confident of the prestige the name "regular Democrats" gave them thought the opposition a joke.

Murry was painfully shocked when he heard that Mrs. Scully, Mrs. Bronson, and Mrs. Randal were riding through the county soliciting votes for the Citizen ticket.

"It's a shame," he said, "that there's no law to stop them. Women shouldn't be allowed to take any part in elections."

Mike immediately set about the organizing of a committee and appealed to his friends and neighbors to support him.

The regulars held meetings and kept open house, free whiskey galore. Jerry Smith attended one of their meetings. Mike asked what they did there.

"Why, Murry was chairman. The candidate for sheriff said he believed in a liberal administration, live and let live, was his motto; that he believed in treating everybody right; that he had faithfully served the people; and would continue to do in the future, as he had done in the past."

"That must have sounded very nice," said Mike.

"Yes, it seemed to take with the crowd, and then their candidate for county attorney spoke; he did little but refer to Jefferson and Jackson, and said his friend, the candidate for sheriff, reminded him very much of them."

"My God! Did he say that?" inquired Mike.

"Yes, and a lot more in the same strain. Then they adjourned to Murry's and had a h—— of a time."

On the eve of the election some of Scully's friends tried to prevail upon him not to go near the polling place.

"Why not?" he inquired.

"Well, lots of their fellows will be full of booze and they'll be ugly."

"Let them, we want no trouble, and I don't want any of our people to give them any excuse. I want you to act as challenger, Jerry, you know most of them."

"I suppose Murry will have his bouncer," said Shanks. "He's a pretty tough man."

The polling place in which Scully had to vote was lo-

cated in the back of Murry's saloon. It was expected that there would be a tough time there—feeling ran so high—Scully had been denounced as a traitor to the party and as trying to break up the organization.

The candidate for state's attorney on the regular ticket had hurled his shafts at him—even going so far as to denounce him as a reformer.

As the election proceeded challenges were frequent, Murry's man challenging many of the oldest and best citizens. Mike Scully on one occasion remonstrated with him.

"You can't bluff me," said the fellow addressing Scully.

"I am not trying to bluff you, but I want you to be half fair." He said this in a very meek tone.

As the morning advanced Murry's crowd under the influence of liquor, became very aggressive. Mike had repeatedly to assume the roll of peacemaker, but at length he began to get riled. The bouncer began to bluff Jerry Smith, who, though game to a finish, had no chance with Murry's man if it came to a scrap. It was about eleven o'clock when a well known citizen, who lived at the extreme end of the voting district and had taken little part in politics, made application to vote. The regular challenger wouldn't let him. There was a fierce altercation, a number taking sides.

Mike rushed in to see what was the matter. He appealed to the bouncer in vain.

"Why, every one knows Mr. Strang, he's lived in this county for years."

"Well, he won't vote here."

"Yes, he will!" shouted Mike, getting close to the bouncer, who gave him a violent shove which staggered him for a moment.

"Put your hands up," roared Mike.

The bouncer only too eager for such an invitation made a lunge at Scully, who stepped out of reach and, turning, struck the bouncer flush on his jaw, putting him out of business. Immediately there was a flourishing of guns. Jack Murry, seeing the danger, ran forward between the

belligerants who were menacing one another, just at the moment Mrs. Scully, mounted on Juno, rode in amongst the crowd. There was a wild cheer for her and the fracas was over. Murry appointed another challenger. The polls closed without further serious contention, the county being sparsely settled, the voting places were wide apart.

Father Chadwick had arrived early in the evening at Monroe's and was anxiously awaiting the returns. Bronson was the first to report, he came galloping over the range waving a paper in his hand—the vote in the mining district where Bronson was a factor had been over three to one in favor of Scully and his colleagues. The crowd that had began to gather in the house and over the lawn set up a cheer as the returns were read from the veranda. Randal arrived next, the returns from his district were close but deemed very favorable. There was considerable anxiety to hear from the county seat. This was the precinct in which the sheriff lived. When the returns arrived and it was found that Scully had carried it, the cheering and shouting lasted for some minutes. There were calls for Mrs. Scully until she had to respond by coming to the veranda and bow her acknowledgments.

Scully remained at the gulch where a large vote was cast and where the county committeeman expected good returns. In this he was mistaken—Mike carried it by a large margin.

Stringer's district showed up well; he brought the returns himself, accompanied by Roloff and a number of friends.

The election had been virtually decided before Mike arrived, followed by an excited crowd, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices. When the crowd gathered on the lawn and on the veranda saw him coming they cheered, his wife met him the moment he reached the top step of th veranda and kissed him. This led to an increased yell of delight. "A speech," "A speech," was shouted from all sides. Monroe stood beside his son-in-law, the old man elated beyond description. Father Chadwick came forward and held up his hand for order. The influence of the priest

was manifest in a moment. Mike came forward with his youngest son in his arms, while Johnny was holding him by his leg.

When quiet was obtained Scully began—

"Friends and neighbors, I wish to thank you one and all from the bottom of my heart for the more than generous support you have given me during this campaign. I sincerely hope that I may be able during my term of office to prove to you I have been worthy of your confidence, and while there has been some little rancour thrown into the campaign, now that it's all over let us remember that we're all friends and neighbors, and try to live in harmony with one another. You cannot be unmindful of the fact that in assuming the important office to which you have elected me, I am the representative of those who voted against me as well as of those who voted for me, so I make a pledge to all, to fill the office fairly and impartially to the best of my ability. We all cannot think alike and therefore must tolerate those who may differ from us, and if it's a conscientious difference of opinion where no unlawful or immoral question is at issue, we must bear with one another."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Chadwick.

"Firm in essentials; liberal in nonessentials. I think that's the way his reverence would put it," looking at Chadwick, who nodded his approval. "We have had a heavy day, and I'm sure some of you who have far to go are anxious to get home; so again thanking you, not only on behalf of myself but on behalf of my father here," laying his hand on Monroe's shoulder, "and on that of my wife and children, I will conclude."

Father Chadwick, taking his hat in hand led the cheering for the newly elected sheriff of ———— County.

Mike Scully's position as sheriff gave him little trouble. His friends had every confidence in his judgment and discretion, his enemies a full appreciation of his prowess as a fighter. There was no questioning his grit, the election had established the fact that he was somewhat of an organ-

izer, so Murry and his party had nothing to do but wait eventualities, which soon came.

When it came to the appointment of ten deputy sheriffs in place of the ten who wore stars and served in different capacities in the joints, dance halls and saloons in the county, Mike found that the salaries of those men had been paid by the boss who ran the place, the sheriff pocketing the amount allowed by the county.

"I see they know how to do a little grafting here, as well as they do in Chicago," said Mike, to his informant.

"That's not all," replied the man to whom he was talking; "every gambling house and dance hall gives up so much."

"Well, you tell Murry and the other fellows in the same line of business that they are relieved from any further contributions of that character, but that I will expect them to run their places as orderly as they can, considering the line they are in; and if they don't, I'll shut them up."

Mrs. Scully was the first to kick against Mike's administration. She was mildly supported by Father Chadwick. She wanted the resorts closed at once. Mr. Monroe sided with his son-in-law.

"A split in the party already," said Mike, laughing, as they were discussing the proposition shortly after his election.

"Never mind them, Mike; they're a great deal too radical," said Monroe. "Wait until they give us any trouble, then we'll act."

Murry lost no time trying to get into the good graces of the new county officials, with poor success. He felt the county was going to the dogs.

Chapter XLI

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

"Birds of a feather flock together," is an old proverb and a true one.

Henry Mort, John Bert and Joe Phipps were gentlemen in their profession, they were cracksmen—there was nothing petty about them, in company they would be taken for clerks.

Hart and Rock were a lower type of criminals; they would hold up a drunken man or pick a pocket—as our readers are aware the street cars were their most active field of operation. They had lower instincts than the three first named, neither of them had any religious scruples, so had no regard for the moral law; they were "chippy chasers." The Saturday night dances and the wine rooms, in the days of which we write, furnished ample hunting grounds in the pursuit of chicken, as Hart designated their unfortunate victims.

A liberal administration, fully aware of the iniquities of those two institutions, either winked at or pandered to them.

The apostles of personal liberty were behind them, the reformer that condemned them was denounced as a crank. "You can't run a city like Chicago as you would a country village," they would say, and so the thing went on, in spite of the flood of tears shed by hundreds of mothers, who saw their daughters going to perdition.

Even today, though in a less degree, the same practices are pursued. It is illegal for the saloon-keeper to have wine rooms, so he has substituted palm gardens and installed screens to shelter his female customers from the gaze of the too-prying eyes of the more curious customers that may happen to drop into any of his back rooms; worse still, a liberal administration permits an annual round-up of everything that is vile and vicious, for fear of offending some influential statesman whose power in the body politic

has been gained, and is maintained by their championship of scarlet women and worse men.

The one great power that should raise its voice in stentorian tones against this great wrong, remains silent, or but whispers its condemnation. There is no Richlieu to threaten the thunders of the church against all who aid or abet in the propogation of those high schools of vice—but enough.

Hart soon filled the void in his wounded feelings caused by the escape of Florence by finding another victim. His was but a carnal desire—a conquest to glory in—a captive he might display; just as the Romans, Egyptians or Persians displayed their female captives after a successful raid on a vanquished tribe. He would have cast Florence off, as Rock did Margy, when he tired of her, or she caused him annoyance or inconvenience.

Gus Schultz looked upon Hart and Rock as two game fellows, whose exploits he wished to emulate, so soon joined them as a willing apprentice; an occupation congenial to his tastes.

Gus, as soon as Rock and Hart began to patronize him, shook the "kids," as he called them, although he was but some three years their senior.

Patsy O'Brien, having to work steady in the tin factory, of which his sister Mamie was now a kind of sub-forewoman, had no time to associate with the gang of boys, except a little in the evening, and as he had to get up early to get to work he didn't care to stay out too late at night. Another reason, his mother's failing health alarmed him; love for mother in the Irish boy is the noblest trait in his character at home or abroad. Patsy inherited it to a marked degree, so much so that he took it on himself to lecture Tony when he saw his too great familiarity with "the push" and his staying out late angered his mother.

Tony, when sixteen years old, was still in the newspaper business, he was most of the time on the street, he could pay his board out of his earnings and began to "feel his oats," as they say. His pals were Mike Flynn, George

Turveson, Shorty, Pete Dempsey and Rudolph Schultz, all about his own age.

Tony was still somewhat under restraint, his foster mother had some control over him, and when too ill to go after him at night, when she thought it was time for him to be at home, would send Mamie. Some of his pals would guy her when she came to seek him, but she would just give them as good as they sent. They couldn't go too far with her, for they knew Patsy wouldn't stand for it, so the worst they would say was, "Yes, Mamie; take him home and put him to bed." This used to humiliate Tony, and turn the laugh on him, but his liking for Mamie, who had been a little mother to him, made him submit.

Hooligan's corner bore an unsavory reputation, complaints were frequent. Occasionally the youngsters got into trouble for petty pilfering, some of them found their way into the bridewell for short terms when their loving parents couldn't pay the fine or the frequency of their delinquencies was such that even the services of the good alderman as a clearing house proved futile.

About the time of which we write there was a poolroom opened, a little over a block from Hooligan's corner. There were four pooltables, ample seating room for those not playing so they could watch the game, a cigar case on which the boys who wished to shake dice could rattle the bones for either cigars or cigarettes. The proprietors occasionally started a little crap game on the case in plain view of the passers-by—and, as he was "all right," had protection. The opening of this establishment was a great boon to the loungers and was well frequented. It brought together the youngsters for blocks around and was the means of introducing into the neighborhood boys who were formerly unknown in that locality.

Tony Murphy soon learned the game and was constant in his attendance, as was the rest of his pals. There was no age limit in this place, anything from fourteen up was welcome. If they had a nickel they could enter the game, if they were broke they could look on.

This place proved so popular that even the sons of many of the respectable people of the neighborhood used to attend and mingle with the young thieves that used to frequent the place.

At length the complaints about it became so that the captain of police raided it one evening and carted off a number of young sports, amongst them Tony Murphy. The news spread rapidly amongst the parents of the boys who had been taken to the station.

Mrs. O'Brien and Mamie, with a number of the parents and friends of the boys, went to the station to see what they could do for their progeny. The captain of police was stubborn, he had sons of his own, so resolved to hold them for a time to scare them.

"It will be a warning to them," he said, to one woman, who was particularly persistent. He kept the whole crowd of boys until about two in the morning and then raced them home, with the lecture as to what he would do if he caught them there again.

The proprietor of the amusement parlors, as he called them, felt he had been outraged, and appealed to the people's representatives for redress and justification, which was fully granted, and the captain of police given a tip to let the place alone.

The poolroom keeper was a liberal spender. Hooligan took quite a liking to him, especially when he heard him praise the alderman and denounce the reformers as a lot of puritanical finks.

"A. P. A.'s," said Hooligan, chiming in.

The incentive to gambling and the desire to be in the game was so strong that the youngsters hit upon every device they could to get money. Petty thefts were frequent; their parents began to miss articles which had been sold to the junk shop by the youngsters for a few nickles so as to enable them to play. Those more experienced in evil ways suggested plans to those having less knowledge of how to obtain funds.

Tony Murphy began to "hold out" on Mrs. O'Brien, his

excuse being that business was bad. Some of his customers not paying regularly for their papers, was one of his excuses which the simple-minded woman believed. The truth was that the rake-off in the crap game took a large part of Tony's earnings.

On one occasion Tony lost all the money he had to pay for his papers and had to seek his old friend, Joe the Hustler, to solicit a loan, which was promptly given.

Gus Schultz was the envy of the youngsters. He came occasionally and being flush of money used to enter into the game, sometimes putting as much as a dollar on a throw.

Gus Schultz was not the only one who had money to gamble or play pool, many of the boys who frequented the place used to bet freely and the boys in the neighborhood used to wonder where they got it.

"I suppose dere fader is well off," said Shorty, one night as he, Tony, Flynn, Turveson, Dempsey and Rudolph Schultz were watching the game.

"It's an awful thing to be broke," remarked Flynn, "and the picnics going on."

"Sunday's de only day I can go anywhere," remarked Tony, "and den I can't go till de afternoon after I've delivered my papers."

"Dat's a bum job of yours, Tony," chimed in Dempsey. "I wouldn't care for dat."

"O, you don't care for any job," retorted Tony.

"Well, I haven't to, my old woman can take care of me."

"Dere, look at dat pile that kid is raking in," said Turveson, referring to a youngster about his own age who was having phenomenal luck.

"I wisht I had luck just ones't like dat," lamented Tony. "I owe Joe quite a lot and some of the other fellows down town, and I've been standing off Mrs. O'Brien, too. Patsy is kicking, and Mamie asked me the other day what I done wid my money."

"Well, I know where I'm going to get some," said Schultz, "and if you fellows like you can stand in."

"Where?" inquired Traveson, eagerly.

"Come over in de corner here and I'll tell you."

The group went over to the far end of the poolroom to hear Schultz's suggestion.

"You know dat empty house on Monroe street near Peoria?" he said, in a whisper.

None of them knew the particular house but knew the locality.

"Well, what about it?" inquired Turveson.

"It's a big brick house. I wonder you fellows don't know it."

"What matter?" said Flynn. "Tell us what you're drivin' at."

"Well," in a stage whisper, "I was around dere de other day. I sees de back door open and goes in. I sees all de lead pipe and de gas fittings all dere. I sez to myself dis is a harvest; it's pie."

Tony Murphy turned away.

"Where you going?" inquired Turveson, looking after him.

"How much do you tink we could get for dem if we had 'em, Rudolph?" inquired Shorty.

"I tink we could get thirty bucks."

"And if we got caught," chimed in Dempsey, "what would we get?"

"No danger," replied Schultz; "dere's not a soul around dere at night and dere's enough of us to keep a good look-out."

"Where would we sell them if we had them?" asked Flynn.

"At the sheeny's, to be sure; he buys everything."

"I'm game," said Turveson, "if you fellows are."

Flynn and Dempsey would take a chance, Tony Murphy backed out.

"You're not going to flunk?" said Shorty. "If de rest of us goes, it's a little easy money."

"Oh, he'll come if we all agree to go; Tony won't back out," chimed in Turveson.

So it was decided that the following night they would go and help themselves to the lead pipe and gas fittings at the empty house on Monroe street.

"We'll want a sharp knife and an axe and a crow bar," remarked Schultz.

"You'd better get a wrench, too," said Turveson. "If we can get the chandeliers down without injuring them, the Jew will give us more for them."

"They will be pretty awkward to carry," suggested Shorty.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Flynn. "We'll bring them through the alley to Schultz's coal shed and have the Jew call for them. Don't you think that's the best?"

"A good idea," chimed in Shorty. "Five of us can each carry something, and Tony can go ahead and look out."

"Tony can carry something, too," replied Schultz. "He can carry some of the pipe, anyway."

The raid on the house plumbing had been successfully carried out, the goods were securely stowed in the Schultz woodshed, the junk man had been notified to come around and bid on it. Some of the "push" had done business with him before; he would treat them right.

Schultz and Flynn had to do the negotiating; they had instructions to ask thirty dollars for the swag. "They're worth a hundred, easy," said Turveson. "Solid brass, besides the lead—look how thick it is."

When the junk man came and looked over the booty, he said, "How much do you vant?"

"Thirty dollars," replied Schultz, putting on a business air.

"Vat! thirty dollars? Mine friend, old brass is cheap now."

"They're not old brass," said Flynn. "They're good chandeliers and must be worth a lot of money."

"Vell, my friend, we have to break those things up; but as I know you boys, I vill give you four dollars."

"What," shouted Schultz, "four dollars?"

"Yes, four dollars, dat's as much as I could give; you know I have to live," rubbing his hands.

"We'll not take it," said Flynn decisively.

"Vell, I'll be liberal vid you, I vill give you five, and then I maybe lose on them."

Schultz and Flynn looked at one another, their dream of being capitalists and making an onslaught on the crap game had vanished.

"We'll not take it," again replied Flynn.

"Vell, you know best," the junk dealer went away, shouting, "Old iron, rags and bones, bottles."

That night the boys held a conference. "Gus had "got on" in the meantime and demanded his share. It was in their place and he was going to have part or else "dere would be trouble."

The junk man was around early the next morning. He wanted to let on he had no interest in the fixtures. Gus Schultz, who had undertaken the disposal of the swag, accosted him, "Look here, you Sheeny, how much are you going to give us for that stuff we have in the shed?"

"I offered you five dollars—that was a good price."

"Well, there's seven of us, and you don't give us a dollar apiece you needn't come in this street any more."

The peddler gave up the seven dollars, which was duly turned over that night to the fellow who ran the poolroom, the boys being cleaned out at the crap game in less than half an hour.

"You're in hard luck," said the professor, to his pupils, as he saw them fall back after they had staked their last dime and lost.

On another occasion they broke into a cigar store, getting away with a number of boxes for which they found a ready sale, and the proceeds soon followed the same channels as did the seven dollars which they had received for what had cost the owner of the building on Monroe street upward of two hundred.

Tony Murphy's customers began to fall off. He had neglected them, their papers were not delivered early

enough in the morning, sometimes he didn't deliver any at all.

Mrs. O'Brien began to upbraid him. He was constantly in the poolroom; occasionally he had some extra money, where he got it no one knew—possibly some of the customers who had owed him had settled their score or he had been lucky in the poolroom. The truth came out at last.

Tony Murphy and his pals were found in a clothing store one night after business hours, and not being able to give a satisfactory reason for being there they were sent over to the North Side. This happened to be when the good alderman was on his vacation. Hooligan did his best, by expressing his sorrow—that was all he could do in the absence of his friend, the city father. There was a great crowd over at the North Side, so Tony and his pals didn't feel lonesome. The mothers and aunts and cousins of the boys used to visit them frequently, shed a few tears, leave them a little change, which they would use in treating the more hardened but less fortunate criminals who happened to be taking a vacation at the same time as were the boys from Hooligan's corner.

In return for the generosity of the boys the veteran hold-up men, burglars, and sneak thieves used to tell them of their many adventures, both profitable and perilous, of their hair-breadth escapes and unfortunate captures, the boys giving rapt attention to the many interesting narratives. It was a great educational institution in those days, so before they got out they had learned many things they couldn't learn elsewhere in so short a time. Mamie O'Brien never left without slipping Tony a half dollar, and when she couldn't go herself she sent a little change with some of the relations of the other youngsters who were going to pay a visit. Besides the money, their fond parents, aunts and cousins used to bring them, they took them food, fruit and nice cakes, which they shared with the veterans who had no friends to furnish such luxuries.

"This is better than home," Shorty said, one day, as he

looked over the lot of good things that had been brought them.

"If they would only let us out occasionally I could stay here altogether," remarked Turveson, as he was putting his molars into half a pie. During the hours allowed them for recreation, if they were not listening to the stories of the men of experience who were awaiting trial, they would be playing tag or leap-frog, or having a nice game of cards. At length they were turned adrift for want of prosecution.

The man whose store they had broken into either had been fixed or relented or abandoned the case on account of the loss of time he had sustained in appearing before justices, only to hear the case continued, the two days he had wasted before he was called before the grand jury and the innumerable delays attending court, he began to feel that he was going to be the greatest sufferer, so he cried quits, and the boys allowed to go home, brimful of knowledge of the many devious ways by which they might attain the property of others with the maximum of adventure and the minimum of risk.

When they left the sheriff's man, who ran the store in the big building, was sorry and hoped they would soon be back, as they were a nice set of boys and good customers.

Chapter XLII

A SYNOPSIS.

Florence Burdett, after her return from her first tour with the alderman, stayed at the North Side hotel for many months. She had a suite of rooms and as a rule had her meals sent up to her—the help around the establishment thought much of her, as she was liberal to them, having money at her control. The visits of the alderman were a matter of no concern to them—they were all on—they

knew the relationship that existed between the city father and his fair protege, and, in keeping with the moral atmosphere of the establishment, thought nothing of it.

On the adjournment of the city council the following year, Great went on his annual vacation, taking Florence with him. On their return he installed her in a flat of her own, furnished it neatly, and to which he occasionally invited his friends.

The alderman's career in the council was such that he was enabled to lavish money on her. She dressed well, and having a craving for jewelry, let him purchase many diamonds; she invariably knew when any measure was put over in which he shared in the graft to any considerable extent.

Her association with him had become, as many weddings are in high class society, merely a marriage of convenience; she had no particular affection for him, sometimes her dislike became so apparent that he chafed under her pointed remarks. He tried to humor her—she had become the spoiled mistress of a rich man, he the infatuated slave of a handsome though not designing woman.

Her mother dead, there was no connecting link between her and her family, who had long since learned of the relationship between her and the city father. In fact it ceased to be public gossip. Great liked to get away from the city on his vacation; his handsome "wife" was known in many of the popular resorts in Europe, she was accomplished, her only failing that she sometimes drank too freely; a matter to cause little criticism in the gay set by which they were surrounded. Absinthe became a favorite beverage of hers—she had first learned to drink it in France.

At the age of twenty-five she lived on one of the South Side boulevards. She had no intercourse with her neighbors, they understood she was very wealthy and judging from what they could see their opinion was well grounded. She kept her coachman who drove a beautiful pair of English cobs, whose tails were docked in the most approved manner. A housekeeper, a lady's maid, a very discreet

young woman she brought with her from France; and a cook, who was general utility man, a big, stout, colored woman who lived outside, forming the family circle. She was at this time a good entertainer and had many callers, one in particular was a frequent visitor, the neighbors surmised that he was laying siege to the "young widow's" hand and fortune.

Florence used to meet Mary Vann occasionally and unburden herself. She told Mary she was far from happy, but as she had made her bed she would have to lie on it.

Mary Vann and Herman Wosta had become estranged, partly through Mary's persistence in offering apologies for Florence's misconduct, saying she was unfortunate. Herman was too bitter to listen for a moment to any extenuating circumstances. The main cause, however, of their disagreement was Mary Vann's persistence in rejecting Herman's suit, not but what she liked the stalwart young German, but she felt she was not worthy of him. She told him on one occasion there was no hope for him as she never intended to marry. "I will be a sister to you," she said, smiling, but that was not sufficient for Herman, who gradually dropped off seeing her at all.

Mrs. Great, proper, had aged rapidly during the past few years, her head was nearly white. Gossip had long since informed her of the palatial residence on the avenue where her liege lord spent most of his time. She had long since ceased to reproach him. Florence Burdett had been pointed out to her, a young woman full of flesh and blood, a handsome countenance, an imposing appearance, gaudily dressed. Mrs. Great knew full well who had bought these clothes, those rings on her fingers, those diamonds in her ears. She sighed as she made the comparison between herself and her rival. Mrs. Great was failing in health rapidly, the canker was eating her heart out. She was resigned, however, and only cared to live to do good for others. She shared many people's troubles.

Monroe Township continued to flourish, an industrious,

sober, enterprising community. Father Chadwick's congregation had increased considerably, and Scully had put up a building in which those of different denominations might hold services. This had endeared him to many, who saw in him a broad-gauged man, free from race or religious prejudice. A calaboose had been built and at its completion Mike, who was talking to Rooney one of the town directors, remarked, "Now we have all the earmarks of civilization." Few, however, occupied the calaboose, only the drunks.

"A splendid place to have them sober up," said Stringer, when he came to plead for the release of a couple of his men.

Mort, Bert, Phipps, Hart and Rock had had a checkered career since last we saw them. The first three named had been East for a year or two.

Hart had managed to evade the police owing to their incompetency or his pull with the politicians, partly both.

Rock used to tend bar for Hooligan during the day and frequently go out with Hart or Gus Schultz at night, just to take the fresh air and anything else they could lay their hands on. Now they were all back together Hooligan felt happy. Things were coming his way—he was receiving a good part of the fruits of their labor, and his old friends and neighbors who had never deserted him were getting a few extra drinks.

In speaking to Mort one evening while the boys were flush and there was a goodly crowd lined up against the bar, Hooligan said, "This reminds me of old times, years ago, when Scully used to be with us. I wonder what ever became of him."

"O, he's dead before this," replied Mort, with a sigh, "or we would have heard from him. I have a little souvenir belonging to him I have kept all these years and wouldn't part with it for love or money."

"Well, dead or alive," said Bert, "we'll drink his health, anyway. Come, Hooligan, fill up the drinks." When the

glasses were filled, "Here's to our old pal, Mike Scully," lifting his glass.

"The best and bravest that ever came down the black road," chimed in Phipps. The toast was drank with enthusiasm.

About the time of which we are now writing, the alderman had come to spend the evening at the house on the avenue. While seated in the parlor talking to the mistress of the establishment, he said, "What do you think, Florence? I was in the police department to-day, and in looking over the list of applicants whose name do you think I saw?"

"How am I to tell?"

"You couldn't guess in a number of times."

"Maybe not—who?"

"Your uncle, Herman Wosta."

The name awoke unpleasant memories in the mind of Florence and she was silent for a moment.

"Do you think he'll get on?"

"No; the chief told me he had no one behind him; he said the alderman of the ward in which he lives hardly knew him."

"Don't you think you could get him on?"

"Me? Why, I've enough to do to take care of the fellows in my own ward without butting in elsewhere."

"Well, you'd do that for me, wouldn't you?"

"I don't see how I can. I wouldn't let any one recommend any person from my ward but myself."

"You have a colleague, haven't you?"

"Yes, but he can only get a job for a fellow when I concede it to him."

She looked him straight in the face. "I want you to get Herman the position he seeks; probably the family needs it. See that you attend to it to-morrow and don't come back here till you succeed."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it."

A few days after the above discussion, Herman Wosta was appointed on the police force and assigned to Hyde Park Station, where McCarthy shook hands with him and welcomed him to the force—the alderman having had McCarthy transferred from the Central to that precinct because McCarthy was "too gay," in his opinion.

Chapter XLIII

THE GRADUATES.

"The Grand Summer Carnival of the Invincibles," was a similar function to that which our readers were introduced on the night of the "Grand Carnival, Reception and Ball of the Five Jolly Boys."

It was gotten up by a similar group with the same object in view—a good time, as they understood it, with hopes of profit, young girls in short dresses and old dames in long ones, a number of politicians, the aldermen of the ward being the patron saint, a few staid people and a multiplicity of young loafers.

Tony Murphy, Rudolph Schultz, Mike Flynn, Peter Dempsey and George Turveson attended. It was held on the South Side, remote from where they lived, but the managing committee had sent a number of tickets to every well known politician in the city, Alderman Great receiving a liberal quota, a part of which he gave to Hooligan who in turn distributed them amongst his young patrons.

As the boys were leaving the dance about four o'clock on a fine Sunday morning in the month of August, George Turveson remarked that they'd had the time of their lives, girls were plentiful, beer and torches in abundance. The five of them were considerably under the influence of liquor.

"Who was that woung one in pink you were dancing with, Tony?" remarked Flynn, as they walked along.

"I noticed that she could coffin her share of the beer," said George.

"Yes, she was pretty mushy when I left her. I would have seen her home if I wasn't broke; but when a fellow has no money he's not much with the girls."

"No, not with her kind," chimed in Dempsey, grinning at Tony.

"Pipe the old geezer coming along," said Schultz, referring to an old man with a full beard, a shabby suit of black and wearing a silk hat of an ancient origin.

"Hello, Isaac," said Turveson, when he got near enough to address him.

"My name's not Isaac, sir," replied the man, in a decided foreign accent.

"What is it then?" inquired Turveson. "Moses, I suppose?"

"No, sir; my name's Patrick."

"Oh, go on; whoever heard of any old Jew by the name of Patrick?"

"I'm not a Jew, either, sir," replied the old man, indignantly.

"Let him go about his business," said Schultz. "I suppose he's going to the synagogue," at the same time adroitly tipping the old man's silk hat over his forehead. The old man shook his stick menacingly after them as they went away laughing. A little further along they met a young woman coming towards them. The five of them occupied the entire width of the sidewalk. She came right along thinking they would make room for her to pass, but the five joined hands as soon as she reached them, and forming a ring danced around her. She expressed her indignation but they only laughed more heartily.

"You dirty lot of pups," she called after them, as she escaped.

"Go on, now, or I'll tell your mother where you were last night," shouted Dempsey.

"It's well, seeing that you have no mothers," she replied back to them, as she was adjusting her hat.

They next met a man, a laborer. He was hurrying along with a can in his hand and a small paper parcel under his arm.

"You're rushing the growler early this morning," said Dempsey to him.

The man stopped and looked at them with contempt.

"Where do you work, my good man?" inquired Turveson.

"What's that to do with you?" retorted the man, sharply.

"Well, you might be civil, anyway," replied Flynn.

"I'll give you a poke in the eye," responded the man, "to make you civil."

"Let's get him arrested," said Tony, trying to look serious.

The man looked around. "If there was a policeman in sight I'd see that ye's were arrested, you dirty lot of young loafers." He walked away, followed by their jeers.

"My! but I must have drunk a lot of booze," remarked Tony. "I feel stiff."

"Here's a fruit peddler coming," said Schultz. "I'm going to sample some of his goods."

"This Dago's out early, we should encourage him," remarked Turveson, grinning. The five gathered around the man's cart.

"What your pears?" inquired Flynn, picking up one.

"Two for five, three for ten."

"Having two grades."

"O, you're too dear."

"How much bannan's?" inquired Dempsey, attracting the man's attention.

"Four for five, good a bannana."

Flynn slipped a couple of the pears into his pocket, while the man was talking to Dempsey about the bananas.

"Those are pretty nice plums," said Schultz, as he picked one up and bit into it. The man turned around quickly, as he did so Turveson slipped a handful of the bananas under his coat.

A Rash Act

"You fool-a-me, you don't want to buy," said the man, going to the front of his handcart to move on.

"Well, I'll sample your grapes, any way," said Tony, grabbing a bunch.

Turveson, Dempsey, Flynn and Schultz each grabbed some of the man's fruit and took to their heels. Tony tried to follow them but was seized by the Italian before he could get away, the peddler at the same time yelling, "Police! robbers! police! robbers!" at the top of his voice.

"Let me go!" shouted Tony, trying to wriggle out of the hands of his captor.

"Police! robbers!" shouted the Italian.

"You won't let me go, won't you," shouted Tony, as he rained blows on the Italian's face and head. The Italian still held on in spite of Tony's effort to get away.

A woman looked out from a window opposite and shouted, "Oh, you young vagabonds, I've been watching you! Dear me! Is there no policeman around?"

A man at about the same moment lifted a window in the second story of a house on the same side of the street where the scene was being enacted and shouted encouragement to the Italian to hold him. Much as Tony desired he couldn't break loose; the peddler continued to shout, "Police!"

Tony while struggling noticed the knife with which the peddler separated his bananas from the stalk lying on the cart. It was a short butcher knife about six inches long in the blade.

Tony reached for it and grabbing it menaced the peddler with it, yelling, "Let me go, you son of a b——, or I'll cut your heart out."

The Italian held resolutely to him.

"You won't let me go, won't you? Then take that," stabbing the Italian in the neck. The peddler let go his hold. Tony dropped the knife and ran.

The woman in the window shouted, "Murder! police!"

The man in the window overlooking the scene of the struggle ran from the window and appearing in the street

followed in pursuit with a number who had joined in the chase.

Tony ran in the same direction his chums had taken. As he turned the corner in his flight he ran plump into the hands of a policeman, the crowd at his heels shouting, "That's the man!"

The man who had witnessed the entire affair from his window came running up. He was in his bare feet with one hand holding up his pants. "That's him, I saw the whole affair."

Tony was led back to where the Italian lay on the ground. His jugular vein had been severed. Another policeman arriving helped to keep the crowd back while Tony was being led to the box. He was deadly pale, conscious of what he had done. He never spoke a word. The crowd surged forward to get a look at him. The second policeman who had arrived appealed to them to keep back, menacing them with his club. The patrol arrived and Tony was placed in it.

"Mrs. Herzog saw it all," said the man who was in his bare feet, holding up his hand and pointing to an open window.

"Stop a minute, Ryan," said the policeman, to the driver of the patrol. "I'll go over and hear what she has to say." He crossed the street and knocked at the door. A young woman came down and opened it.

"You saw what happened across the street a while ago?"

"No sir; it was my aunt, she's upstairs." The policeman followed her up into the room; the woman sat in a chair prostrate.

"You were a witness to what happened across the street, my good woman?"

"O yes, sir, I saw it all; it was terrible! How they abused that poor man and then murdered him."

"Was there more than one?"

"There were five of them; the other four ran away."

The policeman took her name and that of the man who

had witnessed the affair, who was standing beside him while he was talking to Mrs. Herzog.

From a distant corner Tony's four companions saw the patrol drive off after the ambulance which had been telephoned for had taken the remains of the dead man away.

"We'd better beat it," said Flynn. "This is tough."

"Tony's pinched sure," remarked Schultz, but none of them surmised how serious it was until they were captured the same evening—two of them in Hooligan's, one at his home and the other in the poolroom.

Held over to the grand jury which happened to be in session at the time they were speedily indicted, Murphy for murder in the first degree, the other four as accessories before the fact.

The whole Italian colony was aroused. Giovane Campatrenelli was a highly respected Italian, a member of many Italian societies, of one of which he was president and of another treasurer.

The persecution of the Italians at the hands of the young hoodlums had aroused a spirit of resentment in the minds of the Italian people. The sight of Campatrenelli's wife and five children appealed to their countrymen for revenge. The Italian consul took up the case, money was subscribed and the ablest lawyers instructed to advise with the state's attorney and to see to it that there was no miscarriage of the law. Hooligan busied himself, but as the good alderman was away on his vacation Hooligan could do nothing. The trial took place, the verdict was a foregone conclusion. The attorney for the defense appealed to the jury—his youth, the environment in which he had been brought up, the fact of his having liquor, the struggle between him and the man who had been killed; but all in vain, the case was too clear, it took but a short time for the jury to bring in its verdict. Tony Murphy had to die, his four associates were sent down for five years. An appeal was made for a new trial, a mere formal motion.

"No grounds for such a course," was the emphatic declaration of the judge, who heard the appeal. "It is denied."

Tony Murphy had but few who could befriend him in his hour of trial. Strangely his mind reverted to Scully who had snatched him from the flames, but he was not here now, and if he was, what could he do?

Mrs. Great was sick for many days, the terrible news of what befell the boy in whom she had interested herself was more than she could bear. "How much better would it have been," she said to Father Nolan, as he sat by her bedside, "if God had taken him when his father and mother met their fate."

The priest bowed his head; he was too full for utterance.

One cold, bleak day in the following January a man stood over the sleeping form of a person whom he knew was having his last sleep on earth. As he looked into the sleeping man's face he saw a smile come over his countenance, he could see his mouth move, as if to speak to some one. The watcher knew he was dreaming, he was loth to wake him.

The official had been long in the public service, it was not the first time he had aroused the doomed to tell them the hour of reckoning was drawing near, the time to meet their fate was close at hand. In most cases he had looked upon such matters as a part of his official duty which awoke no such feelings as did this case. A kindly disposed man, he felt for the unfortunates whenever he had occasion to wake one from his last fitful slumber.

He was a man up in years, had a grown family; one son, a young man about the same age as the person he was now about to arouse. Possibly this had something to do with his nervousness, for he hesitated before laying his hand on the slumbering form. When about to do it he was compelled to pause, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket wiped away tears that coursed down his cheeks in spite of every effort he made to suppress them. As he did this he sat down by the cot, so that he might recover his composure and be able to speak in kindly if not cheering tones to the condemned, who would have to listen to his dread awakening. When sufficiently composed he laid his

hand on the sleeping form and shaking him gently, said, "Tony, Tony, it's time to get up".

Tony opened his eyes, gazed into the kindly face of the man who had shown him every kindness he could from the time he was placed as one of the death watch.

"What time is it, Mr. Roberts?"

"It's gone six and Father Nolan has been in the office for some time; come, can I help you?"

The condemned laid the clothes aside and sat up on the edge of his cot. He looked the picture of manly, robust health. As he brushed the hair from his forehead with his hand, he disclosed a broad, open brow, his features were well formed. His partly exposed chest showed splendid development, while his arms, muscular though somewhat soft, indicated great strength; his legs equaled his arms in proportion, his waist somewhat slender, his feet small. An observer seeing him in different surroundings would think him a young athlete who had been trained somewhat too fine. His face was pale. As he reached out his hands to get his clothing it could be seen they were very soft, soft as a woman's, they bore no mark of manual labor. This, however, might in part be accounted for by the long term he had spent in prison.

To the student of criminology there was little trace of the malefactor. That he was of a resolute disposition could be seen from his somewhat square jaw, which was offset by his dark brown eyes which in spite of his long incarceration shone out brightly in the dim morning light, which was now gradually illumining his cell.

As he proceeded to dress, the turnkey handed him the different parts of his apparel. "Now, Tony, take a good wash, it will refresh you," placing a basin of water on a stool close by him, the turnkey holding the towel until he was ready for it. The prisoner dried himself, combed and brushed his hair. Mr. Roberts handed him his coat.

"I don't think I'll need it, Mr. Roberts, I feel quite warm."

Another person unobserved had taken a seat that was placed just outside the cell door.

"Now, Tony, I will go and notify Father Nolan that you are ready to receive him. I want you to brace up and be a man." He grasped the youth by the hand as if to infuse courage into him. Such advice, though kindly intended was unnecessary. Tony Murphy was every inch a man and fully prepared for the trying ordeal he knew was to follow. His sturdy grasp of the turnkey's hand was a source of comfort to Mr. Roberts who could not feel a particle of tremor in it.

"I will also have to order your breakfast. What would you like?"

"A cup of coffee, and a little toast will do."

To this the turnkey would not agree.

"No, Tony, you must have a good, substantial breakfast, it will give you strength. It will be an hour before I can bring it to you, as Father Nolan may want a good long talk with you."

In this matter Tony knew better. As from the time the last hope of reprieve had gone, he had listened patiently and reverently to good Father Nolan's ministrations, he having visited him nearly every day. Tony had not only told him of the many transgressions he had committed, but he spoke of his early history, with a good part of which Father Nolan was familiar; of his early childhood, as a waif on the streets selling newspapers until the time when, in a paroxysm of passion, he had spilt the life blood of a man who had never done him wrong. Tony Murphy bore malice to none nor did he lay a particle of blame to any one for the position in which he was. He had prayed fervently for his own redemption, the repose of the souls of his father and mother, and invoked God's aid for the woman and children he had deprived of their breadwinner.

Father Nolan met him cheerily. "Good morning, Tony, I hope you had a good night's rest?"

"Yes, father, I slept sound."

"I am pleased to hear you say that. Now, while Mr. Roberts is away for your breakfast we will say the litany." Tony knelt down, the priest beside him; Father Nolan was

highly gratified when he heard Tony answer the responses with such fervor.

At the conclusion of the prayers the priest heard his last confession and gave him the rites of his church and extending his hands over the still kneeling boy invoked God's forgiveness for him who, if brought up under different conditions, might have been a credit to his church, his country, and his race.

Mr. Roberts was seen patiently waiting outside the cell gate.

"Come in, Mr. Roberts," said the priest, addressing him.

Roberts noticed that Tony was remarkably cheerful. He smiled when he saw Roberts followed by a man bearing a large tray.

"I have your breakfast here now," he remarked.

"It looks as if you had exceeded the order, Mr. Roberts," said Tony, in a cheerful manner. "One would think we were going to have company," looking at the tray. "I feel now as if I could eat something."

"That's good," replied Roberts.

On the tray was a steaming coffee pot, with sugar basin and cream pitcher, some toast with poached eggs, a piece of juicy-looking steak, and on another plate some rashers of bacon, and on another some fried chicken.

Mr. Roberts arranged everything nicely on the shelf that served as a table, and addressing the young man, said, "Tony, lad, just eat what you like and take your time over it. It's a long time since you had your supper last night."

A shadow crossed the priest's face whose mind reverted to the fact that this was the poor fellow's last meal. He joined Mr. Roberts in asking Tony to eat as best he could.

His reverence and Mr. Roberts began to talk about the weather, how stormy it had been the past few days.

Tony looked up to the bars, where the sky could be seen and thought it never looked brighter. Up to this time he had drunk a cup of coffee, ate one of the poached eggs, some of the toast and a little of the bacon. When the reference was made to the weather which caused him to look toward

the sky, he was in the act of swallowing a piece of the hot muffin that looked so tempting, but it seemed to lodge in his throat, his heart was full, as was his stomach, he could eat no more.

About ten o'clock footsteps could be heard approaching the cell, the sheriff and two bailiffs entered, the death warrant was read. Tony heard it with bowed head. The priest put on his surplice and vestments appropriate for the occasion and the march to the scaffold began. As the group left the cell one of the bailiffs placed his arm under that of Tony—it was unnecessary, though he offered no objection. The priest in solemn tones read the prayers. Tony marched with firm tread, occasionally making responses when appropriate to the priest's invocation. Reaching the scaffold Tony saw a crowd of people seated, spectators come to see a human being done to death. His arms and knees were bound with straps, the priest placed the crucifix in his hands and Tony kissed it. At a signal a white robe was drawn over his head, the priest took the crucifix from his hand and held it to the cloth near Tony's lips. The voice of the clergyman rang out clear and loud in prayer, an amen was heard as coming from behind the hood which covered the victim's head, the trap opened in two parts and the body shot down. There was a yell that rang through the corridors of the entire jail, a vibration of the rope, a few spasmodic jerks of the body, a contraction of the knees and all was over.

Chapter XLIV

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

On the continent of America there is much magnificent scenery, nearly all of which has been so oft described in glowing terms that the author who attempts to picture it in language new to himself runs the risk of being charged with plagiarism.

In the far west—the Golden Gate where the setting sun shines in its gorgeous splendor, where nature, prolific in the extreme, surpasses fair and fruitful Italy. There the California orange, the lemon, and the grape have found congenial soil; the latter fruit, while of but recent cultivation as compared to the vine culture of some European countries, is rapidly reaching perfection and in a few years bids fair to equal the product of the vineyards of France; and who has seen and not wondered at the collossal proportions of those giants of the forest, the redwood trees of the Yosemite Valley whose topmost branches seem amongst the clouds?

There is also scenery contiguous to the mighty Columbia and its tributary rivers, whose majestic course runs nearly the length of a continent, furnishing at some places placid surfaces, at others wild-flowing rapids, with here and there waterfalls rivaling Niagara.

There is the Yellowstone Park with its hills and dales, mountains and valleys, caves and geysers, some of whose waters as cold as if they had come direct from Behring Straits, while other springs supply water as warm as if it had come direct from Hades.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado—a product and a condition which must have taken millions of years to bring about. What purpose nature had in accomplishing such a feat can only be surmised; the most probable being to show the Almighty's wondrous power.

There is also Colorado, with its Garden of the Gods, with its peaks and rocks standing out majestically, awe inspiring in their solitary grandeur—what convulsion of nature must have brought about such stupendous results! In the bowels of those mountains is wealth that has lured thousands to destruction in their mad pursuit of the precious metals, where for one who has drawn a prize thousands have drawn blanks.

It would take volumes to describe the wonders of the west and the middle west with its beautiful rivers and inland seas.

In nearly every part of this wondrous country of ours there are points of interest over which the historian and the geologist, the florist and the poet, may find food for thought, research, and inspiration; but only those who are rich may enjoy the sights, and as a rule those prefer to travel in foreign lands, where society furnishes them greater opportunities to display their wealth than they find in their native land. The progeny of the pork-packer, the railway magnate, the coal operator, or the beneficiary of the infamous tariff legislation, feel more at home in Paris, London or Berlin, than they do in the land that furnishes them the material with which to mingle with a hereditary aristocracy whose manners they desire to ape.

Alderman Great and his affinity had visited nearly all the capitals and show places of Europe and while there felt at home; with unlimited means he mixed with the gayest of the gay, a wealthy American. None there were who inquired where he got it. His partner at length began to surfeit of the pleasures that the first few trips across the ocean had given her. Her conscience often smote her, she was tired of masquerading; she had never absolutely forgiven him for his first betrayal of her, but conditions made it imperative that she submit. Sometimes after paying a visit to her mother's grave, she would reproach herself and be morose for days. At those times she was hardly civil to her wealthy patron. He, recognizing her condition, used to chide her, and increase his attention; lavishing money on her.

When about to start on their last journey together, the evening previous to their going she remarked, "I understand your wife is very sick."

"Yes, she hasn't been well for some time."

"Do you think you should go away and leave her?"

"What can I do? She has all the medical aid she may require and has every comfort that can be provided for her, what more does she want?"

"She may want you."

"Oh, she's long since got over that. I see you are gloomy to-night. Come, pack up."

Alderman Great, like every experienced traveler, mapped out his route before leaving, not that it can always be followed, but it is a wise precaution.

"We will take the French line of steamers in going, a week in Paris, a week in England, a few days in Ireland, and then by steamers that will bring us to Quebec and home by the St. Lawrence and the lakes. I am sure you will enjoy that trip."

She raised no objection to his plans, it was a route they had never traveled before.

As the boat was sailing into Kingstown Harbor the alderman bethought himself of the fact that it was prohibitory to take arms into Ireland, so he hastily summoned Florence to their cabin and taking his revolver and ammunition from the case he kept it in, said, "Here, put this in your dressing case. I am afraid they will confiscate it if they find it on me."

She smiled as he handed her the weapon. "What if they get it on me?"

"They are not likely to ask you if you carry a gun."

The revenue officer in looking at his baggage made the usual inquiry.

"Any arms of any description?"

"No, sir."

Florence could hardly repress a smile.

A couple of days in Dublin and then on to Killarney. They visited the lakes where the beauty of the scenery enchanted Florence, then to Cork, and at Queenstown they took the boat for home.

On no part of the American continent, if in the wide world, can more magnificent scenery be witnessed than can be seen by a trip on the St. Lawrence River. As the steamboat enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence through the Cabot Straits, Newfoundland on the right, Cape Breton on the left, the scenery is superb. As the ship enters into the wide expanse of waters in the Gulf of St. Lawrence every

traveler who comes that way cannot but be delighted at the sight of the verdant hills, beautiful bays and inlets, rendered more enchanting by contrast with the dreary waste of waters while crossing the Atlantic. As the boat enters the narrows, past Anticosti Island, the land plainly visible on both sides is a refreshing sight, the panorama changing every moment. If the sight of land is gratifying to the traveler in this rapid age, when a trip across the Atlantic takes but about seven days and that on a steamer that provides accommodation equal to that furnished by a first-class hotel, how much more so must it have been to the tempest-tossed wayfarers who were on the ocean from seven to twelve weeks in a sailing vessel, where the first class, as far as sanitation and ventilation facilities were provided, was not equal to that of the steerage of to-day? But how must it have appeared to the poor emigrants that were driven from Ireland by famine and disease, crowding the emigrant vessels far beyond their capacity, in their determination to escape from the land where pestilence and the result of absolute starvation was fast depleting the population?

Much has been written about the horrible conditions under which slaves were brought to this land of the brave and the free, but let us make comparison between those conditions and that under which Irish emigrants were brought to the American continent during the exodus of the years 1847 and 1848, immediately following the famine.

The Negroes brought from Central Africa, in some cases hundreds of miles to the place of embarkation, were as a rule in the enjoyment of physical health. They had little if any of moral restraint, crowded in the hold of the slaver, the mingling of the sexes produced little embarassment; they had to be cared for to make them fit for market. The sickness or death of any one of them meant a loss of hundreds of dollars to the slaver who claimed them as his personal property.

During the years aforementioned every sailing vessel that could be made available to risk a voyage across the Atlantic

embarked in the service. The emigrant, enfeebled by the ravages of hunger and the dreaded typhus fever, had no knowledge of the accommodations of the ship he or she was about to embark in.

The shipping agent that secured the emigrants' transportation had no further interest in them after the moment they reached the deck of the vessel. In those days they were crowded in indiscriminately, protest on their part being of no avail and only brought down on them the wrath of the officers and sailors of the ship who had no sympathy with nor interest in them. Scant of food and water, the hardships of a protracted voyage are indescribable. Typhus and ship fever, a lack of vegetables, soon turned the vessel into a veritable plague ship, so much so that the sharks were constant in attendance, knowing by instinct that every few miles of the journey a victim would be hurled overboard for them to feed on.

Statistic show that thirty out of every thousand that crossed the Atlantic in those fatal days found a watery grave. Death was merciful, the fever-stricken, consumed as with fire, were denied water with which to quench their burning thirst, the supply being limited and that served often of the foulest description. Young women with the highest ideals of Christian morality lay too weak to resist the desires of brutal sailors whose animal instinct could not be checked. There was no help at hand, a protest from a friend would likely have cost him his life.

What a relief, then, it must have been to the survivors who had crossed the Atlantic on those pest-ships to see the first sight of the promised land; how the sick husband struggled in carrying his worse than sick wife up the ladder and through the hatch to show her the mountains as the vessel sailed along.

To show the extent of travel in those days, while every port received its quota, at Gross Island, one of the quarantine stations on the St. Lawrence River, eighty-four emigrant vessels arrived between the eighth of May and the eighth of June, 1847, every one of which had a number on

board stricken with the plague. There being no adequate accommodations for so large a number of emigrants, they were driven from the vessels and allowed to die in the mud or on the beach. Records show that during this period over ten thousand of them died on this island alone and five thousand unknown were buried, none there were who could identify them, orphans by the hundreds survived their parents and had to be taken care of by the Catholic Christian French, who then comprised nearly the entire population of this district.

In Montreal eleven hundred of those poor people lay at one time in different stages of disease in temporary sheds put up for their reception. The fever was so contagious that the ranks of the nuns who acted as nurses were nearly depleted, priests and bishops died from the fell disease, and many of the public officials in their efforts to succor the unfortunates suffered the same fate.

In Kingston, further up the St. Lawrence, a mound marks the place where the remains of nineteen hundred Irish emigrants lie, nearly all of whom were thrown into the trenches dug to receive their coffinless bodies, as the historian fittingly describes the horror, "rotted away and died like so many sheep." Such is one of the black pages in English history. A nation that could maintain armies and navies, and subsidize the armies and navies of allied nations to place on the throne of France a repudiated monarch, and to do so raised and expended hundreds of millions of pounds in their desire to put down the little Coriscan, could not or would not prevent a famine in Ireland or stop the exodus of its people, fraught with such frightful disaster. But those events are nearly forgotten. The English press gave them little publicity, it looked bad. The English readers might be shocked at such a recital, so it was discreetly suppressed, but enough.

As the transatlantic steamers bore Great and his affinity on the bosom of the St. Lawrence, they viewed the many points of interest as their vessel plowed along. In Quebec they stayed a day, visiting the quaint old city, viewed the

surrounding country from Citadel Hill, and saw the magnificent Catholic Cathedral.

Florence Burdett, who had never received much Christian training, educated in a public school, seemed to have a strange fascination to visit church edifices.

Taking the boat at Quebec, the trip up the St. Lawrence has a charm that would take a volume to describe even meagerly. Another day was spent at Montreal, a change of boats, and then through the different rapids where the bubbling turbulent stream excites the curiosity of the traveler and taxes the ingenuity of pilots to steer clear of the many shoals whose close proximity at times would seem to endanger the boat, thence through the Thousand Isles, the paradise of America, where many of its millionaires have their summer homes, through Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Lake Huron and into Lake Michigan.

Florence Burdett had never taken a trip that gave her so much satisfaction. Great had been so attentive that he had attracted the commendations of his fellow passengers. "Such a devoted husband," was many times heard in whispered conversation amongst their fellow passengers.

"It seems to me," said one lady to another, "they mustn't be long married."

"Maybe this is their honeymoon," surmised another. "I wonder who he is? He must be very rich, look at her diamonds."

In spite of all his attentions a sense of gloom used to come over Florence as she approached Chicago which she could not shake off.

Reaching the dock at Clark street he gave orders as to the transfer of their baggage.

Handing Florence into a carriage, he whispered, "I will be around to-morrow," as she was driven off.

Taking another cab he gave the driver instructions that would take him to his home.

Chapter XLV

THE ACCIDENT.

"It was very sad. The poor boy from his birth seemed born to trouble. His unfortunate father taking to drink and then his mother getting careless, the child was neglected, then came the fire that robbed him of his parents. You tell me, father, he died courageously?"

"He never showed a particle of fear, I could see he was loth to leave this world, hard and all as it was to him. It would seem as if he would have liked another opportunity to do better in the future, which I sincerely believe he would if his life had been spared."

"Yes, it is hard to die young, especially for one like him, full of health and vigor. You tell me, father, he was truly penitent?"

"None ever died more so. He asked forgiveness with all the fervor of a saint and prayed that God might help the widow and the orphans from whom his hand had taken husband and father."

Mrs. Great shed tears as Father Nolan continued his recital of the last hours on earth of Tony Murphy.

"We buried him in accordance with your instruction, ma'am. He now rests in peace beside his father and mother."

"Amen," she said. "In a little time, Father Nolan, we will place a cross or stone of some description to mark their graves. I feel weary and tired; I think I will lie down for a little while."

As the spring and summer advanced Mrs. Great began to fail perceptibly. Her hair was white as snow, giving her the appearance of a woman well up in years. Never stout, her form was now shrunken; her face, bloodless, resembled that of a recluse who had spent many years in the close confines of a nunnery. In the early summer her strength seemed to fail her, her usual custom of attending mass every morning became a severe labor to her. Dr. Fitz-

gerald, her family physician, advised her to stay at home.

"Doctor, I can't do that; if I didn't go to church I wouldn't go out at all, and surely that would be worse. It has been my custom for years, and is a great consolation to me to be able to go; 'tis but a short distance—I feel the benefit of the walk, then the rest in the church, of both body and mind. You know, doctor, one is apt to forget one's own troubles when one contemplates what our Redeemer suffered. Then, when I get home, I invariably get a little sleep and awake quite refreshed."

This argument silenced the medical man, he knew the great force of religious consolation to a mind fraught with trouble like that of his patient. The time spent in going to the church, in religious devotion, and in returning—and then the sleep, no matter how short the duration, was a relief for the time to her mind from the canker that was fast consuming her vitality.

During the months of June and July, the weather had been exceptionally warm, the friends of Mrs. Great used all their pursuasive powers to get her to leave the city, but their appeals were in vain.

"I am more comfortable in my own home, I prefer my own bed and board to any I could secure in a hotel, no matter where I went. As for sightseeing, I have already seen enough. If I was young and could go mountain climbing," she said, smiling, to a lady friend who was pressing her to go, "or if I could take long walks through wood and glen, or even flounder around in the surf, it would be different. So here I have to stay and content myself with what I have. You're my confidant and know my troubles, so I must say, as many more of my sex,

"If what I want, I cannot get,
Then what I have
My heart on I must set.'"

The reverend Father Nolan visited her frequently, not with the object of ministering to her spiritual welfare, of that he had no thought, none was necessary; but to gossip with her about affairs in the parish. If he had a

needy case, to solicit her aid, which was never denied. He liked to cheer her up as best he could and tell her the news. She liked to hear him ring the bell, there was no mistaking his summons. As the girl opened the door she made a courtesy to him, who in return said, "Good morning, Mary; how are you to-day? Where's the mistress? Is she in the parlor?"

"Yes, father."

His reverence knew when to time his visits, and invariably found her at the window watching the children at play. Leaving the girl to close the door, he approached the parlor, gave a little knock, at the same time pushing the door. Mrs. Great would immediately rise from her chair, his reverence would raise his hand in the air as a signal for her to be seated. He pulled a chair and sat down close to the window, where he could also see the children at play. He then commenced a conversation on such topics as he thought would interest her, complimenting her on her good looks and praising Dr. Fitzgerald who, he felt sure, was doing her some good. The conversation usually drifted to church affairs, from that to the poor of the parish, Mrs. Great was ever solicitous for the welfare of the young children, especially the girls, to whom she gave an annual trip to some of the larger city parks, paying all expenses for transportation and refreshments. When in better health she went with them. This summer Father Nolan would have to make all arrangements with Mother S——.

Mrs. Great said, on one occasion, "Order everything that the children may require and send the bill to me. I want the girls to have a good time while they are young, and free, for there's no telling what they may have to go through."

She thought of her own experience, probably as a happy daughter of honest, industrious parents, before she met her fate.

When the conversation began to flag, his reverence would look around and, in a tone of assumed reproach, say, "Well, this is a mighty poor house to come to," and this remark

always brought a smile to the lady's face, who knew his reverence was anxious for a smoke. He knew it pleased her to see him enjoy a cigar in her home, as being, besides her spiritual adviser, her closest and sincerest friend.

Mary was notified to bring the box, which was kept especially for his reverence's use.

"Mary, do you think those are all right?" he would inquire.

"I think they are, your reverence; but, sure, I'm no judge."

"Do you think they're the kind Patrick smokes?" laughing at the maid.

Patrick was known to be Mary's young man.

"I don't know, your reverence," blushing.

"I suppose he smokes a dudeen, like the rest of his countrymen?"

"He smokes cigars, too, I've seen him," chimed in Mrs. Great, coming to Mary's assistance.

"Yes, when he's in company, I suppose; but, Mary, if you search him I'd wager you'd find a little black dudeen in one of his pockets."

Such good-natured banter seemed to amuse the sick woman. His reverence's cigar being now lit, the subject of the weather and other matters would find place in the general conversation which would follow, and when the cigar was about consumed and his reverence was about to take his leave he would admonish her to take good care of herself, promising another call in the near future, and depart, silently invoking a blessing on the head of one he knew full well was not long for this world.

On the first day of September it rained in torrents, the thought of Mrs. Great's walking to church was out of the question, so the carriage was ordered. Mary had to go with her, but on alighting from the carriage at the church door, Mrs. Great placed her foot on the step and her strength seeming to fail her, she collapsed and fell heavily to the ground, ere Mary could avert it. A number of those about to enter the sacred edifice ran to her assistance.

She had not lost consciousness, but in tones scarcely audible, said, "I am not much hurt. I will be better in a little while."

Two men who had seen the occurrence bore her into the priest's house and laid her on a lounge, a number of ladies who had seen the mishap followed. A messenger was dispatched for Dr. Fitzgerald, and a call for Father Nolan, who was, luckily, on the premises at the time, but ere he could reach the room in which she lay she had fainted.

When the fainting spell had passed his reverence told her to lie still. "We have sent for Dr. Fitzgerald."

"I don't think there is any harm done. I must have slipped my foot on the step. You see, father, I am not strong."

When the doctor arrived he first administered a restorative and then made a casual examination. "I don't think there are any bones broken—she may have possibly sprained her ankle," addressing the priest, "but we must get her home."

Mary, whose grief-stained eyes proclaimed her anguish, feared that she was in a measure to blame for not being more careful of her mistress. They lifted her and carried her to her carriage, the doctor and Mary accompanying her home. She was still too weak to walk, the doctor and coachman bearing her as gently as if she were a child.

"We will take her right to her bedroom, Mary," was the doctor's orders.

When the coachman had retired, Mary proceeded to undress her mistress so as to give opportunity to the doctor to make a thorough examination.

"It is apparent, Mrs. Great, no bones are broken. I see there is a slight abrasion on your left temple; perhaps you grazed the step of the carriage in falling or probably it was done when you struck the sidewalk."

There was a loud knocking at the door and a ring of the bell, the newcomer being Father Nolan who had followed the carriage on foot. The good man was out of breath.

"How is she, doctor?" he exclaimed, as soon as he reached the room.

"There seems no serious injury, but in falling she must have struck her head against something, stunning her for a time; but with a few days' rest she'll be all right again."

The priest approached the bedside on which lay one of the most faithful of his flock. He took her hand in his and gave it a gentle pressure—it spoke volumes of the love and sympathy he had for the gentle sufferer who smiled in acknowledgment. No word was spoken. He knew of her sorrow, and her secrets, and her fallen hopes and his heart was too full for his tongue to give expression. He gently laid the poor thin hand down by her side, turned to the doctor and both gentlemen left the room.

When they reached the sidewalk Father Nolan faced Dr. Fitzgerald and said, "Doctor, I don't like the looks of your patient. I think she's a very sick woman."

"You are right, father; she is very sick indeed. As we both know, she has a great deal of trouble of the kind most women take seriously to heart. She is of a sensitive disposition and feels the slight terribly. This thing has been going on for years and of course she is fully aware of it. She suffers in silence, the worst of all methods for a woman to undergo. If she was of a different disposition, and would put up a fight, it would be much better for her, but she is not made that way. She prays, while other women would curse. Her method would be better for the spirit, but I can assure your reverence, the other method would be a great deal better for the flesh."

"Maybe you're right, doctor. I have tried myself to distract her attention from her real sorrow by interesting her in the troubles of others, to whom she was always willing to give aid."

"Well, we'll see what a night's rest will do," as he parted with the clergyman at the corner.

On the arrival of the doctor the following morning, Mary's eyes showed the effect of her long vigil, her "dear mistress was awake nearly all the night; whenever I asked her if she wanted anything she shook her head. I gave her the medicine you ordered, bathed her forehead and moist-

ened her lips, but she never complained of anything. When she slumbered she awoke as from a dream. I placed my ear to her lips once when I thought she was sleeping. I heard her talking about the master." When Mary came to this part of her narrative she could go no further, but broke out into bitter sobbing.

The doctor passed into the sick room. At the first glance toward his patient he was alarmed at the remarkable change; the face, deadly pale, had become glazed, resembling marble. As he took hold of her wrist she opened her eyes and gave him a look of recognition. After he had timed her pulse he bent over her and said, "Well, Mrs. Great, how do you feel now?"

"I have little pain, but I am weary and weak."

"That is natural, after the shock you received, but a day or two's rest, let us hope, will restore you."

She shook her head but made no further reply.

"Well, now, don't let anything trouble you. I will have to get some one to help Mary."

Mrs. Great nodded her approval.

The doctor knew that Mary could attend to all her physical wants, but the girl's sympathetic nature and weeping face was likely to produce a melancholy that would affect his patient, already suffering from that dread disease.

He went to the phone and called up Miss Genevieve Brown, and on getting a reply was pleased to find that she was at home and at liberty.

"I would be pleased to have you come as soon as possible, Miss Brown."

"I will be there within thirty minutes, doctor, if the cars don't fail me."

"Well, I'll wait for you, good-bye," the doctor hung up the receiver, pleased that he had got the nurse he wanted.

As soon as Miss Brown arrived, Mary notified the doctor, who was sitting with his patient.

"Mary, the young lady downstairs is coming to take charge of your mistress. You will find her a very nice per-

son and of course you'll render her what assistance you can."

Mary promised she would, but begged not to be excluded from her mistress's room.

"It is expected that you will share in the work, but in my absence Miss Brown will be the sole judge. I have no doubt you and she will get on agreeably; now go down and send her up."

The doctor met Miss Brown on the landing and ushered her into a room other than the one in which his patient was lying.

"This lady whom you are going to nurse is the wife of one of our influential public officials. She had a fall while alighting from her carriage yesterday to enter church. The fall of itself had no serious effect, but as her condition is very low on account of a long mental strain I fear for the worst. She is a very devout woman, and life has more terrors for her than death. Your experience in such cases must have shown you the difficulties of our situation. Don't let that crying woman go near the bed unless she can suppress her tears. Remember, however, she is the confidential servant and friend of your charge, so you will have to use your best judgment in the premises."

"You can safely leave that to me, doctor. I think I know how to manage the girl. I will have a talk with her when you are gone." With that they both entered the sick room.

Dr. Fitzgerald introduced Miss Brown as a very excellent nurse in whom he had great confidence; that she was an experienced person. "I feel confident you will be pleased with her, Mrs. Great."

Mrs. Great raised her pale, thin hand to the nurse, who took it in a gentle grasp, held it for a moment and then tucked it under the bed clothing. She then placed her hand under the sick woman, gently raised her head and pulled the pillow from under it, turned it over with her right hand and pressed it gently together until it seemed to be soft and full, then laid the weary head back into its soothing recess.

Dr. Fitzgerald, after telling the nurse that he would be in again during the afternoon, took his departure.

The nurse on his leaving, opened her handbag, took out some extra clothing, a cap and an apron, which she adjusted on her person, then took a survey of the room, arranged the windows to admit the proper ventilation, fixed the blinds so as to regulate the light, examined the bottles that were on the table, arranged her chair, straightened out the bedclothes and then in a gentle, soothing voice asked the sick woman if she wanted anything. Mrs. Great, who had watched her intently, merely shook her head.

"I am going to leave you for a few minutes—I want to see Mary about some matters, and will be right back."

Mary had waited patiently in the middle room in expectancy of a visit from the nurse. During her waiting she could not satisfy her mind, whether or not Dr. Fitzgerald was right in bringing a strange woman to nurse her mistress. "Sure, I could attend to all her wants, and who knows better than I how to handle her, whose troubles and secrets I am familiar with, and this strange woman would not know of the family differences." Her reverie was cut short by the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

Mary went out and met the nurse in the passage and brought her into the room where she had been waiting. Miss Brown at once commenced the conversation. "Mary—I believe that's your name,—your mistress is very sick indeed, but Dr. Fitzgerald is a man of great skill, who can be relied upon to use every means known to the profession, and you and I, Mary, will have to do all in our power to assist him in bringing your mistress back to health."

This display of confidence on the part of Miss Brown touched a tender chord in the breast of Mary, who said she could stay up night and day to attend to her dear mistress.

Mary felt it was necessary to tell Miss Brown how good a woman Mrs. Great was, how good she was to the poor, how devoted to the church and how kind to all who ever had dealings with her, and how much she had been wronged

and abused. Mary never dwelt on this phase of the question without having recourse to tears. Miss Brown chided her for showing so much feeling and used the circumstance to give her a lecture she desired to impose.

"Now, Mary, this will never do. If you carry on this way you will be no assistance to me, but a detriment, and I am afraid I will not be able to let you into the sick room at all."

This threat only increased Mary's flow of tears.

Miss Brown assumed anger and said, "Mary, this will never do. I am very angry at you."

Mary, between her sobs, said, "Miss Brown, don't blame me, sure I cannot help it; you don't know the trouble we have been having, and how good the mistress is to me."

Miss Brown promised forgiveness on condition that she should brace up and be more cheerful. "You see, Mary, your mistress is somewhat melancholy and if you were to be going into her room crying like a lusty booby, you would make her a great deal worse, in fact, be likely to kill her; so unless you become reasonable and brace up, we can never get on at all. What I want you to do when you come into the sick room is to be respectful and business-like, just as if this sickness was an every-day, ordinary affair that would come out all right in a little time."

Mary promised that she would try and follow instructions. She then showed Miss Brown where she might get a supply of bedclothing and other necessaries.

"After seeing the doctor I will tell you what food and drink to prepare for our patient."

Miss Brown repaired to the sick room to commence her vigil. About four o'clock the doctor arrived, but found little change in his patient. She had been very quiet, requiring no attendance. "I gave her a drink and made her comfortable in bed," said the nurse. The doctor felt the sick woman's pulse, which he found weak and intermittent, put his stethoscope to her chest, and found her heart very weak. With this condition he was familiar.

"She is not likely to require any food—probably you

might induce her to take a little beef tea or chicken broth; see about having it ready. We must try and have her take something—her vitality is very low."

"I have had a talk with Mary. She is so tender-hearted I feel sorry for her, but after the lecture I gave her, think she will do fairly well."

"On the first alarming symptoms, Miss Brown, telephone me right away. If I am not in my office I will try and keep in touch with my people, so they can get me any hour of the day."

Father Nolan arrived shortly after the doctor had left and was about to enter the sick room. Miss Brown came out on the landing, closing the door behind her.

"Good afternoon, your reverence."

"Good afternoon, miss. I suppose you are the young lady who has come to nurse Mrs. Great?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am just going in to see how she is."

"I would much prefer you wouldn't. She is resting now, and I cannot allow her to be disturbed."

This said in a firm but respectful tone disconcerted the priest. "Why, I am not only her spiritual advisor, but also an old friend of the family."

"I am pleased to hear that, and will be happy to give you any information as to her condition, and send for you when I deem it advisable." Miss Brown's firmness convinced the pastor he would have to forego his interview on this occasion.

On returning downstairs Mary was awaiting to get the news and also his opinion. When he told her he hadn't been able to see the mistress, the girl was terribly surprised and disappointed, for, like all of her religious persuasion, she had great faith in the opinion of the priest, whose experience, learned from many sick calls, is equal if not surpassing that of the medical profession, whose judgment is often influenced by the faith they have in their medical skill.

His reverence left with a heavy heart. He had formed

an opinion that Mrs. Great was in a serious condition. During the entire evening the sick woman lay in a comatose state.

Mary awaited a call that never came. About eleven o'clock she knocked at the door of the sick room. She had hoped to be allowed to sit up with Miss Brown. "No, Mary, you go right to bed; the mistress is resting nicely now, and I would not have her disturbed, even by a whisper. If I want you during the night I will call you."

Shortly after midnight Mrs. Great began to talk in her sleep. The word "Tom" was often on her lips. She seemed to be appealing to some one to return to her. At other times she spoke as if in anger, some woman was wronging her. "Husband," and "Why should you take him from me?" such was her rambling talk. As the night advanced Miss Brown got uneasy. Her patient's breathing became more spasmodic and irregular. The nurse's experienced ear placed close to the breast of the sick woman detected an irregularity in the beating of the heart. She thought she would have to summon the doctor; but the patient gave a heavy sigh which seemed to bring relief, so she decided to wait until morning. At seven A. M. Miss Brown went to the telephone and after getting the doctor on the wire told him he had better come over here on his first call.

The doctor inquired how Mrs. Great spent the night.

"Her slumber has been disturbed by dreams—she shows symptoms of being delirious."

"I will be over within a half hour."

On his arrival he noticed a marked change for the worse. The little strength the invalid had was fast ebbing away, the heart was weak. He decided upon giving a stimulant. He then sat down to await the effect. After a while a slight improvement was perceptible, and after waiting at the bedside for over two hours he took his leave, telling Miss Brown he had some calls to make, but would be back by two P. M. at the latest and would bring Professor Volny with him.

Chapter XLVI

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Professor Volny on his arrival at the bedside of the sick woman gazed at her for a few moments. He then looked over at Miss Brown, lowered his eyebrows and shook his head. Turning to Dr. Fitzgerald, he said, "Doctor, your patient is very low."

The two physicians then retired to the farther end of the room for consultation, which was held in a very low tone.

"You see, professor, the relationship between Mrs. Great and her husband for the past few years has not been what it ought to be." Fitzgerald detailed the matter in full, being conversant with the alderman's escapades and his association with Florence Burdett, "whom he is probably away with now," continued the doctor.

"I see," said Volny. "That is likely to aggravate the case."

"This woman has been brooding over her wrongs and even in her delirium she is rehearsing them. We must try to arouse her."

The professor at once administered a powder, and after a few moments' waiting he applied something which had a strong narcotic effect to the nostrils. Mrs. Great awoke with a start. Her first words on awakening were, "Where is he? Has he come? Tell him I want to see him. I am sure if he knew my suffering, he would come back to me. Even if he doesn't love me any more, he knows I have always loved him and will forgive him."

She seemed then to realize that she was amongst strangers and fell back, her head resting on the pillow.

"Calm yourself, my dear madam," said the doctor, as Miss Brown at the other side of the bed smoothed the pillow and bed clothes that had been disarranged in Mrs. Great's frenzy.

"Come, now, don't excite yourself, you know you are amongst friends."

"Let them bring me back my husband. Why don't they go for him, and tell him how sick I am? I am sure he would come, if he only knew how poorly I am, and how much I long to have him with me, that I might tell him I will forgive the past, if he will only love me a little and be kind to me. I know I will not trouble him long."

Miss Brown bent over the unhappy woman. "Come, now, lie still, Mrs. Great, in a little time all will be well; don't exhaust yourself."

The sick woman gave a blank stare in the direction of the speaker—she seemed to have forgotten who she was.

Miss Brown proceeded to smooth the pillows and place the patients' weary head upon them.

Professor Volny took Fitzgerald toward the window. "Now, doctor, this woman's husband will have to be brought to her. Where is he?"

"He has been away some weeks on a vacation."

"Was she sick when he left?"

"Yes, she had been failing for some time. I told him before he left that his wife was a very sick woman. He merely told me to attend to her."

"He must be telegraphed for, wherever he is, and told to hurry back. If he doesn't arrive soon, I fear for the worst."

"I don't know where he is. Wait a minute while I inquire of Mary. She is a confidant about the house, and if any one knows, she does."

Mary did not know where he was. "Nor do I believe any one in the house knows." She was sure her dear mistress didn't. He never let them know when or where he was going.

The coachman was questioned. He knew nothing. He didn't drive him to the depot on his last leaving. The doctor, thinking that the coachman might be able to put him on the track if he was only willing, said, "This is a matter of life and death. You know how sick your mistress is, and her condition is sadly aggravated on account of the

absence of her husband; so if you can suggest any place where we might get information of his whereabouts, you should do it."

"I assure you, doctor, if I had the information you should have it. My sympathy is entirely with the mistress. I tell you where you might try." He then gave the doctor the address of a palatial South Side residence.

After communicating his information to Volny, who was about to leave, and after giving instructions to Miss Brown, he set out on his mission.

Arriving at the establishment he rang the bell. A middle-aged woman responded. She didn't invite him in, so the conversation took place on the doorstep.

"Is the lady of the house at home?"

"No, sir; she's out of the city."

"Do you know when she's likely to be back?"

"We expect her every day."

The doctor, who was assuming the role of amateur detective, tried to induce the woman to enter into conversation. "I suppose she is spending the summer at some watering-place?"

"I don't know where she is; she didn't tell me where she was going when she left."

"Probably the coachman who took her to the depot might know?"

"You seem to be very inquisitive for information as to Mrs. Burdett's whereabouts. You'll have to inquire of herself when she gets home."

"Do you know—did any one accompany her on the trip?"

"I don't see how that can concern you. We're not here to pry into Mrs. Burdett's business."

The doctor, seeing he was treading on dangerous ground, replied, "I hope, madam, you won't take offense. I am here in the interest of some people known to Mrs. Burdett, and it is of the greatest importance that I should be in a position to communicate with her right away. I am even willing to pay for such information as I require, if you can tell me who can furnish it."

"There is no one here that can tell you anything about it, so there's no use you wasting my time and your own." With this she closed the door in the doctor's face.

There is a saying, "Tell your troubles to a policeman." As there was no policeman around, he stood thinking what he should do next. Noticing a saloon in the middle of the next block, he felt he required a stimulant and time to think. On entering the saloon, which was a very stylish place, there was no one in but the barkeeper.

"Give me a whiskey sour." While the barkeeper was mixing the drink, he continued, "You seem pretty quiet around here."

"Yes, it always is this time of day; you see, the most of our business is at night, between six p. m. and three a. m."

"Will you join me?"

"I don't mind if I do. I'll take a little whiskey."

"This is a pretty nice neighborhood around here. I suppose you are pretty well acquainted?"

"Yes, I have been here for some time."

"Give me a cigar." The barkeeper placed a couple of boxes on the counter. "Take one yourself." The barkeeper placed one in his vest pocket with the remark he would smoke it later. The doctor while lighting his cigar, casually remarked, "Who lives in the big house on the corner?" pointing in the direction.

"A woman by the name of Burdett, but she's away now."

"Probably spending the summer at some watering place?"

"Likely; she can go where she pleases. She has a bloke on her staff that has the price—he's a pretty shrewd fellow, but she has him dead easy."

"Probably they have a summer home."

"I don't think so. I understand they generally cross the big pond. She likes to travel on water."

"So she doesn't let the neighbors know where she is while she's away?"

"She has no neighbors."

"Well, they trade with the people around here, don't they?"

"Not a dollar's worth. Everything furnished that establishment comes direct from some of the big houses. Little Tommy sees that that place is well provided for—nothing's too good for them—lobster and champagne for a lunch between meals. I never was in the house, but I hear it's about the best there is when you're on the inside."

The doctor was satisfied that while the barkeeper was willing to gossip, he had not the information desired, so after taking one on the dispenser of drinks and being told to call again, he took his departure. Remembering a lieutenant of police with whom he was acquainted, he decided to consult him. After telling his story and quoting Professor Volny's opinion as to the necessity of Great's return, the lieutenant seemed much impressed.

"Doctor, I will put all the machinery at my disposal to work immediately."

Fitzgerald, feeling that he had done all in his power, returned to where his patient lay.

Father Nolan was anxiously awaiting his coming, Mary had already informed his reverence of the doctor's mission.

"Well, what did you find out?" inquired his reverence, eagerly.

Fitzgerald informed the priest of his search and failure and how he had turned the entire matter over to the lieutenant.

"I don't see what more you can do," said the priest.

Dr. Fitzgerald, on entering the sick room, made inquiry of Miss Brown as to what had transpired during his absence. She told him that there had been little change since his leaving. Mrs. Great had occasional spells of delirium, when she looked around as if she hoped to see some one in particular. Not seeing those she expected, she relapsed back in a seeming unconsciousness of what was going on around her.

"Has she been able to take any nourishment?"

"Very little; she seems to have difficulty in swallowing. I'm afraid we are going to have a bad night with her, doctor."

The doctor nodded his head in assent. "I think I had better tell Father Nolan our opinion, he is still downstairs. In the meantime I will go around to my office, see if there is any matter requiring my attention and then come back, and spend the night watching with you."

On his way out he notified the priest as to his forebodings.

"It is what I expected, I had little hopes from the time I saw her yesterday, but God's will be done. If the poor woman has to go, she only leaves what has been to her a world of grief and disappointments. In your absence, doctor, I will go to her room and await the first sign of consciousness, to fortify her with the last rites of the church of which she was so devout a member."

Miss Brown opened the door for his reverence, she felt that his service was well timed. Father Nolan knelt by the side of the bed and said a fervent prayer for the soul of her who had ever been faithful to her God, her church, her husband, and her home. Rising, he took his seat by the side of the bed to await an opportunity. After a time he heard a long-drawn sigh. He arose and bending over, took between his palms the hand of the dying woman. She opened her eyes, and looked him full in the face.

"My dear Mrs. Great, do you know me?"

She answered, in a tone scarcely audible, "Yes, father, I do."

"You have been very sick, and I, your father and confessor, must see that I do my duty. God is good and may soon restore you to health. If so, 'tis well, but as the prophet truly said, 'In the midst of life we are in death,' and you that never shirked a duty, but was ever ready, must be prepared at all times. If you have anything you would wish to say to me, now is the fitting time."

She replied, "Reverend father, I wish to die, if the Lord wills it so, at peace with all the world. I bear no malice to any one. If I have been wronged, I pray that God may forgive them, and not punish them on my account. I should have liked to tell my unfortunate husband with my own lips how I forgive him any wrong he has ever done me,

and how my prayers even in time of seeming anger had been offered up in his behalf. Should I be denied the opportunity to tell himself, then, father, I wish you to tell him; and say, further, if beyond the grave we may intercede for one another, I shall throw myself at the throne of mercy and beg for his redemption."

The priest then gave her the eucharist and extreme unction, the last rites of the Catholic church. He laid his hand gently smoothing the hair from her forehead, and lifting his voice to heaven, committed her soul to God. A smile illumined her face, she closed her eyes in that sweet peace which is only known to those who are strong in the faith.

The priest had been gone but a few moments when the doctor arrived. Miss Brown told him that his reverence had prepared her for death. It was well. It was then dusk. He took a lamp and looked at the face of the sick woman, he noticed the look of calm upon her sweet countenance. He had noticed the same look on others, under similar circumstances, and knew well what it meant. About eleven p. m. Mary knocked at the door and said that a police officer was down in the parlor and wanted to see Dr. Fitzgerald.

"Lieutenant, what success?"

"None at all, doctor. I have had one of my men visit a number of places where he frequents when in the city. At none of them could he get any information. Some suggested that he may be in Colorado, so we telegraphed to the Brown Palace where he stays while there, also to Colorado Springs, but received no reply. We also wired to Atlantic City and New York, with similar results; had not been at either place this season."

"Lieutenant, did you try to find out anything at the avenue resort?"

"Yes, I had a man go over there; he put the occupants under a very uncivil service examination, and his report is that he is confident they don't know anything about where he is. In my opinion he must have gone on a visit to the old country. If so, he is out of our reach. I may, however,

try a little further in the morning. How is your patient?"

"She is very low. I am afraid she will hardly last through the night. You see, she is run down with grief. It is a case of heart disease, as much as anything. The fall she had the other day, while only doing her slight injury, hastened the collapse, which was coming anyhow. You know something of the family ghost. I need not tell you."

"Indeed, you needn't. It's public property. Is it not a wonder what d——d fools some men are? To men who, like myself, know the woman in the case, it's a mystery; they even go so far as to say he's afraid of her."

"Well, you know, lieutenant, we read in Holy Writ that both David and Solomon were fooled with the women, and even Samson had his Delilah who, as the story goes, sheared him of his locks and then turned him over to the Philistines. I suppose the South Side woman shears Tommy of his rocks. I understand she has diamonds to burn."

"Why, doctor, when she is in full regalia she's like so many flashlights."

"If you should hear anything about the alderman, let us know immediately; but I'm afraid it will come too late to do any good."

The lieutenant took his departure, promising to telephone promptly on his hearing anything reliable as to the whereabouts of the alderman.

Since the arrival of Miss Brown, Mary had little opportunity to visit the sick room. Miss Brown diplomatically kept her out by finding her something to do, preparing things that were never required, and arranging clothing that was never used, and telling her that her mistress was having a quiet sleep and she could not let her be disturbed for the world. Mary never complained, believing matters were going on satisfactorily. This subterfuge was kept up until Father Nolan was taking his departure. Mary ran to let him out, expecting good news. Father Nolan was too sad at heart to talk to her, and in answer to her inquiry, gave her a look that spoke volumes. Mary, as soon as he was gone, went to the parlor and cried bitterly. Miss

Brown hearing her, closed the sick room door, and going downstairs, told her the truth. "We may expect the worst, Mary." Miss Brown knew it was futile to attempt to dam the fount in that tender heart until it was spent. "Mary, you will have to brace up. Dr. Fitzgerald is going to stay all night. You will have to prepare something for him to eat. It is now near twelve o'clock, get it ready, and as soon as you can compose yourself come and sit in the room with us. Come, now, be a good girl and dry your eyes. 'While there's life, there's hope.'"

Mary promised she would do her best, and at once set about preparing refreshments for the doctor and Miss Brown. She herself could not taste a morsel, her heart was too full of grief. After they had the lunch Mary had prepared for them, the doctor said, "Now, Mary, you will have to be calm." On her saying she would, they all repaired to the sick room. About one a. m. a marked change for the worse was noticed, the patient's breathing became harder and more irregular, the pulse was also fainter. Dr. Fitzgerald loosened Mrs. Great's nightgown over her breast and, placing his hand on her heart, resolved to apply an injection of salt, as a last remedy. He instructed Miss Brown to prepare the solution. On it being ready he hung the bag containing it at an elevation, opened the vein and applied it. In a short time there was a partial restoration, the pulse became quicker, the breathing somewhat easier. The patient, however, got more feverish and restless under this heroic treatment. Dr. Fitzgerald took his seat to await results. About two-thirty the patient showed signs of being delirious. On one occasion she awoke in a fright and screamed out as well as her feeble condition would allow, "Save him! Save him! She's murdering him. Help! Help!"

The doctor got hold of her in his arms, it seemed as if she would jump out of bed. Miss Brown had taken her place at the other side of the bed and commenced to soothe her. Mary was paralyzed with fear. She stood stiff on the floor as did Lot's wife after she had been turned into a

pillar of salt. She could neither cry nor move. Her eyes rolled in her head, her jaws fell, she felt a chill coming over her. The paroxysm over, Mrs. Great fell back exhausted on her pillow. Mary was found to be in a swoon. The doctor picked her up and conveyed her to an adjoining room, where she presently recovered sufficiently to let her anguish be relieved with a copious flow of tears. She for the first time felt her incompetency to take proper care of her mistress and whatever jealousy or ill-feeling she had for Miss Brown was gone from her heart and mind.

The delirium had consumed nearly all the energy that remained in the poor frame of the sick woman. She rapidly declined and about three a. m. she showed a sign of returning consciousness. Her gaze was steady toward the ceiling, at times a pleasing smile illuminated her now ghastly countenance, her lips moved, but gave forth no sound. She seemed to gaze afar off on something of beauty. Dr. Fitzgerald and Miss Brown exchanged significant glances. Suddenly, as if with little effort, the thin, emaciated frame gathered itself up until it rested on its elbows, and, looking into space, a glow of supreme happiness came over her face. "I come, my Jesus, I come. Thou art my spouse, my hope, who will never desert me."

The doctor seized the cross which hung at the head of the bed, placed it to her lips, but she failed to notice it—"If I have been faithful"—at the conclusion of the last word she fell back on her pillow, a corpse.

The body of Mrs. Great lay in state in the parlor, the magnificent casket banked with flowers that nearly reached to the ceiling, a large gilt cross with the figure of the Redeemer standing at the head of the coffin, while behind it was a massive candelabra with candles lighted, with other candles arranged down each side of the coffin.

The face of the corpse, like marble, was as composed as if in sleep.

There was room for but few chairs in the spacious par-

lor and on those sat some ladies and a number of sisters, who had remained in constant vigil since her death. The back parlor was crowded with women, the kitchen and office were occupied with men smoking and chatting. On the lawn back of the house seats had been provided and quite a number were seated there. Being the first week in September and the weather pleasant, there had been a constant stream of visitors during the entire day. On this, the second night she had lain in state, there was a jam; every room on the ground floor was full to suffocation, and the floral pieces continued to come, sent by friends or societies of which she was a patron or member.

Numbers of the people who came to view the remains knelt in prayer, rising, gave a look at the corpse, and silently turned away to make room for others. On each side of the front entrance to the house there was a group of men, in one her banker, her doctor and a number of old acquaintances, principally men occupying important places in commercial life.

On the other side of the gate, a few feet distant, stood Hooligan, Hart, Rock, Red-nosed Scarry, the Frog, a few groggery-keepers, and a few small-bore politicians. Hooligan was giving his views as to the merits of the respective candidates for the office of State's Attorney, which office was to be filled at the coming election. He was denouncing one of the candidates as a "skate" that no Democrat should vote for. "Why," said he with an air of superior knowledge, "if that fellow was elected the boss needn't go across Clark street bridge." The other candidate seemed to meet his approval. "He stands for personal liberty, the right of a man to conduct his business without undue interference."

"An open town is what we want," remarked a listener in the same line of business as Hooligan. "It's good for business."

"Why," chimed in another, "sure, there's more drinking in the prohibition districts than there is where the saloons are open."

"If that's the case," remarked Mort, who had just come

up, accompanied by Bert and Phipps, "it's a wonder to me that the distillers and brewers don't go in for prohibition; it would increase their business."

Hooligan looked reprovingly at him.

"And there's the gambling," Hooligan continued. "If a man wants to gamble, that's his business." He had hardly concluded this remark when the sound of an approaching conveyance became audible and all eyes turned in the direction whence a hack was seen approaching. Arriving in front of the gate, the hackman pulled up his horses, a head protruded from the door, on whose countenance there was a look of amazement. On sight of the face of Hooligan, the Frog, and some others who ran forward, Hooligan opened the door, and Great walked out.

"What is this?" he said, eyeing the group.

"The ould woman's dead," replied Hooligan.

"My God!" exclaimed the alderman, as he placed his hands to his forehead, a deathly pallor coming over his face. He staggered back and would probably have fallen had the coach not been there. There was silence for a moment. his gang of supporters was speechless. The group of respectable men never left their places. They had neither welcome nor sympathy for him in his distress.

After somewhat recovering his composure, he said, "Some of you pay the cabman for me." He went up the steps of the house he had done so much to desolate; the parlor door was open, he glanced in as he passed, and saw the cross, the flowers, and the coffin in which he knew the remains of her who had given him his first start in life and whom he had pledged, before God's high altar, to love, cherish, and protect, now lay dead in solemn grandeur. He dared not go in. Faint and sick at heart he climbed the stairs leading to the second floor and entered the room which he generally occupied when at home. Going forward to the large lounging chair he dropped into it and placed his head between his hands. Conscience had made a coward of him; he was incapable of thinking how he would face the coming ordeal.

Chapter XLVII

REMORSE AND RETRIBUTION.

Florence Burdett on arriving home, heard of the death of Mrs. Great. She reproached herself bitterly.

"It would seem as if I was a curse to all who knew me. I am a coward, or I would end this whole affair. What have I to live for?"

She thought of the alderman's revolver that still lay in her traveling case. Her maid wished to open it the day after her arrival, to arrange her wardrobe and put things in their proper place.

"No, leave it there, I will attend to it myself when I have time. Fill that decanter for me." Her maid looked at her in wonder, and at the first opportunity whispered to the housekeeper, that "there was something wrong with the mistress."

Genevieve Brown, who had not seen her for years, but had learned of her antecedents and where she resided during her attendance on the alderman's wife, called upon her.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Brown. So you're a nurse now?"

"Yes, after I left the Cleveland store I chose that occupation."

"I am glad; you have done well, I hope? You are still single?"

"Yes, people in my profession seldom marry. We seem to have no time."

"Take my advice, girl, trust no man. They're all bad."

"You seem sick, Florence."

"Yes, in body and in mind; but not as sick as I'd wish to be."

"Don't talk that way, you are still young and the future's before you."

"I have no future. Reach me a drink from that bottle."

"You mustn't give way to drink, Florence, that will only make you worse."

"It can't be worse."

"Florence, I came to talk to you about a matter, but I am afraid to mention it."

"Why should you fear, girl, go on; anything you may say has no terror for me."

"Well, do you know I nursed Mrs. Great during her last illness?"

"You did? Then tell me how she died."

"She died like the saint she was, forgiving everybody."

"Did she forgive him?"

"Yes, and you, too."

"Then she was a saint; would that I had died in her place."

"Yes, I heard her tell Father Nolan that she forgave all who ever wronged her; she even prayed for them. I have had some experience in the death chamber, but never anything like the few days I attended her. It tried my nerves. You see, she constantly mourned the absence of her husband; that was what made her case more serious."

"Were you there when he returned?"

"Yes, I happened to be there that night. I didn't see him, but they say he was frantic."

"The hypocrit! Genevieve, he's a bad man. He has been my undoing, he wronged her, as he wronged me; but now she's gone, he'll do right by me or I'll kill him. Give me another drink."

"No, I positively refuse to give you any more. You must compose yourself. I will come and see you again in a few days."

Three weeks passed and the alderman had not showed up at the house on the avenue. Florence heard he had been drinking heavily. He had even neglected his public duties, preferring to spend his time with the Hooligans, who were still loyal to him. His respectable acquaintances had cut him entirely.

It was past midnight, the lady of the house on the avenue

was reclining on a couch. She rang the bell that stood convenient, her maid responded. "Mix me a drink of that absinthe."

From the way the girl went about it, it was apparent she had experience in making up the compound, which is a favorite drink with a class of women, who, through excitement or physical exhaustion, feel they require a special stimulant. When the drink was prepared, she handed it to her mistress, who drained the glass to the last drop. "Have all the people in the house retired for the night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, see that the decanter is full and then go to bed."

The maid left and returned with the decanter.

"Give me a little of that brandy. Now go to your room, but remember that I may want you at any moment. Listen. Is that a footfall I hear on the front steps?" Both mistress and maid listened for a few moments, but all was still.

The lady showed her impatience and disappointment, then motioned her maid to retire, which she was only too anxious to do, feeling that the mistress of the house was not in the humor to be sociable with anyone.

Being in her night clothes, though the room was warm and comfortable, Florence imagined it was chilly; possibly the result of her excited condition or from the effects of the liquor she had been drinking. She reached for her shawl and placing it around her shoulders, lay down on the lounge.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour of two, when, ere its vibrations had ceased, she bounded from the lounge and going to the sideboard, helped herself to a glass of brandy, then, looking earnestly in the mirror, muttered to herself, "So he is going to shake me, is he? Well, let him try it."

Just at that moment a sudden thought seemed to strike her. She looked down at her traveling case that had remained unopened since her return. She sought the key and opened it. She pulled out some of the clothing, throwing them on the floor; at last she seemed to have found the object of her search—it was a small parcel. She unwrapped

it in haste, and disclosed a revolver. It was a formidable weapon, not the kind usually supposed to be in the possession of ladies, but one of the most effective character, such as any professional hold-up man or burglar might fairly pin his faith to.

She eyed it for a moment, then laid it down on the sideboard behind the decanter, threw the cloth over it, and again took her place on the lounge. Another hour had nearly passed when footsteps could be heard on the outside; they stopped in front of the house—she listened intently. The sound of a key being inserted in the lock of the front door made her jump from the lounge. Approaching the sideboard she filled herself a glass of brandy which she drank at a gulp, then letting the shawl down from her shoulders, stood facing the room door in her nightrobe, her hair hanging loosely over her shoulders.

Step by step the visitor climbed the stairs. Florence felt no alarm, she knew full well who it was coming.

As the climber reached the landing, two steps brought him to the door, which he pushed open and beheld the woman standing in the center of the room. The visitor, from some unaccountable reason, looked aghast at the figure, while a tremor ran through his frame. He had no sooner stepped into the room than the woman said, "So you have come at last, have you? How good of you! I suppose you have been shedding tears for the woman who is gone, eh? You are sorry now—why didn't you think of this while she was living?"

With this, Great—for he it was—laid his hat on the sideboard and told her to shut up.

"No!" she exclaimed, "I will not shut up, damn you! I have stayed up nights waiting for you, so that we might have an understanding; you have not been here for three weeks, and I want to know what you mean by it. Perhaps you think you can unload me, now that you are free to seek another woman and break her heart, as you did the woman who gave you your first start in life. They tell

me she died of a broken heart, as did my mother, one mourning the loss of you, the other of me. Is not that so?"

"I am not in a mood to listen to your lectures to-night," he exclaimed.

"No, I suppose not. You, too, have remorse of conscience, the death of two good women is on your guilty soul. I suppose you have been shedding crocodile tears. If so, what brought you here to-night? I didn't send for you."

"No, you fagot, but I can go again. I'm sorry I came," with this he reached for his hat.

The woman extended her hand and prevented him from getting it, saying, "Don't be in such a hurry. I have something more to say before you go. I have been your mistress for some years; you had the grit, or the gall, whatever you may call it, to acknowledge me before all your associates while your wife was living. You have taken me on your vacations and introduced me in society as your wife, and by the eternal, you'll have to continue so. Mind, I am not to be fooled with now, as I was when you first plied me with wine and took advantage of my condition, taking me away from home and kindred."

"Give me my hat. I have heard enough of this. You were a harlot before I met you."

"Who told you so?" she screamed.

"Hart told me so, and he'll prove it the moment I want him," with this he attempted to take his hat from her hand.

She stepped back close to the bureau, a calmness seeming to come over her, as she beckoned him back and raising herself to her full stature, said, "I see your intention now. Let me give you my ultimatum. While your wife lived I was under some restraint—not much, 'tis true—but she was a woman, and I knew she was outraged by you—she had religious scruples, and so had to bide with you. She was afraid of hell—I have no such dread. If there is a hell for a wicked woman such as I, what is there for you? You thief, you have betrayed everyone who reposed con-

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fidence in you, both man and woman!" At this point he grasped her by the arm in an attempt to wrest his hat from her hand. She pushed him back, cowing him by the very paroxysm of her intense passion.

"Stay a moment," she cried, "let me conclude. You have called me a harlot—that's a pretty hard name, common women of the street, as a rule, resent it, but if I am, what are you? Eh?" she screamed, at the top of her voice.

"Come, give me my hat; I'll stand no more of this. I am through with you for all time."

"Oh, no, your're not—you're going to make a fresh beginning with me. I am as good as you, you'll have to marry me."

At this, the man's passion was so aroused that he again grasped her by the arm, and exclaiming, "I would see you down in the bottomless pit of hell first!" As he held her, she struggled with him, striking him in the face with the hat she held in her left hand. He grasped it, and, wrenching it from her, struck her full in the face. She reeled against the dresser, and as she recovered herself, she grasped the revolver in her right hand. He saw his danger and placed his hands to his face as if to ward off the blow. Florence fired, and the man received a charge full in the breast and as he fell forward another shot struck him in the forehead.

Screams were heard throughout the house. The frightened figure of the maid was the first to reach the room. She saw her mistress standing like a statue, with the smoking revolver in her hand, while on the floor lay the lifeless body of one whose transgressions, let it be hoped, his untimely taking off, will partly atone for.

The early editions of the morning papers had large headlines giving an account of the assassination of Alderman Great. Later in the day specials were issued giving a record of his public life. The following day they had editorials, some of an apologetic character, stating, while they

had not agreed with him on all occasions, still his knowledge of public affairs and his untiring energy had to be commended. "The case is doubly painful from the fact that but a few weeks before he had lost a devoted wife to whom he was deeply attached; that there was no doubt his funeral would be attended by a vast concourse of people, to a great number of whom he was personally known, and by many would be sadly missed, as his well known philanthrophy had endeared him to all who knew him."

"It is reported that the woman who slew him was deeply in his debt for many services he had rendered her," was another newspaper comment.

"The council has already called a special session to pass suitable resolutions, and make arrangements for the funeral."

Hooligan was stunned when he heard the news. "We'll never see the like of him again," he moaned to the crowd that had assembled in his temple of personal liberty to hear the latest news.

Hart was the loudest in his denunciation of "the cat," who he claimed he had cast off years ago as being "no good."

"I would like to have the job of hanging her," was Rock's wish, as he grinned while gloating over the happy thought.

Chapter XLVIII

THE ROBBERY.

Gus Schultz, who had fallen heir to his brother's horse, wagon, and peddling route, sauntered into Hooligan's one evening, at a time when Mort, Bert, Hart, and Phipps were playing cards. He went and stood behind Mort.

"Hello, Schultz," said Hart, who was Mort's partner. "How are things coming?"

"Pretty good."

"How do, Gus?" said Mort, looking up as he was shuffling the cards.

"I want to see you," whispered Schultz.

"All right; wait a minute. This game is nearly out." When the game was finished, Mort turned, and seeing Rock, asked him to play his hand for him. "I will be back in a minute or two."

Mort and Schultz sauntered down the street. When they reached a dark spot, they stood, Schultz looking around carefully to see if they were observed, and in a whisper, said, "I think I struck something good for you to-day."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Out in Hyde Park, a swell neighborhood. It was dis way: I was peddling out there, and I spots a house with the blinds all down. I gives a good look and sees the number, den I drives 'round to de back and goes through the alley, shouting my vegetables, when I comes to de rear of de house, as I tinks. I looks up and sees all de blinds down. I goes in through de gate and up de walk to de back door. I find it fast. Just den the woman next door shouts from de next porch, 'There is no one in there, young man.' 'Is dat so?' says I. Den I goes out and shouts up to de lady, 'Can I sell you anyting dis morning, ma'am?'"

"'What have you?' she says.

"'Potatoes, onions, carrots, and cabbage, ma'am.'

"'What kind of potatoes have you?'

"'De best in de land, ma'am.'

"'Let me see dem,' she says.

"So I takes a couple of taters up to her.

"She says, 'Dey look all right; bring me up a peck,'—dey never asks de price in dose swell places. 'You can also bring me up a small measure of onions and a couple of heads of cabbage.'

"'Tank you, ma'am,' says I. Den I goes down and brings up de goods, and while I'm making de change I asks her when she 'spects de people next door back. She says, 'De

Goldberg's?'—I tink dat's what she called dem—'Won't be back for two weeks yet.' I says, 'Dat's too bad.' She looks at me and asks me if dey're customers. I says, 'Yes, dat dere's a little 'count standing'—I makes believe to look in my book—'sixty cents.' She says, 'Dat's all right, dey'll pay you when dey gets back.' I says, 'Money's wery scarce, ma'am; do you tink I could get it from de man who takes care of de house or perhaps de woman?' She says 'There is no one takes care of de house; dey just lock up de door and go.' I says, 'Who feeds de dog?' Den she says, 'They have no dog.' I den says, 'I hope you will find dem wegetables all right, ma'am, and dat you will be a steady customer.' 'Well, I'll see when you come 'round again.'

"I tanks her and goes away shouting, 'Potatoes, onions, turnips, cabbage, beets!'"

"It looks pretty good to me, Schultz. I'll send Rock out there to-morrow to investigate. If it proves any good, I'll see that you stand in."

The next day Rock went to investigate. He had about a half dozen brooms on his shoulder and a few brushes tied on a string. He went to the front of the Goldberg's residence and placed his finger on the electric bell; he kept it there for about thirty seconds. There was no response. He went around to the rear, tried the back door, looked at the windows, and then went up the porch steps, tried the door on the second story, then climbed up to the third story to try the door and inspect the windows. A man shouted from the alley, "There is no one in there!" Rock came down and sauntered leisurely away. That night, which was Thursday, he made a report. "Everything O. K.—no trouble getting in." They decided to "crack the crib" the next night.

"Do you think there is likely to be much stir around there after midnight?" inquired Hart.

"It will be as still as a graveyard." was Rock's reply.

"We will have to use a wagon," replied Mort, "and as Schultz wants to stand in, he will have to drive it."

"That kid's full of grit," said Hart, "and he'll be glad of the chance."

"See that he has no marks on his wagon, by which it can be identified if we have to run for it," said Mort, addressing Rock. "See him in the morning before he goes out, tell him what you want and be sure and tell him not to go in that direction tomorrow if he goes peddling."

On the Saturday morning on which the burglary was to take place, the lieutenant in charge of police Precinct No.— was sitting in his office talking to the sergeant. "Well, McCarthy, we are having lots of trouble these times. I was talking with the chief to-day and I know by his tone he was very much dissatisfied. Six burglaries within a month in our territory, is going some."

"I'm sure, lieutenant, I've done all I can. My men have visited every resort on the South Side, got in touch with the fellows, and sees no signs of prosperity amongst them. They have also pumped the women and they report to me nothing doing. My impression is that the fellows who have been working in our district come from some nearby city. My men are always questioning the people in the neighborhood and they all say they haven't noticed any suspicious characters around. I admit I'm up against it."

"Well, I suppose we'll only have to watch and wait. It's one-thirty," looking up at the clock in the office, "I think I'll turn in for awhile. See who that is." McCarthy went to the phone and placed the receiver to his ear. "Yes, yes, yes! The lieutenant's here himself. Lieutenant, hurry!" in an excited manner. The lieutenant grabbed the receiver out of McCarthy's hand.

"Yes, Goldberg's? I know the place. The man across the street, did you say? Good-bye."

"Mac, I think they're operating in Goldberg's house. Now's your chance. How many men have you? Run to the squad-room and find out—I'll order out the wagon."

McCarthy, on reaching the squad-room, shouted, "Now, boys, get ready." The men immediately began to buckle on their belts.

The lieutenant came in. "I see you have six men, Mac—where's Taylor?"

"He's out, sir."

"I see you have the new man, Wosta, here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll have to take him with you. See that you bring in some of those fellows, dead or alive. The sergeant will give you men instructions when you get in the wagon. Mac, they're sure to have a lookout, try and bag him if you can. Go."

As soon as the wagon had started, McCarthy stood up and addressing the driver, said, "When you get to Forty-sixth, turn west—before you come to Hinkley, let me off; then you drive through the first alley you reach toward Forty-seventh; allow me about three minutes' start. It's early and those fellows in Goldberg's will be occupied for some time. Of course, if you hear any alarm, get there as soon as you can. You three rush towards the front of the house, and you three," looking on the side Wosta was seated, "run up the alley from the rear, the house is in about the middle of the block; arrest every person you meet. Driver, let me off here."

As soon as McCarthy, who was in plain clothes, got off the wagon he took off his coat and hung it on his arm, his hair was pulled over his forehead, pushing his hat to the back of his head, and reeled up Forty-seventh till he came to Hinkley. He seemed hardly able to turn the corner, he was so "full." Rock, who was on the lookout on the same side of the street, peeped out from the shadow of a building directly opposite Goldberg's. The detective, observing him, went on singing a snatch of a song. He dropped his coat from his arm and seemed to have trouble picking it up.

"My," said Rock to himself, "that fellow has a good one on—if it wasn't that I have other business, I'd stick him up."

McCarthy, after getting his coat, came staggering along, going from one side to the other of the narrow sidewalk.

The assumed drunken man, head down, made a lurch toward Rock as he was passing.

Rock stood close to the wall to let him pass.

In an instant the policeman pounced on him, seizing him by the throat. Rock put two fingers in his mouth and gave two shrill whistles ere the policeman could stop him.

The clatter of the horses in a furious gallop and the roll of the wheels could be heard coming thundering along.

Three of the policemen, as instructed, jumped off at the corner, and rushed for the alley. Wosta, who was most active, in the lead. When he was about two lots from the house which was being robbed, he saw a man run out of the little gate in the rear. He yelled, "Stop! Or I will fire!" The fugitive paid no attention, but ran, Wosta pursuing him, and just as the man reached an angle of the alley, where another alley joined, he turned around and, taking deliberate aim, fired two shots in the direction of his pursuer. Wosta, who was bending every effort to catch him, saw him in the act of turning the corner of the fence, and fearing the man would escape, he fired as he ran. He heard a groan and reaching the corner he found a man flat on his back. The jolting of a wagon a little way ahead attracted his attention. He continued the pursuit. Meanwhile the wagon was being driven up the alley in which the wounded man lay, and he heard the driver flogging the horse and urging it along. He ran as fast as he could. He saw the driver, in his haste, make too sharp a turn, the right wheel struck the curb nearly throwing the driver, the wagon skidding into the center of the street. This delay enabled Wosta to reach the side of the wagon, and pointing his gun at the driver, told him to stop or he'd fire.

"Don't shoot, mister, I give up!" cried Schultz, in abject fear.

Wosta got up along side of the driver and made him drive up Forty-eighth to Hinkley and along Hinkley to Goldberg's, where he found McCarthy with Squinty in his custody, another policeman having captured Bert, who had injured his ankle in running down the stairs. One of the

policemen who had entered at the front, and one from the rear, was searching the house. One of them claimed that when he entered he saw something like a shadow run along the passage.

"He did not come out at the rear," stoutly persisted the man who had entered from that direction.

"Well, make a search!" shouted McCarthy. "Any that's got out has got away by this time."

"No," said one of the policemen who was just entering at the time, "there is one that got out that didn't get away. He is lying up the alley, as dead as a mackerel. Wosta shot him clear through the head."

"Good for Wosta!" remarked McCarthy.

One of the policemen was stationed at the front and one at the rear entrance to prevent escape.

McCarthy took charge of the three prisoners, whom he handcuffed together. The other three policemen being joined with the regular officer on the beat, commenced to make a thorough search of the premises. They found on the parlor floor, clothing and furs tied up in a bundle; in the dining room, silver and plated ware wrapped up ready for removal, the bed-room dresser drawers had been pulled out, and the clothes, of not much value, strewn on the floor. A rear room with the door entering on to the porch was wide open. On the porch adjoining there were a man and two women standing. The man had only his pants on, the women shivering with fright, stood close to him.

"Have you got them, officer?" inquired the man.

"We can account for four of them," answered the officer.

"I am sure one of them ran along this porch and must have jumped into the next yard."

"Is that so? He has likely escaped then," was the officer's answer.

After searching the upper floors, Wosta remarked, "There is a door here leading down to where the furnace is. Let us go down." "I don't think it's much use," remarked one of the men, who had been long in the service. "The time

it would take a man to go down there he could be out in the street."

"I am sure I saw a fellow dive along this passage just as I came in at the front," persisted the man who claimed to have seen the shadow go along the passage.

"Well, we'll look, anyhow."

The three officers went down into the basement and lit the gas. "This is the way into the coal hole," remarked Wosta, looking at a door that led under the sidewalk.

"What's that?"—the three officers pointed their guns at the door, whence a sound had come as if of falling coal. Wosta went towards the door as if to open it.

"Look out, Wosta," was the caution of his brother officers.

Wosta struck a match and went in. "Here he is!" he cried, as he emerged from under the sidewalk with Phipps, who had surrendered, with judgment, seeing the jig was up. He was brought out to where McCarthy and another officer had charge of the other prisoners.

"Two of you men drive that express wagon around in the alley and pick up the dead one. You stay here, Wosta," who, being a young man on the force, was eager to carry out instructions. McCarthy felt that Wosta had done a good night's work already.

One of the policemen was left behind to watch the premises.

When the patrol wagon, followed by the express, reached the precinct, the lieutenant was standing on the steps. "I see you have been doing some business, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir, we have a fairly good haul."

"Bring them in while we have a look at them."

"We've a dead one in the express wagon—he ran up against a stray bullet."

"He'll have to go to the morgue. Bring the other fellows in—let's see if we know any of them."

The lieutenant went toward his office, followed by the officers and their prisoners.

McCarthy, not having recognized Squinty, not having

seen him in the light, looked at him for a moment, and exclaimed, "Well, you cock-eyed son of a gun! Is this the line you're in?"

"Why, lieutenant, we have had this fellow always rated as a street-car worker. No one will be more surprised than the chief when he hears of this."

Squinty grinned all over as if it were a compliment that had been paid him.

"You think you got them all, Sergeant?"

"Don't know, sir. The people in the next house thought that some one ran across their back porch."

"Who was with you, Squinty?" inquired the lieutenant.

"No one; only who you see here."

"He's a lying son of a ———! Lieutenant, you cannot believe a word he says."

"Who's the boy?" inquired the lieutenant.

"He's a youngster we hired to carry the swag; he didn't know anything about it."

"That's too thin," said the lieutenant.

"Give an account of yourself, young man!"

"Well, you see, I'm an expressman and this gentleman hired me."

"What did he say when he hired you?"

"That they had bought some goods and wanted me to move them for them, sir."

"Well, didn't it strike you as a peculiar time of the night to be moving things?"

"Well, you see, sir, us expressmen has to work whenever we can get the job."

"Have you got a license?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"I didn't pay anything; a friend of mine got it for me."

"Who's your friend, might I ask?"

"Alderman Great, sir."

The lieutenant and McCarthy exchanged significant glances.

"What have you to say for yourself?" turning to Bert.

"I would prefer to say nothing, until I consult my lawyer."

"Take them downstairs, Sergeant, and we will interview them when we have more time."

"What about the dead one, lieutenant?"

"O, yes. Who's the fellow in the wagon, Squinty? Come, now, there's no use in keeping that from us, we will have to know to-morrow."

"It's Red Hart."

At the mention of his name, Herman Wosta, who up to this time had been a silent observer, raised his two hands to his head and gave a shout. All eyes turned towards him.

"You must have known him, officer?"

"Yes!" he screamed, "damn his soul into eternity—I knew him! I'm glad I shot him like a dog, as he was!" He sat down on a chair that was behind him and placing his head between his two hands, wept bitterly. All present were affected by the terrible outburst of the man who had been looked upon as one totally devoid of any emotion.

There was a painful silence for a moment, nothing could be heard but the violent sobbing of the man in the chair. At length the lieutenant, who was visibly affected by the passion of a man whom he had looked upon as one of the most docile he had ever come in contact with, said, "Officer Wosta, you must calm yourself. I know there is something very serious behind this to affect you so. I will relieve you from duty until the inquest has to be heard. You can go home."

"Thank you, sir." He arose, wiping his eyes, and left the station.

"Come, McCarthy, remove your prisoners. We won't book them at present."

As soon as the prisoners were taken below, McCarthy returned to the office.

"Lieutenant, I'm satisfied one of the fellows got away, and I think I can guess who he was. Since I have been up here I have lost track of the gang, but Henry Mort, I

know, is a pal of theirs—you'd better telephone Central for them to send a man out to try and locate him."

The lieutenant telephoned full information of the capture and killing of one of the burglars, and the surmised escape of another, with McCarthy's suggestion as to the probability of Henry Mort being the man who escaped. This done, he sat down.

"Well, Mac, we've saved our reputation, we'll smoke."

"Lieutenant, I know the reason of Wosta's excitement when he heard it was Hart he killed."

"Is that so?"

McCarthy told his superior officer what he knew about the early history of Florence Burdett, and how Hart had first violated her, and then persecuted her, until the alderman had taken her under his wing with such fatal results.

"I'm afraid they'll hang her," said the lieutenant.

"If they do it's a damned outrage," replied McCarthy, vehemently. "I know a good deal of that young woman's history, and if I get an opportunity to use it in her behalf, I will."

The morning after the attempted robbery at Goldberg's, a search was made of the house in which Hart and Rock stayed. Considerable property was found in their rooms; the product of previous burglaries.

"I wonder where they got the brooms?" remarked one of the searching party.

"We'll bring them along," said the officer in command, "some party may claim them."

The police also visited the house where Bert and Phipps roomed, but no incriminating evidence was found. A diligent search was made to find Mort, Officer McCarthy maintaining that he was still in the city; in this he erred.

The inquest on Hart was a mere formality. "He died from a wound administered at the hands of a police officer, while in the discharge of his duty." Wosta's evidence was clear and concise. He described how he pursued the fleeing man up the alley, how the deceased turned and fired two shots at him at close range, and how he, Wosta,

returned the fire with fatal result. The deputy coroner complimented him on his bravery. The foreman of the jury remarking, "It's a pity we haven't more men like him on the force." Wosta received the eulogy modestly.

The lieutenant tapped his subordinate on the back—"Wosta, you're all right."

The people in the next house to Goldberg's, out of curiosity, had attended the inquest, which was held at the Hyde Park station.

"I should very much like to see the prisoners," remarked one of the women.

"All right, madam," said the genial lieutenant. The party was taken downstairs to where the prisoners were confined.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the woman, "if that isn't the peddler," looking at Schultz, who tried hard not to be seen.

"Bring him out," ordered the lieutenant, to the lockup keeper. Schultz was brought out, and fully identified by the woman, who described her interview with him, and his inquiry as to when the Goldbergs would return, even to his suggestion as to who fed the dog.

" A pretty smart youngster," remarked the lieutenant, as Schultz was being put back.

Claimants were found for most of the property that had been recovered, except a few articles of small value, and the brooms.

The lady who had identified Schultz was describing the matter to some of her neighbors and the amount of property that had been recovered. , "Why!" she exclaimed "They must have even broken into a broom factory."

"Brooms! Brooms;" said one of her listeners. "Why, there was a fellow around selling brooms the very day before. I wonder if he had anything to do with it? Now, as I remember, he was up on the Goldberg's porch."

"Could you recognize him?" inquired the woman.

"Well, I didn't pay much attention to him, and when I told him there was no one there he came down and kind of turned his head away. I noticed, though, he had a cast in his eye."

"That's him!" exclaimed the woman, excitedly. The man visited the station and fully identified Rock.

"You feel confident that is the same man?" said the lieutenant.

"Sure! Now when I get a good look at him, I could pick him out from a thousand."

The lieutenant was determined to push the case against them. He believed those were the fellows that gave him all the trouble, so he used his influence with the State's Attorney to give them a speedy trial. "Those fellows have a pull," he said, "and the sooner you get through with them, the better." So their case was called without delay.

The evidence was complete, the prosecution claimed that Schultz's mission was to locate the places—he had already a criminal record—and that Rock planned the robberies, the recovered articles being found in his place. Bert and Phipps the police knew little about, only that they associated with a bad gang. They were all convicted.

Rock was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. He took his medicine without a murmur. Schultz got five years. He set up a howl and roared like a lusty fellow, one of the bailiffs having to tell him to shut up. Bert and Phipps got off with two years each, their counsel claiming that they had never been arrested before. Their personal appearance, however, had much to do in impressing the jury in their favor. They took their sentences philosophically, thanked their lawyer, saying they were satisfied.

Chapter XLIX

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

One evening, in the early part of October, 189—, a deputy sheriff accompanied by a number of men on horseback, rode up to the Monroe homestead. The deputy and two others dismounted and ran up the steps leading to the veranda in a very excited manner.

"What's up?" inquired Sheriff Scully, running to meet them.

"Why, there's been an attempt to rob the bank at Nort!"

"Did they get anything?"

"No, they must have got alarmed before they could complete the job. They were pursued some distance, but escaped in the darkness. They are now hiding somewhere in the rough country, the other side of Pine Ridge."

"Well, go muster what men you can, we'll after them. George, bring my horse to the front."

It was well on in the morning ere the posse returned, but no track of the robbers could be found.

The following day three different parties were sent out with orders from the sheriff to arrest all suspicious persons they might find.

It was near sunset the same evening when a solitary traveler could be seen walking over the prairie. He had just left the gulch, and seemed to be in doubt as to which way to turn. After a few moments' hesitancy he started in the direction of Pine Ridge. He hadn't gone far when he noticed a number of horsemen galloping towards him. When within hailing distance they shouted for him to stop; one of them firing a pistol to emphasize the order.

"Where are you from, young fellow?" shouted the leader, as they surrounded him.

"I'm from Omaha. I'm looking for work."

"You are, are you? Well, we may be able to find you a job that may last you for some time."

This threat seemed to alarm the stranger, who showed signs of nervousness.

"Do you know any one around here?" inquired the first man who addressed him.

"No, sir."

"Then we'll introduce you to some people. You'll have to come with us. Get up behind that man on that brown bronco, and don't attempt to get away or we'll fix you for good!"

The traveler, seeing no alternative, mounted behind a

fierce looking cowboy who had a gun slung over his shoulder, and held a revolver in his hand. After traveling some miles the stranger spoke to the man who seemed to be in command. "Where are you taking me to?"

"We'll put you in the calaboose for the night and we'll be able to give you more information in the morning," was the response, in a determined voice. It was dark when they reached the little village; the stranger could see a big house lit up on his right.

"Who lives there?" he inquired of the man who rode in front of him.

"The sheriff; you'll make his acquaintance in the morning."

Reaching the calaboose, which seemed a strong wooden structure, the captive surveyed it with a critical eye while one of his escort was unlocking the door and removing the bar.

"Search him," said the leader. "We may find something that will lead to his identity." Three dollars in silver, some small change, a pocket-knife, a book and a couple of pocket handkerchiefs were all that was found on the captive. "Not an extensive outfit for a traveler all the way from Omaha," remarked the leader, looking at the prisoner. "Do you want anything to eat?"

"I'd be the better for something; I've had nothing since morning."

"Take a swig of this," said one of the men, handing him a flask.

"We'll send you over something after a while. Come, lock up, Zack."

Young Bob Stringer, who was the leader of the posse which made the capture, went toward the sheriff's house to report, carrying with him the articles which had been taken from the prisoner tied up in one of the pocket handkerchiefs. Scully, his wife, Mrs. Thompson, and Monroe were seated in the parlor with the children. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted the bass tone of the sheriff.

"Hello, Bob! Well, did you make a capture?"

"Yes, sir, we got one fellow. Whether he's the right one or not we don't know, but he looked mighty scared when we got him."

"What kind of a looking fellow is he?"

"Pretty tough. He looks as if he hadn't been shaved for a couple of weeks."

"Bob, you've got the wrong man. The fellows that are in the bank-busting business are pretty smooth men, whether they wear dress suits, as they do in New York, or chaps, as they do in Arizona; they're all pretty slick. It's some tramp you've got, but you did well to bring him in, anyway. What have you in the bundle? Let me see."

Bob proceeded to untie the handkerchief. As he did so the money rolled out on the table. "That's suspicious, anyway," said Scully, smiling at Bob, who handed the pocket-knife over to him.

"Not a very dangerous weapon, Bob, nor would it be of much use in prying open a safe door. Let me see that book."

Bob Stringer handed the book over to him. Scully had no sooner got it in his hand and turned over the front cover when he bounded from his chair as if something had stung him.

"What is it, Mike?" exclaimed his wife, in alarm.

Monroe stood up in wonder.

Mike gazed at the book for a second or two and, then closing it, sat down. "Bob, I think you have done well. Keep a close watch over your prisoner, see that he does not escape."

"He says that he has not eaten since before noon, sir. He looks famished."

"Mrs. Thompson, you'll please see that a meal is prepared for the man; as he will be eating at the county's expense, and as we seldom have an important prisoner, send him a good square meal. Remember, Bob, what I told you. I will hold you responsible; see he doesn't escape."

"Never fear, sir."

The following morning at nine o'clock the prisoner was brought into the sheriff's office by Bob Stringer and Zack, the lockup keeper, each carrying a rifle. A few other people followed as far as the door, eager to get a look at the culprit.

Scully recognized his prisoner at the first glance.

"Sit down, sir." The man took a seat facing the sheriff. "Bob, for fear he would make a break for the window, I want you to go outside and keep watch; you, Zack, go outside the door there, and see he doesn't go by that way."

In a few moments Bob Stringer could be seen standing a few feet from the window carrying his rifle in a position ready to fire. Zack had pulled up a chair in the passage and sitting on it rested his gun on his knee. All this preparation made the prisoner turn pale, ere a question could be asked him.

"What is your name?"

"Henry Jackson."

"Where do you hail from, Jackson?"

"Omaha."

"What do you do there?"

"Work in the packing houses."

"What brought you out here? You know there's no packing houses in this section?"

"I thought I would try a change. I am going to look for a job in the mines."

"Were you ever in Chicago?"

"No, sir. Never in my life."

"You lie!—you were! I have your description here, in my desk. I believe your name is Henry Mort."

Mort jumped to his feet, gave one glance at the door, and then made for the window; the sheriff seized him by the arm and pulled him back, forcing him into the chair. "It's futile for you to think to escape that way. Before you went half a dozen steps, that fellow out there would have your head blown off." The prisoner was deathly pale.

"You still have one chance. Deny you are Henry Mort. I don't want to have your blood on my head. I once lived in Chicago myself."

"Where?"

"On Halsted street."

"What's your name?" inquired the prisoner.

"Mike Scully."

"My old schoolmate!" shouted Mort, rising and placing his arms on Scully's shoulder, where he wept and laughed alternately.

"Mike, I would never have known you in the world; how you've changed!" He felt Mike's beard, as if in doubt as to its reality.

"Sit down now, Henry, and compose yourself. I never drink, but if you want a stimulant, I will order one."

"I think I'd be the better for it. I'm faint with joy; but, Mike, I've had a terrible time this past two weeks."

"Never mind that, now dry your eyes. Zack! Zack!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got a flask?"

"Yes, but there's hardly a drink in it."

"Well, go and get it filled in the kitchen. Your prisoner has made a clean breast of everything, he feels weak. Bring a glass with you."

When Zack returned he was told to take his place outside the door and to be sure to keep a close lookout.

Scully helped Mort to half a tumbler of the whiskey.

Mort could not keep his eyes off his old pal. He continued to laugh and cry in turn.

"Come, dry up."

"I can't help it, Mike."

"Where were you the day before yesterday, at about five in the evening?"

"At a place called Glendive. I was beating my way on the Great Northern, when they caught me and made me get off. So I walked along the track and was asking the depot man and two or three other people, where the nearest mines were, as I wanted work. They pointed over in this

direction and told me the 'Full House' or 'Ful' Hand,' I don't know which, would give me a job. It was too late to start out then, so I slept in the depot that night."

"Good; you see, there's been an attempted robbery of a bank some miles away in another direction, and you've been taken as a suspect. I am going to send you away, so you can establish an alibi. When you come back, I'll take care of you. If they ask you your name, tell them they call you Hank; nearly every one out here goes by their first name." He tapped at the window for Bob Stringer, who came in. "Bob, this man says that at the time of the attempted robbery of the bank he was at the Glendive depot inquiring where the nearest mine was, so that he might get employment. If that's the case, of course we can't hold him. You take him and a couple of men with you and find out if he's telling the truth. If he is, let him go, or if he wants to come back with you, let him come. Perhaps we can find him something to do. You've already nearly scared the life out of him," smiling at Stringer; "so let us try and make some amends."

Henry Mort established his innocence to the satisfaction of Bob Stringer and his fellow deputies. On the road back they took him into Murry's, each of his escorts persisting in treating him, to show there was no hard feeling.

Scully, while they were away, knowing in advance the result of their investigation, had requested Jerry Smith to give him a job. "Put him in the store till we find out what he's good for."

The next day Scully sent out for the new man. He was anxious to hear the news about his former associates and others he remembered.

Henry Mort first told him of the fate that befell Tony Murphy, then of the death of Mrs. Great, and of the shooting of the alderman.

"Horrible!" said Scully, who could hardly suppress his grief. "What have they done with the woman that killed him?"

"She's awaiting trial; she pleaded guilty. They say she'll hang for it."

"What kind of a woman was she?"

Mort told of first seeing her at the dance that had been held shortly after Scully left Chicago, of what had taken place there; all of which our readers are familiar with, then of the picnic and how Hart had abused and then persecuted the girl, until she fell into the hands of the alderman, who had made her his mistress.

"She was likely an innocent girl until Hart met her."

"Sure; she was only seventeen and a beauty. I never saw so handsome a girl."

"I am afraid Hart will come to a bad end. What about Rock?"

"You know that little girl, Margy, he used to pal in with?"

"Yes."

"Well, she had a baby and Rock discarded her. He would have ill-used her one night when she came to see him with the child in her arms, who is a dead ringer for Rock, only I wouldn't stand for it."

Mort then told of the robbery and how he escaped.

"You don't know, then, what happened to the other fellows, Bert and Phipps?"

"No, only feel confident Hart must have shot some of the policemen, as when I ran along the porch next to the house we were in, I saw Hart fire two shots at the policeman who was pursuing him."

"Well, how did you get away?"

"I ran until I felt I wasn't followed, then went to the house where I was staying. I had a little money in my box, and seeing the prayer-book I took out of your trunk, I put it in my pocket as a souvenir. I knew you must have overlooked it when you left. I felt I had to get away for a time, and I had no sooner got out of the house,—I wasn't half a block away—when I looked back and saw three men going into the house I had just left. I guessed they were after me, so I went and hid under the Madison

street viaduct until the mail came along, when I jumped on and hid back of the tank, and beat my way as far as St. Paul, where I thought I could stay. I went into a restaurant the morning after I arrived, and had hardly got seated when I heard two men talking of a robbery in Chicago, and some one being killed, and how the leader of the gang had escaped, but that the police were on his track and were watching all the railway exits, and how they had sent his picture to all the leading cities. I says to myself, 'This is no place for me,' so that same morning I got on a Great Northern freight and beat it out of St. Paul. It's taken me two weeks to get here. I have been driven off trains in the dead of the night and have gone a couple of days at a time without eating, so you needn't wonder that when your men captured me I was pretty badly frightened."

"Henry, we played a poor game when we were young. I hope you've had enough of it now, if you have the luck to escape."

"Don't you think I had better make for the mining district? I may compromise you if they get me here."

"No, stay where you are; let your beard grow—you have a pretty good crop already—don't show yourself for a time. You are as safe here as anywhere. What became of Hooligan?"

"He's there yet, but he says he'll leave as soon as he has the satisfaction of seeing that woman who killed the alderman hung."

"I hope he'll be disappointed—he's a low-down turk. You know I never had any use for him."

There was a knock at the door. "Wait a moment, till I see who it is."

Scully went to the door. In a moment he came back and whispered, "It's my wife; remember, for the time being, you don't know me. Stay at the store and make yourself as useful as you can. I will drop in during the day and see you. Now go."

Henry Mort, in passing out, saw a lady with a baby in her arms, waiting to get into the room he had just left.

"Is that the prisoner you had?"

"Yes, it was a mistake; it was a poor fellow that was hunting a job. I have put him to work."

"He looks like a pretty tough citizen."

"Well, if you had met me when I was hunting work in Denver you might have been able to say the same of me."

"I hope not, you surely didn't look as bad as that fellow," she said, smiling, as she handed the child into his arms.

"Wife, how would you like to take a trip as far as Chicago?"

"Well, it's about time you took me somewhere; I would be delighted."

"Well, you see we never could afford it until now," smiling at her.

"You mean you never had the time."

"Maybe that's so. Well, I'll think it over."

That same day Scully wrote to the Governor of Montana, stating he had a desire to visit Chicago, and while there wanted to study their penal system; probably would like to visit some of the jails in the state and converse with the authorities. "As sheriff of—— county they might extend to me some courtesies, but I am sure letters from your excellency would aid me considerably," he added.

He received a prompt reply from the Governor, with letters of introduction, stating that "the bearer, Mr. Michael Scully, sheriff of—— county, is one of our most substantial citizens, and any courtesy that you could extend to him would be highly appreciated." One letter in particular was addressed to the governor of the state of Illinois, and another to the mayor of the city of Chicago, with a promise to each that if they should honor Montana with a visit, "Myself and my friend Scully would see that they would never regret it."

Two weeks from that date, a heavy set man, dressed

in western style, and a well dressed lady, registered at the Palmer house.

"We want three rooms on the parlor floor, front."

The clerk looked up at him. "Yes, sir, we can accommodate you."

Chapter L

MIKE SCULLY MEETS FLORENCE BURDETT.

The day following Scully's arrival in Chicago was spent in visiting the points of interest to be seen in the city of his birth; with him his wife had the first claim. He hired a carriage immediately after breakfast and gave instructions to the driver to drive through the parks; he was determined that she should see the bright side of things to begin with. That afternoon he took her to the stockyards, a place he knew she would be interested in, from the fact of her father's calling, and at night he took her to the theatre. After the play was over he took her to supper at one of the popular resorts, where she was surprised at the number of people present and the gayety and abandon of many of the extravagantly dressed women who were dining with their escorts; it all seemed new to her; another world, as it were. When they had reached their rooms in the hotel and she had taken off her wraps, Mike, looking affectionately at her said, "Virgie, I see you are tired."

"Yes, but I have had a pleasant day. It is grand; this is surely a great city. Every one seems so very happy and prosperous; no wonder country life seems dull to the people who have enjoyed the pleasures of a metropolis."

"But, my dear, you have only seen the bright side of life; you may change your opinion when you see more of Chicago's teeming, struggling population."

"Well, what I want to see, above all, is where you used to live. You will have to make me acquainted with some of your people."

"I am afraid I would lose caste with you, if I was to introduce you to some of them."

She smiled into his face as she quoted the text, "Thy God is my God, thy people my people."

The following day Scully and his wife visited the business district, going into some of the department stores, where Mrs. Scully made some purchases. The following morning Mike told her to rest for a while, he would be gone probably a couple of hours. He was desirous to make some inquiries about some of his old acquaintances.

"Cannot I go with you?"

"Yes, if you like; I am going to see a priest. While I am talking to him you can stay in the church."

After Scully had conducted his wife into the sacred edifice and said a prayer, he whispered into her ear, "Content yourself for a short time. I won't be long."

As he rang the bell at the priest's house his mind reverted back to the day he had rung at the same door many years ago; then, with an anxiety as to what would be his reception, he inquired if Father Nolan was in.

"Yes, sir, step in, I will call him."

He took a seat in the little anteroom. Father Nolan came after a while and looked at his visitor.

"I suppose you don't remember me?" said Mike, rising.

His reverence looked at him for a moment. "No, I cannot call you to mind."

"Well, your reverence, it is some time since I met you, and then under peculiar circumstances. My name is Michael Scully."

"Scully, Scully; I have known a number of your name, but I cannot remember you," looking at him.

"Do you remember the occasion of the fire, when the two Murphys were burned, on—— street?"

"Yes, I know you now," grasping his hand. "Where have you been all these years?"

Scully gave him a brief history of his experience since he last met him.

"You know what happened the poor boy you rescued?"

"Yes, I only heard of it about a month ago."

"Ah! it was very sad. I attended him until his last moments. Mrs. Great, Lord have mercy on her, took a great interest in him—you know what happened her unfortunate husband?"

"Yes, I heard that from the same source."

"They say the woman who killed him has confessed everything and is resigned to her fate. Some say she is demented."

"Your reverence, I have learned something of the history of that woman, and from what they tell me she has been very much wronged. She was a victim of bad men. While I am here in Chicago I am going to find out more about her, and if I find it is true, as I have been informed, I will interest myself in her behalf."

"Why, what is she to you?"

"Nothing; I have never seen her, nor do I know any of her relatives."

"Well, you see, Mr. Scully, she is not of our people, and of course we have little information about her, only that she led a sinful life. If, however, you know any extenuating circumstance, I will not try to persuade you from interfering; but you must be careful, as public sentiment is bitterly arrayed against her. You are a married man and have a family, so must be cautious. It would never do to have your name too closely linked with hers. Where is your wife now?"

"She is in the church."

"Then you must introduce me to her; go bring her in, I will wait here until you return."

Scully went out and returned with his wife, whom he introduced to the kindly priest.

"Mrs. Scully, I haven't met your husband in some years, but I know him to be a brave, good man, and as I understand it God has blessed you both. He deserved it, for one act in his life if for no other."

Mrs. Scully's curiosity was aroused; she looked with ad-

miration at her husband, who seemed much embarrassed at hearing the priest's kindly eulogy.

"How long do you intend to stay in Chicago?"

"We cannot say, I understand my husband has many calls to make and some business to transact, and, as we have never been away from home together before, I hope he will not be in too great a hurry back."

"Well, you must come and see me again. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Palmer House."

"Then perhaps I may have an opportunity to call upon you."

Mr. and Mrs. Scully left delighted with their interview with the reverend gentleman, whose parting words were "God bless you both," as he shook hands with them at the door.

The following morning Mike announced to his wife he was going to see the state's attorney and the sheriff.

"Do you think you could get on without me for a few hours?"

"Yes, sure; I'll go shopping; I can find my way."

"Well, take care you don't get lost," Mike said, kissing her as he left.

Reaching the state's attorney's office, as soon as he showed his letters of introduction, it was open sesame. The state's attorney was desirous of learning something about Montana. "You've a pretty tough crowd out there, I guess, from what we hear?"

"We're not so bad as we're painted. Of course, we have our troubles occasionally. Some of your fellows pay us a visit," said Mike, laughing.

"I suppose so; well, Mr. Scully, I will only be too happy to give you any information I can. By the way, you want to see the sheriff—he's in the same building with us. Wait till I call him up, and see if he isn't in."

He reached for the telephone, which stood on his desk, and, finding that the sheriff was in, requested him to come

to his office. "I want to introduce you to a brother sheriff all the way from Montana who has come to see you."

"He's coming," said the attorney, turning to Mike. In a few moments the sheriff arrived, and was formally introduced, the state's attorney handing him Scully's letters of introduction.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Scully, and hope to be able some day to accept the Governor's invitation to visit him."

"Me, too," chimed in the state's attorney.

"Well, if you do, we'll see you never regret it. You'll find our people very hospitable, and we're in a position to take good care of you. I have some cigars—will you gentlemen smoke with me?"

"Are those a Montana brand?" remarked the sheriff as he was helping himself to one.

"No, I got them since I came."

"They're all right, anyway," said the state's attorney as he blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. After they had chatted some time, Scully invited them to come over to the hotel and spend an evening with him.

The sheriff remarked, "Now, Mr. Scully, as you're here, what say you if I show you around the jail?"

"I would be very much pleased. I suppose you have a full house?"

"Yes, we're never short of guests."

"That was a great bunch you sent down the other day," remarked the state's attorney, looking at the sheriff.

"Yes, you didn't lose much time over that West Side gang," replied the sheriff, addressing the state's attorney, who smiled at the compliment.

"What had they been doing?" inquired Mike.

"Burglary. One fellow was shot, one got ten years, one five, and two others two each."

"What were their names, perhaps I read of them?"

"The fellow that was killed was named Hart. Rock got ten years, a youngster by the name of Schultz five, and Bert and Phipps got two years each."

Scully could hardly suppress his feelings.

"Well they were a bad crowd," remarked the attorney, "Chicago's well rid of them."

As Scully and the sheriff of Cook county entered the prison proper, Mike, addressing him, said, "Do you know I'm sorry for many of the poor unfortunates you have here?"

"Sorry nothing; there is not a one in here I'm sorry for, but a woman we have."

"What has she done?"

"She killed one of our aldermen—likely you heard of it?"

"I suppose she's a very coarse woman?"

"Nothing of the kind," turning around and facing Mike. "She's a lady. I've had her here nearly two months, she doesn't care what they do with her. She's held over to the next term and won't be tried for a month. All her friends seem to have gone back on her, except a couple of women."

"What chance has she?"

"Very poor; you see, she admitted everything as soon as they got her. When she was asked to plead she said, 'Guilty,' but the judge, seeing her condition, put her case off until the next term and refused to accept her plea."

"That was surely humane of him."

"It would have been an outrage if he had done anything else. The woman was demented at the time."

"Do you think the attorney will be very hard against her?"

The sheriff stood and in a very low voice said, "You see, the attorney is a pretty good fellow, but he is a politician and wants to make a record for himself, and, as all the politicians are against this woman, he's going to rap her as hard as he can. He tells me nothing will satisfy him but to hang her."

"That's too bad; has she good lawyers?"

"No, a couple of dubs; but you see she doesn't want any lawyers, she says she has nothing to live for. She doesn't like visitors, but I'm going to take you over and show her to you."

As Mike entered the women's department in the county jail he was very much surprised to see the class of women that was there, the mark of total depravity was stamped on the faces of many of them, big coarse colored women among them.

"Is the woman we come to see among those?"

"No, she never fraternizes with any of them, in fact she doesn't care to leave her cell. I have to force her out to take exercise; she is constantly brooding over her trouble."

The cell in which Florence was confined was on the second tier. As they reached it the sheriff said, "Good morning, Miss Burdett. How are you this morning?"

"I can't say I feel well—I don't sleep."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, probably I should have our doctor call and see you."

"I don't think he would do me any good."

"Well, if you would like him to see you, let me know."

Mike stood looking at her in wonder, her thin pale face still beautiful. The contrast in appearance between her and the vulgar set he had seen below made his impression of her more profound. She hardly noticed him. Dressed in black, her hair parted in the center was combed back, showing a splendid forehead, her eyes were bright, he couldn't discern a trace of the vulgar, sensual woman in her. She seemed languid, and showed a lack of desire to converse with her visitors.

"Miss Burdett, this is a friend of mine from the far West who is visiting me. I am showing him through the place. I don't want you to think, however, I am bringing him here to see you through idle curiosity."

"This is hardly the place to receive visitors, Mr. Sheriff, so I hope the gentleman will not think me discourteous."

"I assure you, madam," said Mike, "I feel deeply for your position, and my only hope is I can do something for you."

She shook her head. "It is very kind of you, sir. Under other circumstances I would appreciate your good will, but I am afraid it is not in your power to render me any service. I am satisfied as I am."

"Ah, you mustn't talk that way," replied the sheriff. "You're a young woman yet. You mustn't lose hope."

"You still have friends," chimed in Scully, "and I am sure they will not desert you."

"Very few; I one time had lots of friends, but now you see things have changed."

"Well, this gentleman," referring to the sheriff, "is your friend anyhow, and speaks well of you."

"It is very kind of him," looking up into the face of her custodian. "He has been as good to me as his duty would allow, and I am very thankful to him."

Mike could see that the interview was not very agreeable to her, so wanted to make it brief.

"Miss Burdett, I am afraid that you are very despondent. Now, I feel an interest in you, and I hope you will not think it officiousness on my part if I take sides with you in this case. I am somewhat of a busy-body, anyhow—I can't help it." She looked earnestly at him for some moments without replying. "I hope you won't think it bad taste on my part if I come to see you again and bring a lady with me. I know she would like to see you with the best and sincerest of motives," Mike continued.

"Who is she?"

"My wife."

"I don't think you should bring your wife to this place, there is nothing here that is edifying. There are some females who come here and talk to unfortunates like myself, tell us how bad we are and how we should change. They leave us some tracts and think they have done us a great service; but their sympathy is only of a professional character, often to gratify their curiosity, or to have themselves considered philanthropists is their only purpose."

"I assure you, Miss Burdett, my wife will have no such object in view."

"Well, I am not a free agent; the sheriff arranges the receptions, and there is nothing left for me to do but receive whomsoever he chooses to bring."

"Now, Miss Burdett," remarked the sheriff, warmly, "I

don't think you should talk that way, I never permit any one to see you only those who I know are friendly to you. I have had some pretty big people ask to see you, and I have said, 'No, she doesn't want to see you or any one else,' and if you don't want Miss Vann to visit you, I won't let her in either."

"No, don't refuse Miss Vann; she's the only sincere friend I have left."

"Well, what about that Jenkins woman?"

"Poor Margy; let her come, too; she can't come often."

"Well, when she does come she stays till we have to put her out."

"Yes, she, like myself, has had her experience," turning to Mike; "If you would like your wife to come and see me, then let her come. I am satisfied your intentions are good."

Mike Scully put his big honest hand through the bars, Florence placed her's in it.

"Keep your heart up, Miss Burdett," he said, as he was leaving.

She smiled a sickly smile as she looked into his honest, sympathetic face.

"What do you think about her?" said the Cook County official, after they had got out of her hearing.

"I think she's been a victim of circumstances, probably more sinned against than sinning. I am going to some of her friends. Who is that Miss Vann I heard you mention?"

"She's forelady in one of our large stores, the Cleveland store, they call it. You'll have no trouble to locate her."

That night Mike Scully told his wife of his experience of the day, and gave her a little of Florence Burdett's history, which he had learned from Henry Mort, without telling her from whom he had got it.

"I should like to see the poor thing. I am sure it was very sad; and she so young. But you know, Mike, the taking of human life is terrible."

"Sometimes justifiable," was Mike's reply.

Chapter LI.

PREPARING THE DEFENSE.

The day after Scully's interview with Florence Burdett he decided to call on Mary Vann. His inquiry led him to the floor on which the millinery department was situated; he observed a woman trying a hat on a prospective customer and judged she was the woman he sought. When the customer retired he went over and addressed her.

"You are Miss Vann, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I was over in the county jail yesterday and met a woman whom, I understand, you are well acquainted with —she is in trouble—I mean Miss Burdett."

"Are you a lawyer?" inquired Mary, eyeing him critically.

"No, but I have learned something of that young woman's early history and have a deep sympathy for her."

"Well, that's very kind of you; but I don't see how you can help her. How did you learn that I knew her?"

"The sheriff mentioned your name in my presence and I heard her say that you were about the only friend she had left."

"Yes, I am still her friend, but you see no one can do much for her. I have visited her many times and advised with her to no purpose. She is resigned, and don't care what they do with her. As soon as the affair happened with which she is charged, I immediately set about doing what I could. I saw that the police took charge of her property and got a list of her valuables. I also consulted a law firm, but she goes and pleads guilty—so what could they do? She says she killed him and is willing to suffer for it. I have asked her repeatedly to brace up and show fight, but she won't, so there you are."

"What do her relatives say?"

"You see, they have been estranged for years. Her grandfather and grandmother are very old people and she has an aunt and two uncles. Herman Wosta is the head

of the family, he is very bitter against her, there is hardly any use of talking to him. As for acquaintances, those she came in contact with for the past few years were all friends of the alderman and are against her, and those who knew her parents when she was a girl all sympathize with the Wostas, that's her mother's people; so you may say she's deserted."

"Well, you know a good deal of her early history?"

"Yes, this is the first place she ever worked; but it is too long a story to tell you here. You live in Chicago?"

"No; Montana."

"Indeed! how long are you going to stay in the city?"

"Likely until after this trial."

"Well, if we can arrange an interview some evening I will tell you what I know. It's a sad story."

"Who is this woman Jenkins?"

"She used to work here at the same time as Florence. She was another unfortunate, but she has braced up considerably the last few years. You may have to see her."

"Well, I will call in in a day or two and talk further with you. Who are the lawyers you have?"

"Relgeiz and Nomolos; they're on State Street."

"I'll call and see them. I bid you good morning."

The firm of Relgeiz and Nomolos cared more for fees than reputation. They hung around the police courts trying petty cases and getting pointers as to events that might furnish them clients. Learning of a prospective case they sought out the friends of the party in trouble and offered their services. Whenever they secured the promise of a case they relied upon legal etiquette to keep other lawyers from "butting in."

Mary Vann, shrewd woman as she was, had listened to their plea and entrusted Florence Burdett's case to their hands.

When Mike Scully called at their office he found them both in. He informed them of his business, he was interested in one of their clients, Miss Burdett.

"Ah, yes," said Relgeiz. "Are you a relative?"

"No, merely a friend."

"Well, you see," said Nomolos, "it's a bad case; there's little ground for a dispute that she killed him—in fact, she admits it. There are a number of witnesses on the side of the prosecution, they have a strong case against her. The best we can expect is to secure clemency—there is hardly a defense." After some further conversation, Scully came to the conclusion that they wouldn't do. Returning to the hotel he told his wife of what he had been doing, and then spent the afternoon and evening showing her around. The following morning they both set out for the county jail. The sheriff was introduced to Mrs. Scully, the former professing pleasure in meeting her. "I suppose you have come to make the acquaintance of some of my boarders?" he said jokingly.

"Yes, I have come to see Miss Burdett."

"Well, I am afraid you won't find her much of an entertainer; but come along."

As they passed through the women's quarters all eyes were on her. She felt embarrassed at the rude stare of the coarse females she saw and the opening, closing and clanging of gates made her nervous. Reaching the cell in which Florence was confined it was a great relief to her to see one sweet-faced woman.

"Well, Miss Burdett," said the sheriff, "this is the lady who is desirous of meeting you; of course, you have met her husband before."

Scully extended his hand. "Good-day, Miss Burdett, this is my wife."

The women exchanged looks. Mrs. Scully smiled and extended her hand. Florence shook hands with her.

"I don't know that I am pleased to meet you, Mrs. Scully —I advised your husband not to bring you."

"Well, I am glad I came; I have, however, only one object in coming and that is to sympathize with and try to comfort you."

"Here, John," said the sheriff, to one of the turnkeys, "open this door and let this lady in. Now, Scully, we'll

leave the women alone and I'll take you around and introduce you to some of my distinguished guests."

Mrs. Scully seated herself on the cot. She looked around at the dismal surroundings and felt embarrassed as to how she should begin. Miss Burdett noticed it. "You're from Montana, I understand, and that this is your first visit to Chicago. How do you like it, as far as you've seen?"

"Until I came to this dreadful place I thought everything very nice."

"Well, I thought your husband was foolish to bring you here; it is apt to produce an unfavorable impression."

"O, you see, my husband used to live in this city, and it seems used to know some of the people you know and has interested himself in your case."

"It's very kind of him, but I am afraid his labor in my behalf will be in vain."

"I don't know about that, my husband never fails."

Florence smiled. "You have a family, Mrs. Scully?"

"We have four children, two boys and two girls."

"And a nice home, I suppose?"

"Yes, we have a large place; my father is one of the wealthiest men in Montana and I am his only child."

"How did you come to meet Mr. Scully, then?"

Mrs. Scully told her love story and her early history in a manner that impressed Florence; how, as a girl, she was brought up amongst rough men until she was sent to the convent school.

"And none of them ever tried to wrong you?"

"No, they were rough and uncouth, but to me they were always respectful."

Poor Florence thought of her own experience with men who were neither rough nor uncouth, simply vile.

An hour had been spent in pleasant conversation, when, as Mrs. Scully was about to leave, Florence, looking at her, said, "I thought you came, like the rest of the women who visit this place, to pry into my history, to find my failings, and to advise with me as to my future conduct."

"No, Miss Burdett. I sympathize with you in your

trouble, but want to know nothing of you but what you yourself desire to tell."

"Well, come and see me again; the next time I may be more communicative."

Mrs. Scully kissed her affectionately at the parting, while a tear could be seen in her eye. Florence noticed it. She felt at least she had one good virtuous woman who felt for her and sympathized with her in her hour of adversity. Scully had spent the time with the sheriff, visiting the different parts of the jail and being introduced to some of the noted criminals.

"Well, what do you think of the woman you have been visiting?" remarked the sheriff, as they sat in his office.

"I am very much surprised, she seems a very ladylike person."

"You didn't find her very communicative, I suppose?"

"No, I didn't ask her anything about herself, but she told me to come again."

"She did, did she? Well, you're an exception. I wish she would thaw out a little—if she did, perhaps something could be done for her. You can come and see her whenever you like, Mrs. Scully. I will write you out a pass, probably your husband will not be able to accompany you at all times."

"Who is a good criminal lawyer?" inquired Scully of the sheriff.

"There are a number of them," mentioning six, among others T. B. King.

Scully remembered the name as that of a man who had given him his card the night of the fire. "Is King very good?"

"Among the best in the country. He's a good citizen, too. You can rely upon what he says if you want to consult him."

Scully called upon King the next day. He introduced himself and referred to their first meeting.

King shook hands warmly with him. "Glad to meet you,

Scully, I remember the whole affair. I also know what became of the boy; it was a bad business."

"Well, what I came to consult you about, Mr. King, is in reference to a woman who is confined in the jail for killing an alderman. I know some of the circumstances of her early life and have resolved to help her if I can."

"I understand she has a firm of lawyers attending to her case already," remarked King.

"Yes, but I am not satisfied with them and am determined to secure other counsel; and as you're the only one I know I want you to take care of the case."

"Well, you see, Mr. Scully, unless I had entire charge, and the other two gentlemen would waive their leadership in the matter, I could hardly do it. Probably, however, they would be glad to know I was retained. I will call them in if you like?"

"Do so; as far as the legal fees are concerned, I am a responsible man, you can draw on me for what you think right. I have letters of introduction from the governor of my state to the governor of Illinois, and will probably be away for a few days; in the meantime you find out what you can."

Mrs. Scully visited Florence nearly every day. A warm friendship sprang up between them; the chill began to wear off Florence. She began to hope, and at length she told her story to the woman who had shown such unselfish regard for her. She told how her father had lost his life, her mother's struggle to earn a living for them, of her going to work at the Cleveland store, of her unfortunate meeting with Hart and its fateful consequences, of the picnic where he had led her away from her friends, of his terrorizing her by his threats of exposure, of his being sent away and of his returning, and of the treachery of the man whom she killed.

The recital of this terrible story so affected Mrs. Scully that she wept bitterly. She and Florence mingled their tears, the first the guilty woman had shed for months.

"You have been a victim, Miss Burdett, and, if my fortune

can prevent it, you'll not be a sacrifice," said Virgie, during their interview.

Mrs. Scully's words began to infuse new life into her unfortunate friend. That night Mrs. Scully returned to the hotel sick at heart. "It was frightful," she exclaimed, "how that poor girl has been wronged. I want you to use every effort you can; spare neither time nor money; never mind me, I have seen enough of Chicago and am anxious to get away, but not until that poor woman has justice done her."

Attorney King had a conference over the case with Relgeiz and Nomolos, who agreed that he should have entire charge as senior counsel, they promising to give such assistance as he might require of them.

A conference was immediately called at which King, Mr. and Mrs. Scully and Mary Vann were present.

"It is more than likely that the state's attorney will assail her previous character for the purpose of injuring her in the eyes of the jury. What do you know about her, Miss Vann?"

Mary told what she knew.

"Yours is merely hearsay evidence. It might be introduced, however, as corroborative testimony—we'll see."

"There is that fellow Rock, who is now in Joliet—he is familiar with the first episode, and Margaret Jenkins, too," said Mary. "Probably their evidence might be more direct."

"Yes, that's so," remarked the attorney. "I will have to see the Jenkins woman; as for Rock, I would be a little dubious. Who is likely to know about her first indiscretion with the alderman?"

Mary told King of the interview they had at the police station when they first missed her, and how an officer by the name of McCarthy had located them. "He probably knows the facts."

At the close of the conference Scully asked King what he thought of it. "We'll pull her through; but let every one hold their own counsel—we have a rod in pickle for them."

Mrs. Scully was highly elated. "The poor woman is now more reasonable," she remarked.

"That's good," rejoined King. "It is up to you, Mrs. Scully, to see her and brace her up. There is one good thing, they can't use the evidence of Hart against her—he's got his reward already. I understand he was a desperate character and would be only too willing to swear her life away if he was living."

King had Margy call. "I know of the whole affair, I was there at the time."

"Well, it's likely the attorney will be very hard on you, but you mustn't lose your temper while on the stand. Look at me—if I object, don't you say a word until the court rules. What about Rock? How do you think he would stand?"

"I don't know. I visited him twice while he was in jail, but I never spoke to him about Florence."

Scully told King of an interview he had had with the governor of the state, who had treated him very courteously and had given him a letter of introduction to the wardens of the state penitentiaries, requesting them to give Mr. Scully any information they had as to the running of the institutions under their charge, and to allow him to interview such prisoners as he might desire.

"Good. We may want to have a talk with that fellow Rock. Do you think he'd know you?"

"I don't believe he would."

"Well, you go down and talk with him. Let him know you stand well with the governor. Ten years is a long time, and as soon as those fellows get in, they immediately commence to think how they are going to get out."

The warden of the penitentiary, after seeing the letter from the governor, received Scully with marked respect.

"Pleased to render you any services or furnish you with any information as to the management of this institution, Mr. Scully," he said.

"I may have to come and spend a day or two here. What

I want for the present is to interview a person by the name of Rock who came recently."

"I think he is in this batch coming this way," remarked the warden, referring to a number of convicts who were coming toward them in charge of a deputy. They were doing the lock step, the prisoners having their hands resting on the shoulders of the men in front of them. As they came opposite Scully, the warden shouted, "Halt! Attention 3763, two paces to the right." Rock (for that was his number) fell out of line. "Take this man to my office," was the instructions the warden gave to another deputy, who stood by. The others of the line were again formed and the word given to march.

Scully and the warden followed Rock and the deputy when they entered the office, and the warden, addressing the prisoner, said, "This gentleman wants to talk to you about some matter; it may prove to your interest if you tell him the entire truth of the circumstances about which he wants the information." Rock nodded. The warden and deputy retired.

Scully looked at his old associate—he was the same old Rock, his hard, cruel features enlivened by the same old grin.

"Your name is Rock, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I may be in a position to serve you if you give me the information I desire. You were acquainted with a person by the name of Hart?"

"Yes, we were pals and roomed together."

"You knew the girl, Florence Burdett, that he used to go with?"

"Yes, I saw her a few times."

"You were there at their first meeting, you and a young woman by the name of Jenkins?"

"Yes; but what am I going to get out of this?"

"That will depend on your willingness to tell the whole truth. You know her present circumstances?"

"Yes, she is going to be hung for killing the alderman."

"Maybe not; but what I want to see you about, and get your opinion on, was she a good character before she met Hart?"

"Well, as she's dead up against it, like myself, I may as well tell you the truth. She was; but if Hart had been living you'd never have gotten me to peach on him, he was my pal."

"Well, we hear that he outraged her in a wineroom on the night a dance was held on the west side of Chicago and on another occasion he led her away during a picnic that was being held by the employes of the store she worked in."

"You seem to know all about it?" grinning. "Why do you come to ask me? I suppose Margy has been telling you?"

"No, I have never met that young woman, but you see I am fairly well posted. What I want you to do is to corroborate the story in the presence of a witness."

"I'll do it; if you think it will do me any good."

"I don't want to make you any promise, but you can feel assured if your story is freely told, fully and honestly, you will secure the good will of influential parties that will try and aid you. I will be here again in a few days, so jog your memory and don't hide any of the facts."

"I'll make a clean breast of the whole affair. If you should happen to see Margy and the kid, tell her if ever I get out of here I'll try and do better in the future."

Mike shook hands with him, and after he was led back to his cell the warden came into his office.

"Well, Mr. Scully, how did you get on with him?"

"Fairly well, but I will have to see him again and will probably bring some one with me. I should like you in the meantime to grant him any little privileges you can, so as to impress him with the idea that he has a friend in court, and above all don't mention my name to him."

The following day Scully reported to King.

"You did well, Scully. I'll send down a man with you the next time you go, and, since you've made such a good

job of it, I suggest you go see McCarthy. He's at Hyde Park—you know the place?"

"Yes, I can find him."

The same day he set out to interview McCarthy. On arriving at the police station he found him in. McCarthy was only too glad to aid him. "I will do anything in my power," said the good-hearted Irishman. "She was a victim of a gang of thieves, whom the fellow she shot always took care of. I investigated the case the time the alderman took her away, knew where they dined and the amount of wine he plied her with. I was talking to the fellow that served them at the table. He told me Great doped her with champagne till she could hardly stand, and from what he could hear, she had no notion of going away with him. I have told that plug of a Dutchman, her uncle, but he says she was bad before the alderman ever met her. He talked about his sister and the disgrace she brought to the family; he makes me mad sometimes."

"Do you think that I could see him?"

"I don't know that it will do you any good—he will be in in about an hour, then we'll both talk to him."

"Well, I'll wait."

When Wosta arrived McCarthy introduced Scully of Montana to him. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Scully."

"Perhaps when you know my mission you won't be so glad to meet me."

"O, I don't know any reason why I should change my mind," smiling.

"Well, I came to talk to you about your niece."

"Ah! that's it, is it? Well, I have heard enough of her already and don't want to hear any more."

"Well, you'll have to hear some more. I know she is a terribly wronged woman, and when you know the entire facts you will say so too."

"I think I know the facts in the case as well as you."

"In that you're mistaken; you only think so. You still have a good deal to learn." Scully's positive tone staggered Wosta who looked hard at Scully. "Yes, and when

you know the facts in the case you'll be the foremost in coming to her support."

"I've been telling him that," chimed in McCarthy.

"Did you ever hear tell of a man by the name of Hart?" inquired Wosta, looking pointedly at Scully.

"Yes, and know more about him than you do."

"You know she kept company with him, don't you?"

"No, I know she didn't keep company with him."

"What? Why I saw him with her on different occasions and saw him hanging around the house waiting for her."

"That may be true, but appearances are sometimes deceptive; there's a man in Joliet who could disabuse your mind."

"Who is he?"

"Rock."

"Why, he was one of her associates."

"You're mistaken."

"Well, I would not believe him, no matter what he said."

"Well, you verify the old saying, 'There's none so blind as those who refuse to see!'"

"Come now, Wosta, you'll live to regret this," said McCarthy, "if the worst should happen your niece, you'll never forgive yourself."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Wosta with a show of impatience. "If you think you can prove me wrong, I'll give you the chance."

"Now, that looks sensible," said Scully. "I still think there is some hope for you," smiling at Wosta and extending his hand. "I'll want you, however, to take a trip to Joliet with me. What say you if we go the day after tomorrow?"

"I'll go, if I can get relieved."

"I'll see to it," said McCarthy, very much pleased at the turn things had taken.

Chapter LII

HERMAN WOSTA GETS A SHOCK.

When Mike Scully, Herman Wosta and a clerk from King's entered the warden's office at the penitentiary they were well received. Scully introduced Wosta and the other gentleman. "Sit down," said the official. "I suppose you have come to see Rock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, since you were here before, Mr. Scully, I think I did you some good. The following morning I had them bring Rock over and I said to him, 'Now, Rock, I am going to put you over in the hospital. I want you to help and attend to the patients there, and if you do the right thing I'll keep you there.' He promised he would. 'Do you know you have an influential friend?' I said to him. 'Who is he?' he inquired. 'Never mind who he is, he stands ace high with the Governor, what he says goes.' So I think you will have little trouble with him. Here, take a cigar," pulling out a box from a drawer in his desk, "and I'll send for him."

As soon as Rock entered the office in which the three men were seated, he observed Wosta, and a broad grin came over his countenance.

"Sit down, Rock," said Scully. "How are they treating you?"

"Pretty good since you were here. I think you must have put in a good word for me, I'm in the hospital now."

"That's nothing to what I'm going to do for you, if you do the right thing by us. I suppose you know Mr. Wosta?"

"Yes, that's the cop that shot my pal," grinning at Herman.

"I didn't know who he was," replied Wosta. "He fired at me twice before I fired at him."

"Well, you were lucky he didn't plug you on a former occasion."

"When was that?"

"The night you knocked him with your niece, when you had the fight," grinning.

"Well, that's by-gones," said Scully, "so there's no use of hatching old sores. Let us to the point. Tell us what transpired between Hart and Miss Burdett at their first meeting."

Rock gave a graphic description of what had taken place, up to the time he and Margy left Florence and Hart in the wineroom together.

"Me and Margy went into the next room where we both could hear the desperate struggle. My, but she put up a fight; we could hear the chairs and table go rattling over; he choked her until I thought he would kill her. I began to get scared."

Scully looked at Wosta, who had turned livid with passion.

"What after that?"

"She ran out of the saloon."

"Well, how did she become associated with him afterward?" inquired Wosta.

"Why, he hung around the place where she worked, stopped her on the street—at first she wouldn't speak to him. Then he jollied her up about marriage, until at last she listened to him. Then you remember the picnic, where they had the race?"

"Yes, where you bet the fifty dollars and lost?"

Rock laughed at the mention of it. "Why that was only a bluff, to jolly you and her. You remember Hart wouldn't trust anybody with the money, only you?"

A scowl came over Wosta's face. "Well, after the race," said Rock, continuing, "he took her to a hotel and ordered supper and paid for a bottle of champagne; he talked soft things to her about marriage and housekeeping until the train left. She wasn't used to drinking, so he had her muddled in no time."

"That can't be so, because she sent a telegram?"

"Nothing of the kind; he sent the telegram and tried to lay the blame on you."

"Why didn't she denounce him the next day?"

"Because she was afraid. He threatened to expose her, and most likely he would, and then you and the rest of your family would have discarded her. She just did as ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would do—kept quiet about it."

"After all that she made up with him again, because I saw him at the corner of the street near where she lived, waiting for her. And after the fight he and I had, when I went to the house, she was in the act of coming out to meet him. What have you to say to that?" inquired Wosta.

"That's all true. He bulldozed her until she was frightened of her life of him, and being afraid of her people, especially you, she consented that night to go to a dance with him, in hopes of keeping him quiet."

"My God!" exclaimed Wosta. "I see the whole damnable proceedings now. My sister's child driven to desperation, and I have been so harsh with her! Come, Mr. Scully, let us get away. I have heard enough of this."

"You're not going to go back on me, now?" said Rock, looking up at Scully. "I've done the right thing, haven't I?"

"Yes, I am well satisfied, and as soon as this trial is over I will see what can be done for you."

When Herman Wosta arrived home that night he startled his people by his vehement defense of his niece.

"I know all about it now," he shouted. "She's been abused shamefully. Yes, Mrs. Long" (who happened to be present), "if you heard the story I heard today, you would be glad my poor sister, her mother, is dead, so she could never learn it."

"Calm yourself, Herman," said his mother to him, while the rest gazed in blank amazement.

The day after Herman Wosta and Scully had interviewed Rock in the prison, Mrs. Scully rushed off to the county jail to tell Florence the story as had been told her by her husband. The turnkey had no sooner opened the cell door

than she rushed in—"Florence! I bring you glad tidings. Sit down and listen.

"Mr. Scully and your Uncle Herman were away together yesterday to see a party, and when they came back your Uncle Herman vowed he would leave no stone unturned to see you righted; and that your grandfather and grandmother felt happy in spite of their grief, and told Herman to call upon you and give you their love. Herman would have come today, only they had to go and see Mr. King, your lawyer. Another officer by the name of McCarthy was going with them."

Florence wept. "So they have forgiven me?"

"Yes, and a Mrs. Long, whoever she is, told her husband that he had to do all he could. I suppose you know them?"

"Yes, I know Mrs. Long well, she was my mother's closest friend. She is a good soul."

"Come now, Florence, you must have courage and be a little more cheerful. You see the sun begins to be a little brighter. Even Father Nolan hopes and prays for you. He told us the other evening he would like to come and see you, but on account of your religion being different from his he might be misunderstood, but he told me to tell you that he hoped for your liberation."

"That was kind of him. Miss Brown mentioned him to me, she said he was a saintly man. I am sure I would have no objection to meet him, in fact, would be pleased."

"Then I will have him call."

Mike Scully, Herman Wosta, and Sergeant McCarthy called upon King, although his clerk had already reported their interview with Rock.

"I am glad, Mr. Wosta, that you have been enlightened as to the facts in this case, and I would like you at your earliest convenience to call upon my client and give her cheer. Her greatest regret, as I am informed, is the discredit she has put on her family, but, as you know now, she has been a victim, and has suffered, mainly on account of trying to shield her good name."

"I am satisfied now," said Wosta, "to do all I can for her."

"That's right. Now, McCarthy, do you think it's possible to find that man that waited at the table the night Alderman Great kidnapped her?"

"I don't know. "You see, that's some years ago, but me and Wosta will try and locate him."

"Well, do your best. I may not be able to use him, but find him if you can; probably he was a member of the Waiters' Union. If so, and he's still in Chicago, I don't think you'll have much trouble. Some day next week I will want an interview with all our witnesses."

Mrs. Scully had brought Father Nolan to see Florence and as soon as he was permitted to enter the cell Florence rose and bowed her head reverently. "Sit down, my child. I have come to fill a mission, to tell you that one good woman, now a saint in heaven, bore you no ill will, and that with nearly her last breath prayed that those who had wronged her should not be punished on her account. I fully recognize your position, and do not desire to say anything that would cause you unhappiness. I have learned a good deal about you the last few days, and I feel heartily sorry for you."

Tears began to course down Florence's cheeks as she listened to the kindly words of the priest, but she could not utter a word.

"I have not come here to talk religion to you—your faith may differ from mine—but we both have the one God and to him you must appeal. His ear is always open to the suppliant who approaches Him in a proper spirit. I have heard you are very despondent, that you have in a measure lost hope; if that is so, I am sorry to hear it. If you have sinned you must live so as to make amends, to lead a useful life. You are still young and with God's help will have ample time to make atonement for all your transgressions. Come, now, don't cry, let me see you look cheerful. God is good and has sent you friends."

The priest laid his hand on Florence's head. "Come, now,

wipe your eyes, I have not come to bring you sorrow, but glad tidings; to infuse courage and hope into you, to tell you that if you are not fit to live, you are not fit to die; God never wills the death of a sinner. Men may condemn you, but if the Redeemer was present he would say, 'Ye that are free from sin, let him cast the first stone!' Remember Christ's promise, 'Come, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

The priest rose to take his leave.

Florence offered her hand. "Father, you have given me great comfort; I will try to look to the future."

"Do, my child, and may God bless you." He extended his hand over her bowed head.

Mrs. Scully escorted him to the entrance of the women's quarters. Many of the female prisoners bowed to him as he passed, and to all he acknowledged their recognition with a kindly smile. When Mrs. Scully returned she found Florence much more cheerful. She kissed Mrs. Scully as soon as she entered the cell. "Ah! Mrs. Scully, that is a grand man, no wonder you, who are of the same religion as he, have faith in the ministration of your pastor. I feel happy now, and have faith in my redemption."

"Yes, but you must desire to live so that you may do good in the future."

"I will. I now have hope."

When Herman Wosta entered the sheriff's office to get permission to see his niece, the sheriff, who had made his acquaintance during the trial of Rock, Schultz, Bert, and Phipps, turned to him. "So you've come at last, have you? Well, it's about time; to think that people, strangers, have come thousands of miles to help out your relative and her own people not to come near her. I hardly know what to think of you."

"Well, sheriff, we have been very sore against her, but it's all over now."

"Take this," handing him the necessary pass, "and go square yourself, and then set to work to do all you can for her. She's a good woman, no matter what the press

or people say. The state's attorney and I have split our friendship over her; but I don't care—I feel like giving up my job if she's convicted."

When Herman entered the cell he took her in his big arms and kissed her tenderly. "Florence, I have been harsh to you. It was my great love for your mother, my sister, and your people, but it is all forgotten now. Your grandparents send their love to you and pray that you may be restored to them. Mr. and Mrs. Long also send their regards, and Mrs. Sloan—you remember her? She, too, wants to be remembered, in fact all our people are anxious for your deliverance."

"Ah, uncle!" she cried, midst her sobs, "if you only knew what I have gone through you would pity me."

"I know enough—don't mention a single thing—I forbid you." He held her hand as they sat in silence for some moments.

"I won't be able to come and see you often, as I have much to do. We are all working in your interest, and hope for the best. Be of good cheer, you are not friendless now, and we begin to feel confidence in the ultimate result." He again took her in his arms before leaving and she looked up into his face as he wiped away her tears.

"When was Mary Vann here?" he inquired.

"A few days ago."

"Well, she has been a loyal friend of yours. She and I have been estranged over you; but I must see her and tell her I was wrong."

"Ah, Herman! She, too has had her experiences, but now she's a good woman. You men are sometimes uncharitable and don't make sufficient allowance for our misfortunes. You should know it is a rare case where a woman goes wrong, that the man is not more to blame than she, whom the world frowns on, while he too often escapes even censure."

"Good-bye, but not for long," as he kissed her farewell.

Chapter LIII.

THE TRIAL OF FLORENCE BURDETT.

The day set for the trial of Florence Burdett had arrived. Long ere the time for the judge to take his seat, the court-room was crowded and bailiffs were placed at the doors to prevent any more from gaining admission. This was a trying position for the court officials, the women being particularly persistent; some who were influential obtained admission through the judge's chambers, others appealed to the sheriff until at last it was impossible to find room for any more, so the doors were closed.

Mike Scully and Herman Wosta occupied seats inside the rail, King, Relgiez and Nomolos were chatting at one side of a large table, the state's attorney and two of his assistants at the other side.

At length the judge was seen to enter and take his seat, a bailiff gave the edge of the rostrum on which the judge sat a vicious knock with his gavel and proclaimed in the usual form that the honorable court was now in session. All eyes were turned in the direction toward which two females were coming; one, the prisoner, dressed in black, walked with her head down, accompanied by another lady about her own age. Most of those in court rose from their seats and craned their necks to get a look at the prisoner, while a buzzing filled the room.

"Silence in court!" shouted the bailiff, at the same time hammering the desk with his gavel.

"Sit down there," were the peremptory orders of other bailiffs in different parts of the room. The prisoner and her escort took seats right behind the leading counsel for the defense. King turned and whispered to them. The lady who had escorted Florence smiled, and then gazed around until she observed a gentleman seated some distance away, nodded and smiled to him.

Florence, deathly pale, held her head down, neither look-

ing to the right or left. King spoke to her and smiled, she merely inclined her head.

The judge arranged some papers, took a survey of the crowded court room, and then looked at the clerk, who proceeded to call off a number of names. As each one was called he took his seat in the place allotted for jurors; when the twelve seats were occupied they were duly sworn, after which they sat down.

The state's attorney rose, bowed to the court, and said: "Gentlemen, the case now on trial is one in which the defendant is charged with murder in the first degree; the extreme penalty for which, as you are no doubt aware, is death. It is to be hoped the trial will not be protracted, as both myself and my learned friend on the other side know that many of you are business men, who have to conform to this most important duty at considerable inconvenience."

He looked over at Attorney King, as much as to inquire if those remarks met his approval; King nodded.

"What is your name?" looking at the man in the front row nearest the judge's desk.

"Ole Olson."

"Where do you live, Mr. Olson?"

The juror informed him by answering the question as asked.

"Do you know any of the parties in this case?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know any of the counsel on the other side?"

The juror looked over at the counsel for the defense. "No, sir."

"Have you read of this case in the papers?"

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"Are you averse to capital punishment even when there's a woman in the case?"

To all questions asked, whether answered satisfactorily or not, the state's attorney gave no intimation, but passed on to the next juror.

"What's your name?"

"John O'Loughlin," in an emphatic tone.

"Where do you live, Mr. O'Loughlin? What business are you in? Now, you heard the questions I put the gentleman on your right, do you think that your answer to those questions would be such as to qualify you as a competent juror?"

"No, sir."

"To what question do you think your answer would be unsatisfactory?"

"To the one, 'Do you know any of the parties concerned?'"

"You don't know the prisoner, do you?"

"No, but I know of the alderman and know he was no good."

The state's attorney looked at the judge, who rose from his seat and, frowning on O'Loughlin, in a severe tone, said,

"You're excused, sir. A very improper and uncalled-for answer."

O'Loughlin got his hat and rushed out of court.

There was a titter amongst the audience. King smiled at the prospective jurors occupying the chairs, while the bailiffs rapped for order. Another prospective juror was moved up into O'Loughlin's place.

"What's your name?"

"John Pritchard."

"Where do you live, Mr. Pritchard?"

Pritchard answered the question.

"Now, Mr. Pritchard, in view of what has taken place, I want you to answer the questions asked in a manner not derogatory to either side in this controversy, and the same applies to all you gentlemen."

Most of the jurors nodded their heads.

"Now, Mr. Pritchard, for the purpose of saving time, you heard the inquiries I made to Mr. Olson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, do you feel you can conform to the duties of a competent juror?"

"Yes, I believe I can."

"You don't know any of the parties concerned in the case, nor the counsel on either side?"

"No, sir."

The next man asked demurred at capital punishment, and the judge rose.

"Even if the law of this state decreed it?"

"Yes, sir; my conscience wouldn't let me hang anybody."

"You're excused."

Nine jurors had been examined and five excused for cause. Four seemed to meet the approval of the state's attorney. He held a whispered consultation with his assistants and then, turning to King, said, "We'll accept those four."

Mr. King rose and bowed to the jurors.

"Mr. Olson, are you a married man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Daughters among them?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see by your answer to the opposing counsel you have read the papers. Of course, all intelligent men read the papers nowadays; now, I'm going to ask you, not have you formed an opinion, but to ask you have you formed such an opinion as would prejudice you so strongly against the defendant, this lady here," pointing to Florence (all the jurors looked in the direction), "as not to give her a fair and impartial trial?"

"No, sir."

"And you would give her the benefit of any doubt that might arise in your mind, or in other words, that you would have to be satisfied beyond a shadow of a doubt, before you would convict?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe a woman has a right to protect her person and property even to the taking of life, if such a case should arise?"

The attorneys for the prosecution were seen to be whispering to one another.

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, I'll try and make it clear to you. Supposing a woman is attacked in her own home and in danger of personal violence, defends herself and in that defense a life is taken. Would you convict her?"

"Not if according to the evidence she was justified."

"Do you know any of the counsel on the other side?"

"No, sir."

"Or any relatives or personal friends of the deceased?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Pritchard, I see that you were paying particular attention to the queries I put to Mr. Olson, and I have no doubt but what you understand their purport?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Is there any one of them to which you would feel justified in giving a different answer from what he did?"

"No."

"You're a married man?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, of course, living at home with your family?"

"Yes, sir."

"I merely ask you that question, Mr. Pritchard, because I want a high-class, moral, intelligent jury to try this case, and feel confident that you're such a man."

"Thank you, sir," smiling.

Turning to the next juror, Mr. Johnson, Attorney King continued:

"You're not acquainted with any of the counsel on the other side?"

"No, sir."

"Nor friends or relatives of the deceased?"

"No."

"Mr. Johnson, I see by your answer to my learned friend you live on the south side."

"Yes, sir."

"That is the first ward, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever take any part in politics over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Might I ask you in what particular?"

"I was captain of the precinct."

"And helped the alderman out?" said King, smiling.

"Yes, sir."

"I see that you are now out of employment. What did you do formerly?"

"I have held different positions."

"Ever tend bar?"

"Yes."

"You heard the proposition I put to Mr. Olson and Mr. Pritchard and their answers; do you coincide with them?"

"Sure."

Then to the next man:

"Your name is Hertz. Now, Mr. Hertz, so as not to weary you with questions, you heard those I put to the other gentlemen, especially those as to the right of persons to defend themselves when in fear of injury to their person or property?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Hertz, I ask you this question as a mere matter of form—you read the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course I know you do, but I am going to ask you, have you read anything in the papers that would so influence your mind, as to prevent you from giving my client, this lady here," pointing his hand to Florence (the jurors' eyes all turned in her direction), "a fair and impartial trial?"

"Certainly not."

"You're a married man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know any person concerned in this trial, attorneys, the deceased or any of his personal friends?"

"No, sir."

"You will be willing, as the law declares you should, to

give her the benefit of any doubt that may arise in your mind?"

"I would have to be satisfied as to her guilt."

"Well, that's the same thing and very well put, Mr. Hertz," nodding to the juror.

Attorney King stooped down as if in consultation with his two colleagues and rising said, "We will excuse you, Mr. Johnson."

It became apparent to the counsel for the prosecution that the line of defense was to be one of justifiable homicide, so the prosecution took great pains in examining the balance of the jurors on this special phase of the question. Many jurors were excused on both sides, the counsel for the defense taking great pains to get on the jury men of families, especially those who had daughters. Occasionally there was a wordy war between the opposing forces, Mr. King preserving an appearance of good humor, and always giving way to his learned friend on the opposite side in minor matters, at the same time smiling at the jurors as if to get their approval of his course.

It took five days to get the jury, the attorney for the prosecution being very critical as to the justification necessary before the taking of life. Challenges became frequent, many being excused for cause.

On the day the jury was completed, court adjourned after giving the usual instructions to the jury to hold no conversation with any one in reference to the case. They were then given in charge of a couple of bailiffs, with a warning to let no outsider converse with them.

Florence was taken back to her cell, Mrs. Scully telling her to be of good cheer.

"What do you think of your jury, Mr. King?" inquired Scully, while they were waiting for Mrs. Scully.

"That jury will never convict her. There are three men on it I would stake my life on. They'll stick till doom's-day, and, if the state's attorney persists in demanding the full penalty, we have him. Of course the defendant shot the fellow, there's no disputing that, but I am full of hope. I

have got a tip they're going to rake up everything they can about her previous character. Who's this fellow Hooligan that seems so officious? I wonder if he is one of their witnesses?"

"Why, he's a dirty, low-down groggery keeper. His place was the rendezvous for the Hart gang," replied Scully.

"Well, they surely won't want him to testify,—if they do, its a sign of weakness. I will want you to give me some of the particulars about him."

"McCarthy can tell you," said Wosta. "He knows him well."

"Then you tell McCarthy I want to see him in the morning. Here's Mrs. Scully. Well, Mrs. Scully," said King, laughing, "I suppose you saw your friend securely caged?"

"Yes, poor thing, she was quite done up."

"Well, never mind, the day after tomorrow I'll appoint you as her keeper. Our friend, the sheriff, wants to fire her, anyway," laughing.

They shook hands and parted.

Chapter LIV:

THE PROSECUTION.

The day following the one on which the jury was completed saw such crowds gathered around and in the criminal court building as had never been seen before. Immediately the doors were open there was a rush of people that swept the bailiffs aside, women got knocked down in the confusion, some of them lost their hats in the melee, and the dresses of others were torn. The bailiffs present did the best they could to stem the torrent, but in vain.

The sheriff, who was present, summoned more of his deputies to assist in preserving order. Many attorneys who had come late were refused admission in spite of their protests. King and his associates had arrived early and had

their books arranged before the rush took place. King smiled when he saw the impetuous crowd clamoring for admission.

"We are going to have an audience, anyway," he said to Scully and Wosta, who were standing by at the time. "I am glad to see so many women present," he whispered, "though as a rule they're very hard on their own sex. I see Hooligan is here," looking in the direction where the distinguished pot-house patriot was in consultation with the state's attorney.

The judge took his seat. The prisoner was seen coming leaning on the arm of the lady that had escorted her on previous occasions, the face of the prisoner pale and care-worn, that of her escort bearing the bloom of vigorous health as she conducted her unfortunate friend to the chair allotted to her. She looked around in proud defiance, her face flushed; she knew the crucial period had arrived. Ere she sat down she nodded to her husband and Wosta, who both bowed without smiling. The occasion was too serious. The bailiffs rapped for order.

The state's attorney arose.

"May it please your honor, I would have all the witnesses excluded from the room."

The order was given. A number of people rose, Hooligan looked at the state's attorney in an inquiring manner. The attorney waved his hand to him—he was no exception, so he retired, chagrined at what he thought an indignity.

The state's attorney commenced his address by bowing to the court.

"May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury, my official position imposes upon me the painful duty of presenting this case for your consideration. I am pleased, however, to inform you, that as far as the case for the prosecution is concerned, my arraignment will be brief, and as we have but few witnesses to examine on our side, very little of your time will be taken up. The prisoner at the bar is charged with the murder of Thomas Great, one of our most widely known and, I might say, influential citizens, a man

long in public life and deeply mourned by all who knew him. The evidence will show the murder took place in the boudoir, adjoining a bedroom in this woman's house, and at the time of the assassination there was no one in the room but the prisoner and her victim, precluding all possibility that any one but the prisoner could have committed the crime. To substantiate this fact, we will place her maid on the stand, who will testify that after the fatal shot had been fired she found the accused standing over her victim with the smoking revolver in her hand. We will corroborate this statement by the housekeeper who arrived shortly on the scene, and also by the policeman who arrived ere the gun had been taken out of her hand and to whom she admitted her guilt; he will produce the revolver with its empty barrels from which the dread messengers of death were sped, and which found lodgment in the body of the man; those two bullets, having been recovered, will be shown to be identical with those still in the revolver. We will further prove the cause of death by the testimony of the doctor who made the post mortem examination, so no link is wanting in the chain of evidence. I am fully alive to the fact that where a woman is charged with a heinous offense, it is natural among men that some sympathy, some commiseration be felt for her; but, gentlemen of the jury, the law makes no more distinction between the sexes than it does the race or religion of the accused man or woman. Black or white stand alike under the law. A fair face may create a maudlin sentiment, which you, in the capacity of an impartial tribunal, must ignore.

"We noticed, during the impaneling of this jury, the distinguished counsel on the other side frequently called your attention to the accused. He did this with that consummate ability so well known to him, believing that it might affect your minds, warp your judgment, and lead you to overlook the grave responsibility imposed by your oath and to forget your duty to the state, to your county, to your God. We will, however, prove to you gentlemen that this is not the face of a saint, but the face of a siren, capable and

accomplished in leading men to destruction. It is possible, but not probable, that the defense, like ghouls, may try to besmirch the memory of the dead,—let us hope not,—let the dead rest in peace. We have to deal with the living. The only question that confronts us is, did this woman murder the man in cold blood and in malice aforethought? In our effort to establish this fact, we will endeavor to show that she is a woman of experience, yes, one with a record, that in her past life she has been associated with criminals, one at least who met his fate, others who are now serving time in the state penitentiary. In conclusion, gentlemen of the jury, I appeal to you, and feel that such an appeal is hardly necessary, that you be guided solely and wholly by the law and evidence which we will be enabled to lay before you. If you do, we feel confident that justice will be done, and that you will return to your homes satisfied in the conscious conviction that you have done your duty."

During the delivery of his speech, Mrs. Scully could not keep her eyes off him. At the conclusion she gave a despairing look at her husband. Florence never raised her head. It would seem as if she had not heard a word he said.

The court looked at the counsel for the defense, who rose and said:

"May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury, it was my intention to make no opening statement, but some of the remarks of my learned friend make it imperative. In his opening address he seems to fear that the ghouls will rake up the memory of the dead. Why should he fear? It is said that the 'works of good men live after them.' We delight in recounting them. The records of bad men survive them. Books, both secular and religious, record them. What you want to get at is the truth, the whole truth. Then, and not till then, will you be capable of judging. I feel confident that my learned friend will not spare my client in the discharge of what he believes to be his duty as public prosecutor. He would be unworthy of the high office he holds if he did. It is legitimate on his part and we know he is capable. But, gentlemen of the jury, in this case he'll

fail, ignobly fail! As the law and the evidence will establish, and which I believe your sound judgment will easily discern, we court the fullest inquiry in this case, not only of the killing, but the events which led up to it, and which my learned opponent refers to by innuendo. There is, however, one unkind cut he made in his opening argument, when he refers to the features of my client. When he distinguishes them between the face of a saint and a siren, probably he will put some expert on the stand to inform you gentlemen of the peculiarities that distinguish them, or he may try to lead you to believe that he himself is an expert in such matters. Maybe it's that that still keeps him a bachelor" (looking over at the state's attorney, who was biting his lips), "but, gentlemen, if such a phase of the question should enter into this case, I will rely upon your judgment, especially on you husbands, you fathers of families, you who have daughters that you love and whose characters you would vindicate with your lives. I have already trespassed too much on your time and perhaps your patience, so will conclude and let him call his witnesses."

The state's attorney rose. "Call Miss Agnes Deverioux." In a brief time a stylishly dressed young woman was seen entering with a bailiff. "Take the chair, Miss Deverioux; be sworn."

"What is your name?"

"Agnes Deverioux."

"Where do you live, Miss Deverioux?"

"At present I am staying at a hotel."

"Where were you living on the night of September 9th, 189—?"

"At —— Avenue."

"That's in Chicago, Cook County, State of Illinois?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity or what position did you occupy at that time?"

"Lady's maid to Mrs. Florence Burdett, as she was known there."

"Look around and see if you can recognize her in court."

"Yes, sir; that's her," pointing at Florence.

"Now, on the night referred to, tell the court and jury what took place in your own way, and be as concise as possible."

"I was attending to the missus as usual; about midnight I assisted her to undress. She lay down on the sofa; she complained she couldn't sleep. About two o'clock she told me to retire. I went to bed and was awakened some time after by hearing an angry altercation in her room. I listened for some moments and then came out into the passage. Suddenly I heard two shots fired. I screamed and pushed the door open, leading to her room."

"Yes; and what did you see then?"

"I saw Mrs. Burdett standing with a revolver in her hand, and Alderman Great lying on the floor."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Mrs. Leonora Kline came running in and I heard a loud knocking at the front door. I ran back to my room to put some of my clothes on, then I went down stairs, opened the door and let a policeman in."

"Well, what happened then?"

"I followed the policeman into the room and saw him take the revolver out of Mrs. Burdett's hand."

"What was Mrs. Kline doing?"

"She was bending over the man."

"Did Mrs. Burdett say anything?"

"Yes, she said she killed him." There was a buzzing in court.

"Well, go on."

"Then another policeman came and some men wanted to come upstairs, but one of the policemen ordered them down. Then I helped Mrs. Burdett on with her clothes and they took her away. One of the policemen stayed with the body and I went to my room."

"That's all—take the witness."

King rose, "Miss Deverioux, how long have you been in the employ of Mrs. Burdette?"

"About three years, sir."

"Where did she engage you?"

"In France."

"She was traveling at the time, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there any other person with her?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"I object—it's irrevelant," shouted the state's attorney.

"Oh, let her answer," said the court. "You can answer, miss."

"Alderman Great."

"Now, Miss Deverioux, on the night of the tragedy you say you heard a loud altercation in Mrs. Burdett's room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could you distinguish the voices?"

"Yes, I knew who was there."

"Describe what you heard, if anything."

"I could not hear what was said, but I could hear loud talking."

"You could distinguish the male voice, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he talking loud?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the relationship between you and Mrs. Burdett always been of a cordial character?"

"Yes, sometimes she was a little irascible, she used to have fits of melancholy, then she wasn't very sociable."

"But otherwise you were always friendly?"

"Yes, sir."

"You enjoyed her confidence?"

"Fully."

"If I remember right, you said that you were in the passage, you knew who it was that was in the room?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"Because no gentleman was ever allowed to go into Mrs. Burdett's room but Mr. Great, and that night in particular she was in her night clothes."

"Yes; so I understand you to say, you had charge of her wardrobe, had you?"

"Yes."

"And access to her rooms and clothes closets?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see that revolver," speaking to the state's attorney.

"Be careful," said the counsel for the prosecution, "it is still loaded."

Going over to the witness, King, holding the revolver in his hand, said, "Now I am going to ask you, Miss Deverioux, did you ever see that revolver before the night of the shooting?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever know your mistress to have a revolver?"

"No, sir."

"That's all."

"Call Mrs. Kline," shouted the state's attorney.

Mrs. Kline corroborated Miss Deverioux's statement as to finding Florence with the gun in her hand and the declaration she made in the presence of the policeman that she killed the deceased.

"Take the witness."

"You, I understand, acted as housekeeper, Mrs. Kline?"

"Yes, sir."

"And of course had free access to all the rooms?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever examine the drawers, and clothes closets to arrange the garments?"

"No, sir; Miss Deverioux attended to that. I have gone in and gathered up the soiled clothes to send to the laundry."

"Ever find a revolver, blunderbuss, or gatling gun among them?"

"No, sir," smiling.

"That's all, Mrs. Kline."

Officer Kronan was the next witness. He gave his account as to how he found the prisoner and the dead man, and her admission as to the killing.

"I suppose," said King, in cross-examination, "you didn't warn her that any statement she would make might be used against her?"

"No, I asked her who killed the man, and she said she did."

"Was she very violent? She didn't resist you, did she?"

"No, we just waited while she got her clothes on and brought her away."

"That's all."

"I just want to ask you a question," said the counsel for the prosecution.

"Did you coerce her into making the statement that she killed him?"

"No, sir."

"Nor sweat her when you got her to the station?" inquired King.

"No, we sent for the county physician right away—she was in a collapse."

The county physician was the next witness. He described the wounds. "One bullet had pierced the deceased in the chest and lodged against the spinal column, the other had struck him in the face and lodged near the base of the skull; either would prove fatal. I extracted the bullets."

"Are those the bullets?" asked the state's attorney, handing him two for examination.

"Yes, I marked them when I extracted them."

"Take the witness."

"I understand, doctor," said King, rising, "that you were sent for after the prisoner was brought to the station."

"Yes."

"What condition did you find her in?"

"She was completely prostrated, as a woman would be who had suffered some great mental shock."

"Notice any marks about her?"

"Her left arm was red and discolored. I also noticed a slight abrasion over her right eye which became somewhat discolored afterward."

"As if from a bruise, I presume. How would you ac-

count for that?"

"Well, it might happen many ways; she might have knocked it against something."

"Might it arise from a blow?"

"Yes."

"Now, I'm going to ask you," taking the revolver in his hand and holding the butt towards the doctor, "might not a push of this up against the injured part cause such an abrasion?"

"Possibly."

"Not probably?"

"Well, probably it could be caused that way."

"Doctor, you've had a good deal of experience in your time with shooting scrapes and guns, some of which were probably owned by ladies?"

The doctor nodding, "Yes."

"Now I am ging to ask you, is this the kind of weapon that it is customary for ladies to purchase?"

"Well, hardly."

"I suppose something with a little pearl handle and a barrel as long and as thick as your little finger is more to their taste?"

The doctor smiled, "Yes."

"And then they never have them loaded," continued King, "for fear they would go off—isn't that so, doctor?"

"Yes, it's often the case."

"That will do, doctor, thank you."

"Bring in Mr. Hooligan," said the prosecutor.

Hooligan took his seat in the witness chair; he seemed nervous. The state's attorney rose to examine him. "Mr. Hooligan, you're in business on the West Side, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were acquainted with both the principals in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you first become acquainted with the prisoner?"

"It was some nine years ago. I first met her at a dance."

"Whom was she with on that occasion?"

"A man by the name of Hart."

"Did you observe if she was on good terms with him?"

"Yes, very; she danced with him only; on one occasion I was in the same set, then she went to supper with him. After that I saw them go away together."

"Do you of your own knowledge know that she kept company with him?"

"I often heard him talk about her as his woman."

The judge looked over at King, expecting an objection. King's assistants both looked hard at him. "Let him go on," he whispered.

"Did you ever hear of a picnic they attended together?"

"Yes, and she stayed out all night with him. I heard some young men in my place talking about it the next day."

"Did you hear Hart talk about it?"

"Yes."

"Any other occasion when he was identified with her?"

"Yes, I remember an occasion when he told me and others in my place that he had a date with her, and that he and her uncle had a fight. I know her uncle got a warrant out for him, as two policemen came into my place looking for him."

"You were a close friend of the alderman's, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, did the alderman ever express any opinion in your presence about her?"

"Yes, frequently; he said she was a leech and he wished he was rid of her, but he was afraid she might expose him or do him some bodily harm."

"Did you ever hear him say she threatened him?"

"Well, not exactly, but I learned from his conversation that he was kind of scared of her."

Herman Wosta moved uneasily in his seat while Hooligan was giving his evidence.

"Now, I'm going to ask you one more question, Mr. Hooligan. What was the general reputation of this man Hart, she kept company with?"

"Bad; very bad; he was shot and killed in a burglary."

"So, before the alderman met her she was the associate of thieves?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the mistress of one of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take the witness."

King, in his mildest tone, "You're a business man on the west side, I understand, Mr. Hooligan. Might I ask what business you're in?"

"Yes, sir, saloon business."

"Mr. Hart and the alderman both used to frequent your place?"

"Yes, sir; my public house was open to everybody."

"I have no doubt of that, as long as they brought grist to your mill. You know a party by the name of Rock?"

"Yes."

"He and the alderman used to attend your place, too?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"Now, isn't it a fact that Rock used to tend bar for you?"

"Yes, when I hadn't another bartender."

"I understand, you also knew a Mr. Bert and a Mr. Phipps?"

"I object to this line of examination, your honor," said the state's attorney, "on the ground it's irrevelant."

"Your honor," replied King, "I'm going to impugn the evidence of this witness and will establish its relevancy if my distinguished friend will give me time."

"Let him answer the questions," said the court.

"Yes, I knew them."

"You also knew a Henry Mort?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No."

"Don't you know he's a fugitive from justice?"

"So I understand."

"Where are Rock, Bert, and Phipps?" Hooligan looked

at the state's attorney. "Come, answer the question," cried King, peremptorily.

"They're in the penitentiary."

"I suppose you don't know where Hart and the alderman are?" shouted King.

"Objection!"

"Objection sustained."

"You refer to a dance, Mr. Hooligan, where you first became acquainted with Miss Burdett; under whose auspices was that held?"

"Some young men in my neighborhood."

"Do you remember the names of any of them?"

"Well, there was quite a number of them."

"Name some of them."

"I forget."

"Well, I'll jog your memory. Wasn't it the Five Jolly Boys?"

"I believe it was."

"You weren't one of the five?"

"No, sir."

"Well, who were they?" Hooligan hesitated. "Come now, you know them all."

Hooligan looked again at the state's attorney.

"Answer my questions," shouted King, "or I will have to remind you. "Weren't they Hart, Mort, Rock, Bert and Phipps, all noted criminals?"

"Yes, I believe that was their names."

"Don't you know that was their names, and that you were on the management committee?"

"Yes," he gasped.

"That's a fine diamond you have in your shirt front, Hooligan, where did you buy it?"

"I protest against this abuse of the state's witness," shouted the attorney for the prosecution.

"Mr. King," said the court, "you will have to confine yourself to proper questions."

"I thought, your honor, as his friends were in the jewelry business, he got it cheap. I'm through with him for the present, but reserve the right to call him again."

"That concludes the case for the prosecution, your honor," said the state's attorney. It being long past noon, the court took a recess until two-thirty.

Chapter LV.

THE DEFENSE.

The general impression among those who had attended the morning session was that the counsel for the prosecution had made out a strong case against the defendant. That she killed the alderman had been established beyond dispute; her association with Hart and men of his class had weaned some of the sympathy from her as expressed by many at the commencement of the morning session.

Attorney King's men, who had mingled with the crowd previous to the opening of court, informed him of the marked change. Mrs. Scully was very much depressed, Herman Wosta could not disguise his anxiety. When the prisoner was brought in she had the same appearance of total indifference as to the circumstances by which she was confronted. On order being established, Attorney King rose and addressed the court—

"May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury—For the purpose of simplifying this case I would say that the labored efforts on the part of my learned friend to establish the fact as to the deceased receiving the wounds that caused his death at the hands of my client as superfluous, that fact has never been disputed, nor is it the intention of the defense nor has it ever been the desire to question it. We, however, believe that we have just cause of complaint against the prosecution for the determined effort they have made to place my client in the category of being a vile, un-

scrupulous, immoral woman, even from the time of her early childhood. That this has been done for the purpose of prejudicing your minds against her must be apparent to each and all of you. We, however, take issue with them on this feature of the case and will endeavor to prove that she was a pure, honest, industrious girl, until she innocently, and without the slightest suspicion, fell among thieves of whom that man Hooligan was the friend, patron and companion, and will further prove that those thieves preserved their liberty for years to pursue their vicious calling through the man that an avenging God made my client the instrument through which to rid the earth. I want you then, gentlemen of the jury, to rid your mind of any settled conviction you may have until the last particle of evidence has been heard and his honor the court has given you your instructions; yea, until you assemble in the privacy of your room to fully and freely discuss the issues involved in this most important trial. You are the sole judges of both the law and evidence, your decision in this case is final. In my opinion, unless my judgment based on many years' experience at the bar is not at fault, my client will be vindicated beyond a shadow of a doubt. Thanking you for your marked attention, we will proceed with the case."

"Mr. Hooligan, take the stand." Hooligan showed nervousness as he took his seat.

"Mr. Hooligan, when was the last occasion that you saw Great, previous to the time he met his death?"

"He was in my house that very night."

"Had he any drink in your place?"

"He had a couple of drinks, but not to amount to anything."

"I don't want your opinion as to what they amounted to. What was he drinking?"

"He had a couple of drinks of whiskey."

"What time did he arrive at your establishment?"

"Between ten and eleven—I don't remember the exact time."

"That's near enough; what time did he leave?"

"As near as I can remember it was about one o'clock."

"Were there many in your place that evening?"

"Yes, quite a number."

"The alderman was paying for the drinks, I suppose, as they were nearly all his constituents?"

"He paid for quite a number."

"I agree with you there, as he was noted for his liberality. Now, he was there between two and three hours; how do you arrive at the conclusion that he had only a couple of drinks?"

"I don't keep tab on how many drinks my customers take."

"You seem to have done so in this case, as you swear that he had a couple."

"Well, he may have had more. I don't remember."

"Would you be surprised to learn that he had nearly a dozen?"

"I don't believe he had; I don't know exactly how many he had."

"Any reference to Miss Burdett that night?"

"No."

"That, then, wasn't one of the times you heard him say he wanted to get rid of her?"

"No."

"It was on former occasions you heard him make that declaration?"

"Yes."

"That's all."

The state's attorney rose.

"Mr. Hooligan, was Alderman Great the worse for drink when he left your place that night?"

"No, sir."

"Or tell you where he was going?" inquired King.

"No, sir." Hooligan left the chair, to his great relief.

"Call Miss Genevieve Brown, bailiff." Miss Brown entered and took the witness chair. She wore the garb of a nurse. "Miss Brown, I should judge by your dress that you are a nurse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now state how long you have known Miss Burdett, and how you first became acquainted with her?"

Miss Brown told of seeking, and obtaining employment in the Cleveland store on the very same day Florence did and how they used to meet at lunch together.

"Now, do you remember shortly after you both went to work at that establishment some talk in reference to a dance?"

"Yes, sir; I was there."

"Please state how you came to attend it?"

"Miss Jones and Miss Burdett and I used to eat our lunch together; we became friends and used to chat during the half-hour allotted. We first heard the other girls talking about the dance, especially one Miss Jenkins. Her young man was one of the managing committee; then we learned our establishment had purchased a number of tickets that they were going to give to the help. Miss Jones and I decided to go and we pressed Florence to go with us. She said she had never been to a dance in her life and her mother wouldn't be likely to let her go, but we prevailed upon her and at last she got her mother's consent."

"You say there were a number of girls at the store where you worked. Did they all fraternize together?"

"No, not up to this time. Miss Jones, Miss Burdett and myself always kept to ourselves."

"How was that?"

"Well, some of the girls seemed rough and there was constant squabbling; sometimes their language was not very edifying and Florence used to be very much shocked."

"Who gave you the tickets to go to the dance?"

"Mr. Cohen, the floor-walker, gave some and Miss Jenkins distributed quite a number."

"A nice dance, I suppose?"

Miss Brown smiled before answering. "The early part of the evening seemed all right, but it wound up in a fearful row, the policemen came and cleared the hall, and my young man lost his overcoat."

"Indeed! See Hooligan there?" pointing to him.

"Yes, the row seemed to start about his lady. He was in the thick of the fight until some one hit him on the head with a pop bottle."

"See Rock and Hart there?"

"Yes, Hart was floor manager, but he went away before the row started. Rock and Margy just got back, when the fight was underway. They had been out somewhere."

"See Miss Burdett there?"

Yes, when I first saw her she was sitting beside Miss Jenkins."

"She wasn't dancing then?"

"No, she couldn't dance."

That's all, Miss Brown."

"You say she wasn't dancing?" said the prosecuting attorney.

"Not up to that time."

"Well, she danced afterward, didn't she?"

"Later in the evening she may have gone through some of the motions, as all amateurs have to do, but would hardly call that dancing."

"That's all."

Miss Mary Jones was called and corroborated Miss Brown's statement in every essential.

"Call Margy Jenkins."

When Margy took the chair Hooligan gazed at her some time before he could recognize her as the person he had seen in the police court at the time she was suing Rock for the support of her child. The state's attorney went and had a whispering conversation with him.

King asked her questions similar to those he had asked the two previous witnesses, as to her first acquaintance with Miss Burdett and the talk among the girls as to the dance of the Five Jolly Boys.

"Did you distribute some tickets among the girls, Miss Jenkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who gave you the tickets to distribute?"

"The head of the department I was in. He told me to give those to the girls that wanted to go."

"Did you give some to Miss Burdett?"

"I don't remember; there was plenty to give around, all the floor-walkers had some to give away."

"You attended the dance?"

"Yes, sir."

"See Miss Burdett there?"

"Yes, I saw her come in; she walked around to get a seat and came and sat down beside me."

"Had she any one with her, that you observed?"

"No, sir, she was alone."

"Were you alone, too?"

"Yes, at that time; my friend was one of the committee and was assisting Mr. Hooligan at the bar."

"You saw Mr. Hart there?"

"Yes, he was chairman of the floor committee."

"Speak to him at all?"

"Yes, he came over to where Florence and I were sitting. I introduced him to her."

"From the conversation they had did you form an opinion whether he had ever met her before?"

"Certainly; he never met her before."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Do you remember any of the conversation that took place between them?"

"Yes, I remember telling him that she didn't dance; he said she would never learn sooner. After we had talked some time Alderman Great came into the hall and Hart and a number of others went over to where he was."

"Well, what happened after that?"

"Well, when they began to get ready for the grand march Mr. Rock came over and took me, Hart was arranging the couples. He brought a young fellow by the name of Smith, and made Florence take him for a partner."

"What do you mean by 'made?' Didn't she go willingly?"

"He coaxed her, at the same time catching her by the arm

and pulling her from where she had been sitting. He placed her arm in Smith's and shoved them in behind me and Rock. The couple behind us protested, the woman insisting they should go to the rear; you see the line was nearly formed at the time and we were near the front."

"Well, what happened after the grand march?"

"We formed for a quadrille. Hart came and pushed Smith aside and grabbed Florence and held her until Alderman Great and the woman who led the grand march with him, Hooligan and his partner, Rock and myself, with her and Hart formed the set. Florence protested she could not dance and wanted to go and sit down, but Hart wouldn't let her."

"She danced then?"

"Well, she did the best she could, but, as she didn't know anything about dancing Hart had to guide her just as he wanted—he was an excellent dancer."

"Well, what then?"

"Then Hart proposed to take her to supper. She wanted to go home. I told her to come along, Rock and I were going, and it was still quite early; she still protested, but we all coaxed her to come and she finally went with us."

"Any drink at the supper?"

"Yes, the alderman sent a bottle of champagne over to where Hart and we were sitting."

"Did you all partake of the champagne?"

"Yes, Florence didn't care for hers, but Hart told her it was harmless."

"Well, what took place after supper?"

"As we went down the band was playing a schottische, Hart caught hold of Florence and whirled her around before she could object; Rock and I were in the same dance; after that she would insist on going home. Hart tried to prevail upon her to stay and so did Rock. I told her it was too early, but she would insist upon going. She said she would find her way, that I needn't come, so when Hart saw she was determined to go he said, 'Wait till I get my hat and

we'll see you part of the way.' When he returned we started out together."

"Where did you go then?"

"We walked up Milwaukee Avenue, until we came in front of a saloon, Hart said, 'We will go in here—a friend of mine keeps this place.' Florence wouldn't go. 'My mother will never forgive me, Margy, for being out so late,' she said. 'Come on,' said Hart, 'we won't stay a minute, and then we'll see you part of the way.' She said, 'No, I'll go myself.' Hart caught her by the arm and pushed her in before him."

"Go on," said King, as Margy seemed to stop as if to get her breath, "what took place there?"

"Well, Hart ordered some drinks, he and Rock took whiskey, I wanted a milk punch, Florence said she wouldn't take anything. Hart persisted she must have something. 'Well, I'll take some milk like Margaret,' said Florence. Hart ordered the two whiskies and the two milk punches; as he did so, he winked at the waiter and said, 'Put plenty of milk in this lady's,' referring to Florence." At this remark all the jury bent forward in their seats.

"Do you know what he meant by this significant remark?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"To put an extra quantity of liquor in it."

There was quite a commotion amongst the audience, many of the women were heard to sigh.

"Did she drink it?"

"The first mouthful she took made her cough violently. She said she didn't like it. Hart laughed at her and told her to drink it up and then we'd go. She didn't want to, but he pressed her until she did. Then I left the room and Rock followed me."

"Where did you go?"

"Into the next compartment."

"Could you hear any sound, anything unusual, going on in the room you left?"

"Yes, a violent commotion, as if two people were struggling."

"Hear any screaming?"

"No; just as if somebody was being choked."

"Did the struggle you mention seem to last any time?"

"It seemed about a minute, and then all was still."

"When you re-entered the room what did you observe?"

"There was a chair lying on the floor, the table had been shoved aside."

"Where was Florence?"

"She had her head on the table and was crying. Hart was standing over her trying to get her to take a drink, but she ran out of the saloon."

"Where did you go then?"

"Rock and I went back to the dance."

"Take the witness."

The state's attorney rose to cross-examine. "Are you a married woman?"

"No, sir."

"What family have you?"

"One boy."

"Who is the reputed father of your boy?"

"Mr. Rock."

"Now, isn't it a fact that you tried to prove that in the justice court, and the judge decided against you?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Never mind your 'buts,' you've answered the question."

Margy wanted to persist in giving an explanation, the state's attorney wouldn't allow her. The court at length interefered, "Miss Jenkins, you confine yourself to the question asked." Margy looked appealingly at the judge.

"How long did you cohabit with Rock?"

"Until a short time before our baby was born."

"From first to last, how long?"

"About three years."

"You knew what kind of a man Rock was all that time?"

"No, I didn't; he told me he was a bartender."

"What were you and Rock doing in the room?"

"Object," shouted King.

"Objection sustained."

"Well, you were listening. How could you hear the disturbance going on in another room?"

"There was only a thin wooden partition between the two rooms."

The state's attorney held a whispered conversation with his two colleagues, then raising his head, said, "That's all." Margy rose as if to leave the chair.

"Wait a moment, Miss Jenkins. I want to ask you a question I overlooked. Who was this Smith I heard you mention, that Hart introduced Miss Burdett to before the grand march," said King.

"A young thief; he was arrested that night for stealing a man's watch."

"How old were you when you first met Rock?"

"Just gone sixteen."

"How did you first become acquainted with him?"

"At a Saturday night dance."

"Did he take you out and treat you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then mistreat you?"

Margy held down her head.

"Come, now, Miss Jenkins, it pains me to have to ask you these questions; but I see you are a brave woman, so answer."

"Yes, sir." When Margy raised her head she was in tears.

"Compose yourself," said the judge, "and take your time." Margy wiped her eyes.

"I see the counsel for the prosecution refers to you bringing Rock into court to establish the parentage of your child. Do you remember how the case went against you?"

"Hooligan was there to give a good character to Rock, and he had a number of young hoodlums there to swear against me."

"Did you notice that the alderman was there that day? I mean the man that bought the champagne at the supper?"

"Yes, sir, he was talking to Hooligan and the young fellows."

"Do you see Hooligan in court now?"

"Yes, that's he," pointing at the groggery keeper.

"That's all." Margy left the chair to her great relief. "A brave little woman," King whispered to Mrs. Scully, "she's won the day. We must have Rock here, however, to corroborate her statement." Turning to Nomolos, "Go over and tell Mr. Scully, then you and he go and see the sheriff and get a requisition from the judge—he'll grant it."

"Call Miss Mary Vann." When Miss Vann took her seat King asked her her business and how she became acquainted with Miss Burdett, which is already known to our readers; also of their first meeting with the alderman and on the occasion of their attending the grand opera, and of the alderman sending theatre tickets to Florence.

"Now, Miss Vann, did Miss Burdett ever speak to you about a person by the name of Hart?"

"Yes, frequently; she told me of her trouble and how he had abused her."

"Did you ever meet Hart?"

"Yes, on four occasions — once when he came into the store; at the picnic given by the firm; another time when he tried to accost her on the street, and finally when he was questioned by the chief of police after Florence had been missed."

"What did you do on the occasion when he accosted you and her on the street?"

"I threatened him that if he molested any of our girls I would have him arrested."

"What did Miss Burdett do on that occasion?"

"She took refuge behind me. She was afraid of him, she began to tremble as soon as she saw him."

"What did he say when you cowed him?"

"He said he would see her later and left."

"Do you remember having a conference with her after that, when a suggestion was made of bringing a third party

in who might use his influence to prevent him from persecuting her?"

"Yes."

"State how it came about."

"She told me that she had met Alderman Great while out at lunch one day and that he told her Hart was talking about her in a saloon. The alderman said he would try and persuade Hart to let her alone. She told me a few days later that the alderman had interfered in her behalf, but had also frightened her with his suggestive remarks."

"Do you remember visiting the police station at a time after she had been missing?"

"Yes, her mother, her uncle, and a Mrs. Long were present. We told the officer, the chief of police I believe they called him, of her leaving the store, as we presumed, to go home and that she had not arrived there up to that time; and that we were anxious about her and wanted him to try and find her. We gave a full description of her and the clothes she wore. I believe we went twice. On one occasion her uncle mentioned the name of Hart. As soon as he did the officer said he thought he had a clew. We learned afterward that a detective by the name of McCarthy had located her, that she eloped with a man."

"At that time was the name of the man mentioned?"

"No, but I had my suspicions."

"Well, you know suspicions don't count, Miss Vann. I think that's all."

The state's attorney had no questions to ask.

"Call Officer McCarthy." As soon as McCarthy was seated, King said, "You're a police officer, I see?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you stationed now?"

"Hyde Park."

"Where were you located on the —— July, 188—?"

"Headquarters."

"Do you remember the occasion of a young woman being missing about that time?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"How did you become familiar with the incident.'

"I was detailed to find her."

"Well, tell the jury what you remember in connection with it."

"We started out first to search the resorts and hospitals, thinking she might either have gone astray or got injured, but could find no trace of her. After a futile search of a few days the chief called me in, and said: 'Mack, I can put you on a trail—I want you to go work it out.' He then told me of her and Hart's association. I said, 'You're wrong, chief; she's not with Hart. You know since the time you told me to keep an eye on him I've always kept him in view.' 'You're right, Mack, I know she's not with him.' He then recounted to me an incident that happened in his office, some time before, how Alderman Great requested him to bluff Hart so that he would let some girl alone. I remembered the time he told me to tell Hart to come in, he wanted him. That was shortly after he got out of prison. Well, I saw Hart and told him."

"When you went to seek him where did you find him?"

"At Hooligan's."

"Well, go on."

"It was either the next day or the day after the chief called me into his office. Hart was seated there. The chief said, 'You know Hart, Mac?' I said I did. 'Well,' he said, 'he and I have come to a little understanding about an affair, but I want you to keep track of him, because I don't know how soon I may have to bring him in.' I remember particularly he would not allow Hart to talk. 'Enough,' he said, holding up his hand; 'show Hart to the door.' I saw Hart was mad, but the chief seemed determined. Well, this day when he put me on the right track, he told me why he had Hart in. It was to do the alderman a favor; after he told me the story."

"I just want to ask you a question right here," said King, "at the time of Hart and the chief's interview, did he mention the name of the alderman or the young lady in the case?"

"No, sir; and of course I didn't ask him, I was just following instructions."

"Now go on where you left off?"

"Well, as I said, after he told me this story he said, 'You find out if Great has left the city. If not, you just find him and I'll bet she's not far off.' So I set out and could get no information—no one had seen him for some days. 'He's gone,' I thought to myself, and so reported to the chief that he must have left about the —— because no one saw him after five that evening. I thinks to myself, if he left that night it was on a late train, and if she was with him it was after seven in the evening, as she didn't leave the store until after six, and then probably they went somewhere to have supper, so I made a tour of the swell restaurants. No trace of him. I then visited some hotels where they have private dining rooms. At length I found a waiter who had served a couple answering the description. I asked him as to what drink they had. He told the man, whoever he was, was a sport and high-roller, as he had had two quarts of champagne on ice before the woman arrived. I asked him if he had heard any of their conversation. He told me that after they drank the first bottle he began to talk about her going somewhere with him, but she wouldn't listen to him. She only laughed at him. I asked him if the man was very pressing. He said yes, at first. About ten o'clock he seemed to give it up as no go. About ten-thirty the woman began to show the effect of the drink. He informed me that a short time before they left the dining-table he heard him say, 'Well, you'll see me off, anyway?' She said she would."

"Did he inform you as to her condition before she left?"

"Yes, he said she was intoxicated. He noticed her trying to put on her hat backside foremost. I then told him my mission—the woman was lost."

"What did he say then?"

"He said, 'Well, she didn't go with that fellow, because I knew she would not listen to the proposal.' I found out from him what time they left the hotel—it was about eleven-fifteen."

"Well, what then?"

"I consulted the railway guides as to the departure of trains, found the Pennsylvania flyer left at eleven forty-five, went over and consulted the crew, found one of the colored men that stands at the entrance to the car. He remembered a couple answering the description boarding his car. The woman was so much the worse for drink that she had to be assisted into the car. The man presented a ticket for the parlor, they both occupied it during the night. I also consulted one of the dining-car men who had brought them their breakfast in the morning. He told me the woman was very much excited. He judged it was an elopement and that she had rued her part in it, as she never left the parlor during the entire journey and was in very bad shape. I consulted others of the crew, especially the porter who made up the beds. Satisfied that the identification was complete I reported to the chief. He called her friends in, informed them of the facts, and the subject was dropped."

"Do you know the reputation of the house that Hooligan keeps, I mean the reputation as known to the police?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Bad; it was the resort of thieves and bums."

"Hart used to hold out there, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, and Rock and a number of other noted criminals."

"That's all."

The state's attorney put McCarthy through a vigorous cross-examination but in no way shook his testimony.

"Call John Kramer." A middle-aged man took the chair. "What's your business, Mr. Kramer?"

"Waiter."

"Where were you employed July, 188—?"

"At the Scynthia hotel."

"In what capacity?"

"Waiter."

"Do you remember the incident of a woman being missing about that time?"

"I do."

"What called your attention to it?"

"It was in all the newspapers, and a policeman interviewed me as to a couple who dined at the hotel one night."

"Do you think you could recognize the policeman if you saw him?"

"Probably."

"Stand up, McCarthy. Is that the man?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gave him the facts as you observed them on that occasion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please state them to the jury." Kramer substantiated McCarthy's testimony. "You told the officer at the time that you were confident the woman did not go away with the man?"

"Yes, that was my belief at the time."

"What led you to form that opinion?"

"From the conversation I heard. She had no notion of going with him."

"Did you know the parties at the time?"

"No, sir, but I found out afterward."

"How did you find out?"

"By identifying a picture of the woman as it appeared in the papers, and hearing talk of who the man was. I saw the man often afterward."

"Look around and see if you can identify the woman in court."

Kramer looked at Florence for some moments and then said, "It was some years ago, and the woman has changed some, but I am confident that's she," pointing at Florence.

"Take the witness."

The state's attorney in examining Kramer injured his own case. Kramer in answering his query as to Florence's condition, said she was so far gone before she left the place that he didn't believe she knew where she was going.

"That's all."

"In your opinion then, Mr. Kramer," said King, "when

she left she wasn't in a condition to be responsible for her actions."

"No, sir."

"That's all. Your Honor, it is now late, and as we have one more witness that we will be unable to put on till the morning, I respectfully ask an adjournment."

"Yes, it's about time," said the court, looking up at the clock; "the court stands adjourned."

The experience of the day had told heavily on the prisoner. It was a great relief to her when she reached her cell and threw herself on her cot. Mrs. Scully decided to stay with her for a couple of hours. After Florence was somewhat rested Mrs. Scully asked her if she ever prayed.

"No, I have tried to."

"Well, let us offer up a prayer." Mrs. Scully knelt by the cot and prayed long and fervently that God in His infinite mercy would come to the rescue of her poor unfortunate sister.

Chapter LVI.

THE CLOSE OF THE CASE.

It was the general impression that the case might close on the same day the defense examined its last witness. Great crowds surged towards the criminal court, bailiffs were stationed at the entrance of the building to preserve order and to prevent overcrowding.

John Long and his wife stood close to the entrance of the building as soon as admission was allowed, and secured good seats close to the rail. Mary Vann brought Miss Jenkins. She had her boy with her. Miss Brown and Miss Jones came together; the bailiff at the door told them there was hardly any room left. "I am a professional nurse," said Miss Brown, "and my services may be required here."

"Well, you can go in, but what about this other young woman?"

"She's my assistant."

"Ah, all right, go ahead."

When the attorney for the defense arrived he was accompanied by an old man whose locks were white as snow, an old, feeble woman and another woman well up in years.

King conducted the aged couple, the old lady leaning on his arm. He got chairs for them a little away from where he sat, and placed them right in front of the jury. It began to be whispered about that they were the grandparents of the prisoner.

Mike Scully and Herman Wosta came in by the entrance from the jail, the sheriff with them; Herman went over and spoke to his mother, Scully shook hands with them both, and, after exchanging a few words with the old man, took his seat. Conversation could be heard in all parts of the room, which was crowded to suffocation, a number having to stand behind the seats. Bailiffs were there lining them up against the wall. At length the judge appeared, coming from his chamber accompanied by five men and two women. Seats were provided for them in the rear of where he sat. It was whispered that one of the women was the judge's wife, the other a friend of hers. There was great turmoil outside the door of the courtroom, for, in spite of the effort of the bailiffs, or perhaps with their connivance, a number of people had reached the floor on which the courtroom was situated.

The jury filed in and took their places. There was a very sober look on all their faces, none of them seemed to want to converse with his neighbor. The prisoner was seen entering with her escort. She had on a heavy veil. As she advanced she was seen to start back and lean heavily on the woman whose arm supported her. The elderly woman whom King had provided with a seat was wiping her eyes. Florence seemed to have steadied herself and was gazing directly at her. As soon as Florence was seated King told Mrs. Scully to remove her veil.

A bailiff rapped for order and announced that the court was now in session. King rose.

"Bring in John Rock." Rock was seen coming from the same entrance as did the prisoner. There was a bailiff on each side of him. As soon as he took his seat, he looked around the courtroom and, seeing Hooligan, grinned and nodded to him. Hooligan hadn't observed him. Rock next noticed Scully, Wosta and McCarthy, who were seated together. He nodded to them and they returned his nod and smiled good-naturedly.

"What's your name?"

"John Rock."

"You're living out of the city at present, Mr. Rock?"

"Yes, sir," grinning.

"You were acquainted with a man by the name of Hart, now deceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember the occasion of his death?"

"Yes, sir," looking at Wosta.

"Please, when you are giving your testimony, face the jury. You have some acquaintance with the prisoner at the bar, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now state to the jury when you first became acquainted with her, and the events of interest that took place on that occasion; take your time, and make the statement as fully as you can."

Rock told his story very similar to that recounted by Miss Jenkins, giving a vivid description of what he could hear of the struggle between Hart and the prisoner in the wineroom. King from time to time asked him questions, so as to impress the details. There was breathless silence in court during this narrative, the jury staring at him intently.

"When Miss Burdett ran out of the saloon you went back to the dance, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"See Hooligan there?"

"Yes."

"There was a row there?"

"Your Honor, I should like to ask of the counsel for the

defense what bearing this has on the case?" said the counsel for the prosecution.

"I want to establish the respectability of the event," said King, turning to him, "and especially that of your witness, Mr. Hooligan."

"Proceed with the case," said the judge.

"Please read that question," said King, addressing one of the stenographers. "There was a row there?"

"Yes, when I got in Moll Runt, that's Hooligan's woman, and Sneaky Mike's woman was pulling one another's hair. Moll Runt called ——"

"I object," shouted King, holding up his hand for Rock to desist.

"What?" said the state's attorney, jumping to his feet; "object to the testimony of your own witness?"

"Yes, until the women in the courtroom are asked to retire. I see a number of eminently respectable ladies present, and on the ground of public morality will ask his honor to exclude them if the language used between Hooligan's woman and Sneaky's woman has to be gone over."

"Perhaps it is not at all necessary," said the judge, first looking at King, then at the state's attorney who had sat down. "There was a row there, anyhow; Miss Brown testified to that."

"You remember a picnic, Mr. Rock; please inform the jury as to any matter of interest that took place there in which the prisoner and Hart can be identified."

He gave his version of the story, telling of Hart's attention to her and her uncle Wosta and of the fake bet which was made, as he put it, "to jolly her and her uncle."

"I understand the young lady you professed to wager on and you had a difference afterward?"

"Yes, we had a falling out."

"She sued you in court, I understand, as the reputed father of her child and that you beat her?"

"No, I didn't beat her; I was never asked to testify."

"Is that so? How did she come to lose the case then?"

"The alderman and Hooligan *saw* the judge."

"Your Honor," shouted the state's attorney, "I would be derelict in my duty if I permitted the aspersion of the honored judiciary of this county to go unchallenged." Rock looked at the state's attorney.

"Please look straight at the jury," said King. There was a tittering in court at this remark that made King smile, even the judge had recognized Rock's squint. Rock's face flushed perceptibly.

"Never mind, Mr. Rock; you pay attention to me. Have you seen the child recently?"

"Yes, Margy brought him twice to see me while I was in the county jail."

"And of course you recognized whose boy he was?"

"Yes."

"He's a fine fellow now," said King, looking over at the boy who was standing by his mother. Rock looked in the direction of the child—the little fellow looked towards the witness, the jury looked in the direction of the boy—the resemblance was most striking, even to the cast in his eyes. Some of the jury was seen to be whispering to one another. The judge's wife and her lady friend stood up to get a better view of the youngster. Even Rock's hardened heart was touched; he brushed his hair from his forehead. King paused for a few moments, so that the identification might be complete.

"Grand stand play," muttered the state's attorney, in an audible whisper. King began to sort some of his papers so as to give Rock some time to gaze on Margy and her youngster. A friendly glance was exchanged between him and the woman he had wronged, and all within observation noticed it. The judge turned his head away so as not to be suspected of paying attention to it. His wife, however, a woman of generous heart, was seen to be whispering to her friend and the gentlemen behind the judge seemed to be interested in the episode.

"What was your occupation, Mr. Rock?"

"Bartender."

"Whom did you tend bar for?"

"On and off for ten years for Mr. Hooligan."

"And you and Hart used to be very close friends?"

"Yes, sir, we roomed together and slept in one bed."

"Ever hear him refer to Miss Burdett after the picnic?"

"Yes, often."

"What was the line of conversation as far as you remember?"

"Why, he said he'd make her like him."

"That was after he assaulted her?"

"Yes, sir."

"He persisted in pursuing her?"

"He did."

"Now, Mr. Rock, I am going to ask you one more question; from knowledge learned by your association with, and conversation you may have had, with the late Mr. Hart, was Florence Burdett a voluntary associate of Hart's?"

"No, sir; she was frightened of him."

"That calls for another question—what means did he use to intimidate her?"

"By threatening to expose her."

"That's all."

The state's attorney cross-examined Rock at great length. Rock seemed to enjoy it; he grinned at the state's attorney until that official became irritated, but Rock was as firm as his name.

"Have you any promise of receiving any benefits from giving the evidence you did today?"

"No, sir!" shouted Rock. "I came to tell the truth."

"That's all."

"The court will now stand adjourned until two P. M.," said the judge.

At the afternoon session the courtroom was crowded as at the morning session; many had never left their seats, fearing that they would not get in again. There was a jam in the corridors, the sheriff simply instructing his bailiffs to keep order and do the best they could.

When the announcement was made that the court was in

session one of the assistants for the state rose to make the opening argument:

"Gentlemen of the jury, we have sat here for twelve hours, listening to the arguments and evidence in this case, and up to the time our learned friend asked his final question, of his last witness, for the defense, we have failed in hearing him say one word in reference to the main subject, And that is, as you well know, whether the prisoner at the bar murdered Thomas Great, or not. The reason, we presume, is that he has no argument to offer, so has wasted his energy in attempting to villify the witnesses for the state. And whom has he used for that purpose? A profligate of a woman, who admits her shame; and a well known and oft-convicted criminal, yea, one who at the present time is serving a term in the penitentiary, where outraged justice demands he shall be kept."

He then began to review the evidence as presented to them by the prosecution, and, after speaking at considerable length, said, "There is one thing that must strike you gentlemen very forcibly. The one witness who above all others is conversant with the facts in the case has never been placed on the stand; I allude to the prisoner. She under the law in this state might testify in her own behalf. I want you to bear that in mind, when you retire for the purpose of finding your verdict. Another matter I want you to bear in mind,—much stress has been laid on the character of this man Hart. We are willing to admit that, while living, he was far from being an ideal citizen, but being dead he cannot reply to any of the charges that have been made against him. If he was living his story might differ somewhat from that of his traducers. And now, as my superior is to follow me, I will not take up any more of your time, only to thank you for your close attention."

When Attorney King rose to speak for the defense there was a commotion in court, many tried to secure better positions but were checked by the bailiffs. When order was restored, King said: "May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury: Whenever a human life is at stake, there

is no counsel but must feel the gravity of the situation, so at this moment, in spite of the confidence I feel in the justice of the cause; in the innocence of my client, and the unbounded faith I have on your good judgment and impartiality, I still feel somewhat depressed and so crave your patience and indulgence for the length of my remarks should I in the discharge of my duty enter fully into the merits of this case. The young gentleman who preceded me has referred to two matters, which I fully reviewed at the beginning. First, we have spent many hours of your time in dealing with a subject foreign to the issue. If so, who is to blame? Not we, but the prosecution, who resorted to a method, in my opinion, unworthy and uncalled for: namely, to so blacken the character of my client in advance as to make her look odious in the minds of many and especially to you to whom she must look for vindication or condemnation. At the very outset of the case, in the opening statement of my learned opponent, he promised to show she was a woman of the world; one with vast experience in the wiles that wicked women are supposed to possess, and to substantiate his case he furnished a witness that attempts to verify his statement—but who is this witness? What is he? You have seen and heard him on the stand. He came to gloat over a victim, to fasten the halter around the neck of a woman who had never wronged him and with whom he had but a slight acquaintance. We struck back with such vigor and such effect that I believe if my learned friend had the case to try over, he would say to Hooligan, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' But what prompted this man Hooligan to tell such a story? It was not to vindicate his friend Hart—no, Hart was nothing to him, only one of his regular customers, an associate of his patrons. He came because he had rancor in his heart. Great was to him as was the sun to the moon. Now all is dark with Hooligan, his light has gone out forever, he's now an opaque body. Hooligan's day of greatness is over; he feels it, he knows it; and he wants revenge and to obtain it is willing to swear away the life of this unfortunate woman, willing to stand up and slander

her in the eyes of the tribunal appointed to judge her. But let us go further: Who is this Hooligan, this pot-house politician? They say he is a patriot, too, and the walls of his groggery are embellished with the pictures of illustrious Irishmen. They're dead, but their memory survives; and he has also the living there—but who are they? the besotted remnants to whose degradation he has been so liberal a contributor.

"He bears a name which would lead you to believe he was Irish. I deny it. It's a libel against the race. It is some freak of nature, yea, though he was born in Ireland, still he is not Irish. The people of Ireland are brave and chivalrous, noted for their virtue. You remember the beautiful lines of Thomas Moore in portrayal of their character, where the lone maiden said:

'Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more.

On she went with her maiden smile
In safety lighting her 'round the green Isle;
And blest forever is she who relied,
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.'

"Do you think that Moore ever contemplated a creature like that as being one of his countrymen, when he wrote those lines? No! perish the thought! But enough for the present as to him. I will have occasion to refer to him later, but merely mention this as a justification of our course in this trial, which is to defend the character of the woman against her traducers. I told you, gentlemen of the jury, in the outset, you should know the whole truth, and, knowing it, do justice. I will begin and trace this young woman's career from her early infancy. She came of good stock; look in the faces of this old couple, her grandparents, the progenitors of her mother—a good, simple woman, her hus-

band killed at his work, leaving her a widow with a child but two years old. When she laid her dead husband in his grave and had dried her eyes, the next question with her was, how to maintain herself and child. She had no resources but industrious hands and a willing heart. She determined to earn her living by her needle—'twas the Song of the Shirt—sew, sew, sew,—the friends she had were, like herself, struggling people, but they had hearts to feel for the widow and the orphan and they gave her such work as they had or could afford. Her parents at that time were poor, they had three children, all too young to work, so they could give little assistance to their child and grandchild. But the Widow Burdett toiled, and her daughter grew up, an accomplished, beautiful girl. Her mother kept her at school, where she graduated with high honors. When she was sixteen years old, anxious to help her mother, she appealed to her to let her go to work so that she might add to their slender income. The constant grind was telling on the devoted mother, her sight was failing her; her daughter, intelligent, handsome and innocent, could see it. 'Mother,' she said, one evening, as she was reading the papers, 'here is an advertisement, "girls wanted." Let me go, I'm sure I would do well. I am a big girl and can take care of myself.' Alas! poor child, she knew little of this wicked world, so, after pressing and appealing, her mother consented. You know what followed her entering the dry goods store,—the talk of the dance, Miss Brown and Miss Jones have enlightened you on that, the fatal introduction to Hart, the supper and the wine, the first she had ever drunk in her life. Is it to be wondered that she was impressed with the gay scene, the merry throng? It was a new world to her, she had never seen the like before. She knew none there, but the girls who worked in the store with her, and each one of them had her beau—Florence was alone. She had time to see the fleeting footsteps of the dancers as they floated by her. She had no male friend. Is it to be wondered at that, when a young man was introduced to her, the one she thought the most important character in the whole

show—she saw him marshalling the crowd, arranging the dancers, ordering the band when to commence—he was the whole thing in her simple mind, so that when he came to get her a partner to take her arm in the grand march, while she protested, not for want of desire but for want of confidence—was it not natural that she should feel flattered and form a good opinion of the neatly dressed young man with the bright badge and the important air, and accept the partner, the young thief, into whose company he threw her? You have heard of his action after the march was over, how he refused to allow her to take her seat but held her to form a part of a set in a quadrille, and who was the group that formed that set? First, the alderman, the patron of the orgie, with Moll Runt as a partner; then Hooligan—that fellow there," pointing toward Hooligan, "with Mike the sneak thief's woman as a partner. Then there were Rock, Hart's pal, and Miss Jenkins, another victim of the gang, then Hart and the innocent girl who knew little of the world, and was probably impressed by the association, especially with the city father who, she may have thought, was a mighty man. Then the supper to which she went, as the evidence shows, reluctantly, the wine, and then her last dance on that fearful occasion. Dance did I say? She couldn't dance, but in the strong arms of the ruffian that had marked her for his prey, she shuffled over the floor—then her final resolve to go home. Hart appealed to her to stay —but no, the thought of her lone, widowed mother sitting up for her prevailed over all his entreaties. Home she would go. The walk up Milwaukee Avenue, her escort, hilarious with enjoyment, she trembling with the dire consequence of being out so late, fear of her mother scolding her. She had no fear of those she was with—they had all been nice to her, besides, another female she knew was present—she had nothing to dread from the company she was with—they were all her friends, as she thought. Then the invitation to enter the saloon, and her protest, 'I can go home alone,' she said. 'We will only stop a minute or two,' said Hart, 'and then we will see you part of the way,' Re-

member, gentlemen of the jury, this was between one and two in the morning, and she was between five and six miles from her home, with no means to reach it but to walk. Was it not a strong inducement for her to wait awhile, the promise of company to escort her part of the way? What took place in that wineroom is of too fearful a character for me to recount again. You have already heard the facts, and I have no doubt it has made an impression on your minds that can never be obliterated. You have heard of the relentless, untiring vigor by which he followed her, how he cajoled her, promising to make amends if it were possible, how she at last listened to the tempter. Then came the picnic, you know what took place there—his seeming devotion to her, until her uncle began to look upon him with favor. His taking her away, more wine and the delaying her until she missed the train, then more wine, until she was oblivious of the consequences. Ah, yes, gentlemen of the jury, what an important part wine and liquor play in the destruction of the human race! It's the devil's chief agency on earth; without it his mission would be a failure. But I must pass along. She was now aware of Hart's treachery; he had to assume another method; he must threaten her, he must expose her to the world. She shuddered at the thought—she knew it would break her mother's heart, would estrange her from all her family and friends, make an outcast of her. Then came an introduction to the alderman. He knew the facts in the case. He heard Hart boast of his conquest. Where? In Hooligan's saloon—and had interfered in the defense of the vile scoundrel when Herman Wosta, Florence's uncle, had taken a warrant out for him. You have heard from Miss Mary Vann of their first meeting, as she thought. Miss Burdett, in the innocence of her young mind, thought the alderman had not recognized her as the girl he had seen at the dance. In this she was mistaken; he had no sooner placed his lecherous eyes on her then he knew her and resolved to euchre his pal and supporter, Hart, out of her. There is a saying, 'there is honor among thieves.' Don't believe it, gentlemen;

there is no binding influence among thieves but mutual interests. So the alderman set to work to deprive Hart of his girl, as he thought. This you must remember was after Hart had got out of jail. During the time he was in she had led a good life and had resisted all the inducements of the wily politician. But Hart's return had placed Great at an advantage. Hart commenced to persecute her—you remember the story of the alderman telling her that Hart was scandalizing her in a low-down groggery—the one kept by that fellow," pointing to Hooligan, who wilted every time King referred to him, "and how he told her he might get Hart to let up on her; you know how he did it? McCarthy in his evidence told you, he used the chief of police as an innocent accomplice in his fell design. Even then he failed, she stood firm against all his Machiaelian artifies He began to shower favors on her, courted her company; she felt she was indebted to him and was willing to humor him in everything except his lustful desire. That she would not do and all the evidence introduced establishes that fact. Then came the time of the supper in the hotel, of the amount of wine he plied her with, of her firm refusal to go with him, of his appeal and she laughing at his proposal, then more wine, and ultimately of her unconscious condition, of his saying, 'Well, you see me off, anyway,' and she in her stupefied state agreeing. Probably if she had been in a conscious state she would have seen him to the train. She felt she had to rely upon him for protection against a greater evil, as she thought at the time. You remember the reference the waiter makes as to the difficulty she had in adjusting her hat as she was about to leave, and McCarthy, the police officer, who was detailed to find her—his interview with the porter when he described her futile efforts to get on the train without assistance. That must be all clear to you—she was oblivious to the surroundings, she was incapable of resistance, she was kidnapped, stolen as much as any other woman in the history of the world—there's no gainsaying it, and the man whose life was taken was the thief.

"What would have been your verdict if, after realizing his base treachery and her terrible position on the morning after the abduction, if, in her justifiable wrath, she had strength enough to have picked him up in her arms and have hurled him through the window of the coach in which they were traveling and his body had been ground to pieces by a passing train—what would have been your verdict if her fate had been left for you to decide?

"You," pointing at a juror, "who are the father of a family, you who have grown-up daughters, you and you and you—what then would have been your verdict, I ask you?" At this point of King's speech he was extra vehement as he pointed his long fingers at each member of the jury he singled out. "But, gentlemen, why should I ask you? Common sense, reason and justice inform me how you would have acted, what your verdict would be.

"But you will likely be told that after the outrage she became reconciled to the position; that he lavished money on her, bought her fine raiment and jewelry, set her up in an elegant mansion—yes, that's true, but my learned friend cannot give that as a reason why she should kill him—no vile woman who felt satisfied to lead a life of shame would kill the goose that laid the golden egg. We emphatically deny that she was ever satisfied with her condition, so must look for other reasons which led to the fatal end. But again, he will say if she was not satisfied, why should she continue to submit to a condition that to say the least was irksome? The reason is clear in view of the fact that when she returned after his theft of her she was homeless and friendless. Mary Vann informed her that reconciliation with her family was impossible. Her Uncle Herman was as hard as adamant, her mother's death soon followed—she died of a broken heart."

At this allusion Florence began to sob bitterly, as did the old man and woman, Mrs. Scully began to sooth her friend. Herman Wosta tried hard to keep his composure. In different parts of the room there was sneezing and coughing,

even crying could be heard; the judge's wife had to go back into his chamber with her lady companion.

"As I was saying," continued King, "after her mother's death the last link that bound her to her relatives was severed, there was none she could look to, not a friend in the world, none she might appeal to, so she resigned herself an unwilling victim to her fate.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have reviewed this woman's history at some length. I have fulfilled the promise I made you, every word I have spoken has been substantiated by evidence incontrovertible, I here defy the opposition to prove to the contrary. And, as my learned friend may become alarmed as to whether I will deal with the main issue or not, I will briefly review the evidence as placed before you, by commencing with Miss Deverioux. What does she testify to? That she had assisted her mistress to undress, that her mistress complained that she didn't feel like sleeping and so lay down on a lounge; that she (Miss Deverioux) went to her bed and was awakened after a time by hearing a loud altercation in her mistress' room; that she came out in the passage and could distinguish the voice of Alderman Great shouting in great anger. Now we will not dispute but Miss Burdett was angry, too, and was likely using a woman's chief weapon—her tongue. Miss Deverioux also swore she heard some scuffling, followed by two shots, and shoving open the door saw her mistress with the smoking revolver in her hand, the dead man lying on the floor. Mrs. Kline corroborates the latter part of the statement, even to Miss Burdett's acknowledgment of killing him. The officer who entered saw Miss Burdett with the gun still in her hand. To the latter part of this statement, as to Miss Burdett's admission, of that we raise no question. But where did the gun come from? Miss Deverioux testified that she never saw it before, though she had full access to her mistress' wardrobe, dresser, and closets. Mrs. Kline partially supports her in the assertion, that she frequently entered her rooms to collect the soiled clothes and never observed a weapon in any of her belongings. Miss Deverioux further

asserts during the three years she was in Miss Burdett's service she never knew her to be possessed of a weapon. Is it not clear, then, that Great brought the gun with him? Nor have we any fault to find with that. It was his custom to be out late at night and generally had a quantity of money on his person, and those who know this city, with its Harts and Hooligans, would do well to go armed, when out at night."

"I think, your honor, that reference to Mr. Hooligan, by the counsel for the defense, is uncalled for," said the state's attorney.

"Well, then, I'll qualify it," replied King, "and say Mr. Hooligan's patrons and friends. I hope that will satisfy the qualms of my learned friend," looking over at the state's attorney.

"Now I want to revert for a moment to where Great spent his time that evening previous to reaching Miss Burdett's. He spent it in Hooligan's, so Hooligan says and Hooligan knows what he is talking about. What was he doing there? 'Bowling them up for the boys,' a favorite occupation of his. Hooligan says he spent between two and three hours there. First he said Great had a couple of whiskeys. Now any one who knows that section and thinks that the consumers there would be satisfied with only two drinks in nearly three hours would be ill-informed, I should say a dozen drinks in that time would be nearer the number. Now let us split the difference and say the alderman had a half dozen drinks. Hooligan says he was drinking whiskey—just think of it! a half-dozen drinks of the kind Hooligan dispenses under the alderman's belt, and you can judge his condition when he arrived at Miss Burdett's home, and probably, though there is no evidence to show it, between the time he left Hooligan's groggery and when he reached Miss Burdett's home he may have called in at one or more institutions similar to Hooligan's and got a half dozen more.

"Now, there was a quarrel in the room, none will dispute; but how it commenced or what it was about I'm not going to say. I don't know, but have my opinion, which I will

give to you later. The county doctor who was sent for immediately after Miss Burdett was brought in, describes her condition as one of great prostration. He tells you of a bruise on her arm and an abrasion on her forehead that might have been done with a blow or a push, or from some blunt weapon. I asked him if it could have been done with the butt end of this gun," taking the weapon in his hand, "and he said 'Yes.' I maintain that's how it was done—there's no doubt of it in my mind.

"Hooligan, the star witness for the prosecution, tells us Great wanted to get rid of her; swears in his examination that Great told him so and reiterated it in his cross-examination. Is is then not probable" (raising his voice to a higher pitch) "that that night he went there to consummate the purpose he told Hooligan he desired and took this very weapon with him to fulfill his purpose?

"No man can tell, that information died with him. That he brought the gun there is beyond a doubt; that there was a row and a scuffle is also beyond dispute.

"Who commenced the argument we know not nor do we care—probably Miss Burdett, angered by the late hour of his visit or seeing the condition he was in, upbraided him. He, full of Hooligan's liquid damnation, was in no mood to reason. From words to blows—he struck her, that is made clear by the evidence of the physician; our theory, and the only reasonable one, is that he drew his gun and either pushed or struck her with the butt end of it. She, seeing her life in peril, in sheer desperation closed with him—that they were in close quarters is shown by the mark on her arm where he grasped her with his left hand, thus, while he attempted to push her away with the gun in his right—the room is small, anyway. Her strength under normal conditions was in no way equal to his, but his mind and body were weakened by the liquor that was in him and she, with the strength of desperation in a struggle for her life, wrenched the gun from his hand and pulled the trigger twice ere she considered the consequence of the occurrence. Her admission that she killed him goes for naught except

to establish her truthfulness, but the gentlemen of the prosecution, in disputing those facts, want to know why we didn't place her on the stand to explain them. I'll tell you. She has not been in a condition since that fatal night to make a clear, concise statement of what happened; she has been despondent and cares little what becomes of her. The world to her has been like one huge black nightmare since she fell in with the Hooligan gang of thieves and defilers of girls, two examples of their atrocities you see before you. Knowing, then, her mental condition, I assumed the entire responsibility of prohibiting her from taking the stand in her own defense. Her statements, however, could not be corroborated by any living witness and in my opinion would do little to influence your verdict.

"Gentlemen of the jury, in conclusion, let me say you are the judges of the law and the evidence, your verdict must be guilty or not guilty, death or liberty. The state's attorney demands one, we hope for the other.

"It's an old maxim in law that it were better for ninety and nine guilty persons to escape than that one innocent person should suffer. That ere you can find a verdict of guilty every vestige of doubt must be removed from your mind. It is to be hoped that many years after this case is ended you will be in the enjoyment of life, surrounded by your children and grandchildren, and that you will look with pride and pleasure on the fair faces of your daughters who have escaped the wiles of designing, vicious men, and in those days you will look back to this momentous event in your lives, and feel a consolation in the knowledge that you acquitted Florence Burdett, the victim of outrageous wrongs, and passed her case up to the Supreme Court of all Supreme Courts, where human frailty plays no part, where all things are known, where there is no miscarriage of justice, where your God as well as hers sits in judgment and presides over the destiny of us all."

As King took his seat there was applause in the courtroom. The judge's wife was heard to say, "Splendid!" His honor turned around as if in rebuke, but she looked defiantly

at him,—he could not commit her for contempt. Facing the audience, he said in stern tones, "If there is any further demonstration I will immediately have the courtroom cleared." The bailiffs tapped the table and rails of the benches to obtain order, but it was some minutes ere perfect peace was restored. When it was, the state's attorney rose to make the closing argument.

"Gentlemen of the jury, fully aware of the great effort made by my learned friend, the counsel for the defense, I rise with some misgivings as to my own ability to do full justice to this most momentous case, but confronted as I am by twelve intelligent men, most of them of mature experience, I feel confident that the law and the evidence will have more weight in influencing you, than will the oratory and eloquence of a special pleader. He has reviewed the testimony of some of the witnesses. One especially he has dealt with harshly, brutally, I may say. Mr. Hooligan has felt the violence of his wrath. Counsel for the defense seems to wish to discredit Mr. Hooligan's evidence, from the fact of Mr. Hooligan being a saloon-keeper. This, however, is not sufficient grounds to impugn the veracity of the state's witness. The business Mr. Hooligan is in is a legitimate one, sanctioned by law; his house is a public one; he is no more responsible for the characters of his patrons that is that of any other man in his line. To the business that Mr. Hooligan is in we owe in great part the collecting of the revenues that are necessary to run this imperial city. The legality of Mr. Hooligan's business is acknowledged by nation, state and municipality. He is amenable to those in authority to run it according to regulations laid down. If he doesn't, the police powers of the city can be invoked against him, his license taken from him, and other penalties imposed.

"Now, during all the years that Mr. Hooligan has been in business, we have failed to hear that he was ever charged with running his house improperly, only on the unsupported statement of Officer McCarthy, who, it would seem, is prejudiced against him. Mr. Hooligan's establishment is located in a part of the city inhabited mainly by working people.

As has been said by many of our leading sociologists, 'The saloon is the workingman's club.' There men meet of an evening to talk over the events of the day, to while away an hour, to smoke their pipes and chat, the sign over his front proclaims its purpose, 'Workingmen's Headquarters,' and there workingmen congregate. It couldn't be expected from him that before he served a customer, he should ask him, or her, to show proof of good character, no more than it would be for the clerk behind the desk in the Palmer House or any hotel where a party came to register. It has also been said against him that he employed a man by the name of Rock as bartender. Admitted, that's true, he employed Rock and paid him. What he had a right to expect from Rock was that he would be honest and industrious while in his service, that he would be civil and courteous to his customers.

"When Rock's day's work was over his time was his own —he was outside Hooligan's control, just as the cashier or teller of a bank is free when the bank closes and he takes his departure. The manager or director of the bank loses sight of him until the next day and cannot be held responsible for his actions. Rock, during his vicious career, may have imposed on Mr. Hooligan, who was busy minding his own business and knew little or nothing of Rock's antecedents. As for Hart, he, we presume, had the same relationship to Hooligan as had any one of the hundreds of young men that occasionally visited his place. Now, I don't want to be considered as defending the reputation of either Hart or Rock. I, as the state's attorney of this county, have a full knowledge of their character, but to identify Mr. Hooligan with them and at the same time hold him in any way responsible for their misdemeanor is unfair, unjust. Even in the suit where this woman Jenkins, the drab that Rock associated with, and who tried to make him acknowledge the parentage of her child, Mr. Hooligan might be innocently at fault: he took Rock's word for it, and the stories of other young men he had heard. But who is she? Is her testimony more to be relied upon than Mr. Hooligan's, she

who decoyed her young friend, if her story is true, into the arms of this young fellow, Hart? She who conveniently left the room so that Hart might have ample opportunity to commit an outrage such as should cry to heaven for vengeance—you are expected to believe her and Rock and disbelieve Mr. Hooligan in all he says. Preposterous! We dispute the whole wineroom story—it's a fabrication conceived to bolster up the character of this murderess, whom we are now trying. I am not going to dispute but what she was in winerooms with Hart, probably often. Even at a picnic you heard mentioned, they resorted to a wineroom; or at least in a room where wine was served, and also on the night that the alderman is supposed to have run away with her, they departed from a wineroom, so it must seem clear it was habitual with her to attend such places. My colleague has already reviewed the evidence at considerable length, so it is unnecessary for me to thresh over the same ground, but merely to refer to her association with the man she killed. He was a man of flesh and blood, an ordinary mortal, with generous impulses. This woman told him her tale of woe, she was tired of Hart, he was coarse and brutal in his manners, he had nothing; so, in the eyes of women like her, he was no good. Alderman Great was rich, gay and generous. He was a 'catch,' she was a remarkably good-looking woman—he was but human, with all the weakness that frail man is heir to. He fell under her influence, became her slave. Her extravagance was such as to lead Alderman Great to designate her 'a leech,' as testified by our witness," reading part of Hooligan's testimony, "bought her fine clothing, diamonds and other jewelry; set her up in a mansion and took her to many parts of the world. Like the spoiled child she was, never satisfied, always craving for more, this went on for years. She knew that he had a wife living. This, then, is the saint my friend Attorney King wants you to look on. He took offense when I said she was more of a siren. The story goes that sirens sat on the rocks by the seashore and lured mariners to destruction. The sailors forgot their duty in the desire to reach their charm-

ers. Is not this story very similar? I hold it's a parallel case. Great deserted home, friends, kindred, even the ship of state, for her; his public duty he forgot, just as did Anthony when he fell under the snare of Cleopatra. It is a saying of some of us arrogant men, that women are the weaker vessels. We pride ourselves on our strength. In some things it may be true, but before women's superior charms the greatest men in the world have fallen. History, both secular and divine, establishes that fact; yea, even from the time our first sire was tempted by our first mother, David the mighty, Samson the strong, Solomon the wise, all surrendered to woman's wiles. Is it to be wondered at, then, that Great fell by the wayside, when this woman set her snares for him, turning up her tearful eyes, her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips? The newspapers every day record similar episodes—so what's the use of dwelling on the subject? That she killed him is an acknowledged fact. My learned friend has laid great stress on the point as to where she got the revolver. That we do not know; that she had it at the time of the assassination is beyond dispute, that he took it there on that fatal evening is only conjecture raised in the imagination of my learned friend's fertile brain; you have no proof of it and should discredit it.

"Life is held too cheap in this city, murders are too common, and the murderers too frequently are let go unpunished. A miscarriage of justice in this case will establish one of the most dangerous precedents possible to conceive. Every vile woman, when tired of her paramour, has only to lure him to her room and there kill him, then set up as a defense that she was once virtuous. All girls have been virtuous in the early part of their career — the commonest strumpet on the street, the lewdest woman in the worst den of infamy, can lay claim to that, and if guilty of murder, in a similar manner to the prisoner at the bar, could put up a similar defense, and, the viler she was, the oftener she erred, the stronger her case.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is needless for me to dwell longer on this case, you are intelligent beings, charged with

the solemn duty of vindicating the law. The fair name of our city is placed in jeopardy with the frequency of crimes like this. It is for you by your verdict to put a check to them. Society demands it, the fair name of our virtuous women is enhanced when the scarlet woman is condemned.

"Being confident, then, in your honesty, your judgment and your courage, the state of which you are citizens leaves it's case in your hands."

A marked silence settled on the court at the close of the state's attorney's address. It would seem as if the action of the entire audience was concerted—all looked towards the prisoner. Her head was bowed down, the color had left Mrs. Scully's cheeks, old Mr. and Mrs. Wosta's eyes were riveted on their granddaughter; Herman Wosta's teeth closely set seemed as if he was looking into space, though his eyes were turned in the direction of his niece.

The painful silence was broken by the judge rising to instruct the jury. This took some time, as the instructions were of great length and a multiplicity of repetitions, "if you, the jury, find"—too many to enumerate here. At the conclusion of the reading of the instructions the jury were ordered to retire. The prisoner was led back to her cell, but few left the courtroom. The sheriff was seen going over to where Scully, Wosta and McCarthy were standing. He, too, looked gloomy, as he whispered something to Herman Wosta, who nodded assent to whatever he said. Then Scully and Wosta came over to where the aged couple sat and led them out of the room. Wosta had to help his mother, who looked as if she would faint. Miss Mary Vann, Miss Brown, Miss Jones and Miss Jenkins were talking together, and there was a settled gloom on all their countenances.

Chapter LVII.

THE VERDICT.

When Florence Burdett reached her cell she threw herself on the cot—tears came to her relief.

Mrs. Scully sat in silence. The fierce arraignment of the prosecutor, in his closing remarks, had bewildered her. She didn't know what to think.

Florence after a time raised her head and, seeing her friend in such distress, said, "It was cruel of him to say such harsh things about me, but I am satisfied. God's will be done."

"It gives me great comfort, Florence, to hear you talk that way. We can only hope for the best."

"Well," said Florence, rising and drying her eyes, "I have still this consolation, my relatives sympathize with me and have forgiven me, and the devotion that you and your husband have shown to me is the greatest solace I have had during my life. So be comforted, Mrs. Scully, I have no more fear; but I want you to do something for me—if the worst comes to the worst, tell Father Nolan I want to see him."

The sheriff had kindly placed a waiting-room at the disposal of old Mr. and Mrs. Wosta, and had given instruction to one of his bailiffs to stay there and allow no one in, except those whom Herman Wosta desired.

Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Long stayed with the old couple. Scully wanted to send out and have some refreshments brought to them, as it was now past six o'clock. Herman asked his parents about it, but they both shook their heads —they couldn't touch a thing. Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Long said the same.

Scully and Wosta went back to the courtroom to wait. The judge was in his chambers entertaining his guests, supper having been brought them from a neighboring hotel, an hour had passed and reports began to come from the jury room as to the standing of the jury.

"Pay no attention to them," said King, addressing a group of Florence's friends who had resolved to remain in court. "Probably some refreshments have been sent into the jury, maybe they haven't taken a ballot yet. I'm going out to take a little lunch; Regleiz, you come with me; Nomolos, you wait here and if the jury should return in my absence and their verdict is not satisfactory, make the necessary motion for a new trial. We won't be long, then you can go —you'd better come with us, Scully."

"No, I'll stick it out. You can do this for me while you're out, King, order a carriage to come and stay at the door. We'll have to send the old couple home anyway, if the jury is out much longer."

"All right," and King and Regliez left.

Another half hour had passed, Mary Vann, Miss Brown, Miss Jones and Miss Jenkins had joined the party in the waiting-room. The suspense was telling on them, even Miss Brown began to feel uncomfortable. This was a little outside her regular experience. She could look upon the dying with composure, but this case irritated her. She went over to Mrs. Wosta and began to talk to her, smoothing the old woman's hair back and asked her if she wanted for anything. Mary Vann entered into conversation with Mrs. Long and Mrs. Sloan. Margy sat like one bewildered, her boy leaning against her knees. Herman came to the room, they all looked up to him, but he shook his head and after looking at his father and mother went back to the courtroom. The jury had been out just two hours, when newsboys could be heard shouting, "Extra edition! Full account of the trial of Florence Burdett—the jury still out —seven for conviction." This gave a shock to those in the waiting-room. King, who had returned, began to wear an anxious appearance and told those in the courtroom who were interested in his client to pay no attention to such rumors.

"I think I should send my father and mother home," said Wosta, looking at Scully.

"I think it would be as well," Scully replied. "There's a

AWAITING THE VERDICT

carriage downstairs. Tell the driver after he leaves them at home to come back and wait for Mrs. Scully."

Herman Wosta went to where his mother and father sat and told them he would like them to go home, but the old man wouldn't budge. "No, we'll stay a little longer." So Herman gave it up and returned to the courtroom. King was pacing back and forward, the state's attorney was chatting to his colleagues. He seemed in good humor, he looked up at King as he was passing.

"Looks like a disagreement," remarked King.

"Yes, or a conviction," retorted the prosecutor, smiling.

"No danger," replied King. McCarthy, Scully and Wosta were standing, earnest listeners to this dialogue.

"I'll have to go back to where my people are," said Wosta; "this strain is too much for me. I feel sick." Wosta went and joined the sad group in the waiting-room and sat down. They were a gloomy crowd, not a word was spoken.

It was close upon nine o'clock when the sheriff put his head in at the door. "Herman, come along, there's something doing, they've notified the judge, and I've sent over for the prisoner." Herman jumped to his feet and went toward the door, followed by Mary Vann and Miss Jones. Miss Brown said she had better stay where she was. Miss Jenkins stayed also. They could plainly hear a crowd of people running towards the courtroom. How they all got the tip seemed a mystery, but ere the judge had taken his place on the bench the courtroom was packed.

There was a delay in awaiting the arrival of the prisoner. She came in leaning on Mrs. Scully's arm, looking neither to the right or left, but fell into her seat as she had done on previous occasions.

The jury filed in and stood in front of their chairs. They all looked very serious. There was a death-like stillness in the courtroom, until the clerk of the court, facing the jury, said, "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," responded the foreman.

"What is it?" inquired the clerk.

"We find the prisoner NOT GUILTY!"

Ere the last sentence had been completed pandemonium reigned in the courtroom. Cheer after cheer resounded through the hall. The judge stood up and frowned, he turned round sharply and caught his wife waving her arm to those in front. The bailiffs kept pounding for order.

Scully rushed over to where his wife and Florence sat, followed by Herman and McCarthy. The crowd began to press close to where Florence sat, her head still bowed.

"Order in the court! Order in the court!" shouted the bailiffs. King, after shaking hands with Scully, faced the audience and held up his hands, beckoning them to keep silence—to sit down—as many were standing on the seats, when comparative order was restored.

A motion was made to poll the jury, which was done, each answering to his name. The county physician went over and looked at Florence, then went and whispered something to the judge.

"I see the sheriff is present," said his honor, "and while the necessary papers are being made out, I'll remit the defendant to his custody."

In the room where Mr. and Mrs. Wosta, Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Long, Miss Brown and Miss Jenkins sat, they could hear the commotion in the courtroom, but could not tell what it meant, until the bailiff, who sat inside to prevent intruders from entering, heard hurrying footsteps running along the passage. They were those of reporters with papers in their hands, making for the stairs. "What is it?" shouted the bailiff to the first who reached him.

"Not Guilty!"

Miss Brown ran over to where Mrs. Wosta sat, the old lady had swooned. Tears of joy trickled down the old man's face. Mrs. Long hugged Mrs. Sloan, Margy took her boy up in her arms and kissed him as if he had been responsible for the verdict.

In a few minutes the group was all smiles. Miss Brown had bathed Mother Wosta's temples and the palms of her hands, so that she soon revived. Then there was the noise of a vast number coming in their direction. "Keep

back there! Keep back I tell you! Can't you keep those people back?" shouted the sheriff, who was leading the procession, to his men. As they reached the door he knocked; the bailiff threw it wide open. He entered, followed by Florence, Mrs. Scully on one side of her, Mary Vann on the other.

As soon as Florence saw her grandparents, she went forward and knelt down, placing one arm on the knees of each. "Forgive me," she said, looking up into their faces, as the tears streamed from her eyes.

"Yes, my child," said the old man, "we forgive you, and thank God for your deliverance."

The scene which followed was too painful to describe. The women cried and sobbed, Herman Wosta was like a big soft boy, Scully felt very uncomfortable, McCarthy seemed as if he had got a cold in his head. The sheriff had to blow his nose frequently. After a few moments Miss Brown went over to assist Florence to rise. She found she had fainted. In a second all was commotion.

"Put her up here," cried the nurse, "lay her on this table." Scully picked her up, as if she'd been an infant. Herman Wosta, off with his big coat, made a pillow for her head.

"The doctor is still here," said McCarthy, "I'll bring him," and away he ran. In a few seconds the doctor arrived.

"You had better get her out of this place as soon as possible," he said, speaking to Miss Brown. Just then King entered. Mary Vann jumped up, and, before he could say her nay, put her arms around his neck and kissed him twice. He took it good-naturedly.

"What's this?" he said, looking at Florence, who was stretched as if dead on the table.

"It's the climax," said the doctor, "in a little while she'll be over it, but we must get her out of here."

"See what that row is," said the sheriff, addressing the bailiff who was on the inside, keeping the door closed.

The bailiff put his head out and pulled it in, laughing.

"They're mobbing Hooligan. Ha, Ha, Ha!" the bailiff laughed.

"What's that?" inquired McCarthy.

"Why, one elderly woman has flailed him over the head with her umbrella."

"Well, I must stop this," said the sheriff, going toward the door.

"It's all right now, sir, our men are leading him along the passage."

"They're taking him along the wrong passage," remarked McCarthy, looking at the sheriff, who nodded approval to his suggestion.

The bailiff let Mrs. Long in, recognizing her as one of Florence's friends (she must have left the room during the excitement following Florence's fainting). Her hat was all askew on her head, she was brandishing her umbrella in her hand. "If I could only have got one poke at him," she exclaimed, holding her umbrella as if it was a pike in a position to charge, "I'd a-fixed the ruffian. As it is I gave him a couple of whacks that he'll remember."

John Long looked admiringly at his wife, while the other men present exchanged smiles.

"Good for you, Mrs. Long," said Mary Vann, enthusiastically.

Miss Brown was bathing Florence's temples and chafing the palms of her hands. At length she opened her eyes and stared vacantly around.

"Come, now," said the doctor, "get her away as soon as possible."

"Yes," said King, "I have the papers," handing them to the sheriff.

"There's a carriage at the door," remarked Scully.

"Well, we'll go," said Wosta, picking Florence up in his big arms as if she was a baby and making for the door. "Mary, you look after my coat," he shouted. "Come on, Mrs. Scully."

"Miss Brown, you had better go with them," said Scully. "They're going to the Palmer House. I want you to stay

there for a few days, if you're not engaged. Herman, I'll take care of your father and mother and the rest of the ladies."

Herman Wosta wouldn't wait for an elevator, but carried his burden downstairs. It was no task for him. Reaching the carriage he placed her on the back seat and sat down beside her. Her head hung limp on his shoulder, Miss Brown got in and sat facing her.

"To the Palmer House! as fast as you can!" shouted Mrs. Scully, as she placed her foot on the carriage step to enter. Getting in, she pulled the door to with a bang, the driver whipped up his horses and as the carriage drove off the crowd, who still hung around the criminal court building, set up a cheer which could be distinctly heard in the room which they had just left.

"Now I have a proposal to make," said Scully, after Florence had been removed, "and I hope you'll all agree to it. I feel if I don't get something to eat I'll be in the hands of the doctor; so I suggest we all adjourn to the hotel that's only a few doors from here and have a meal."

"A very wise suggestion," chimed in the doctor, laughing. "What do you say, sheriff?"

"Well, I must have something, wherever I get it," said the official. "I'm played out."

"Well, Mac," said Scully, "I'll ask you to be advance guard; go and tell them to prepare a room—there's about ten of us. Mother," addressing Mrs. Wosta, "I'll escort you. Miss Vann, give your arm to Mr. Wosta; make him believe he's young again. We all have a right to feel happy, so let us try and forget our troubles."

"That's the way to talk," said Mrs. Long. "John," to her husband, "you take care of Mrs. Sloan—she's troubled with rheumatism."

"Ill help her," said Margy. It was a happy group that assembled round the table in the Revere House.

* * * * * * * *

Hooligan reached his temple of personal liberty about ten o'clock, much the worse for wear.

"Business for me now," as he put on his white apron.

Boys could be heard in the street roaring out, "Full account of the trial and acquittal of Florence Burdett and mobbing of one of the state's witnesses."

"Go get me one of them papers," he said, to one of the regulars, giving him a cent. In a short time the man came back. "He wants two cents for it."

"Another robbery," said Hooligan. "But why didn't you bring one?"

"I hadn't another cent."

"Well, here," giving him another penny. When the paper was brought Hooligan scanned down a column till his eyes struck a paragraph. He shoved the paper away from him, and then brought it closer to his vision. The consumers looked inquiringly toward him—he looked as if he couldn't believe his eyes and at last exclaiming, "Well, I'll be damned," threw the paper away as if in disgust.

What had called forth this expression was an item which read, "The gentleman who has interested himself so much in the case of Miss Burdett, and to whom no doubt she owes her life and liberty, was once a resident of this city, and known to some of the leading characters in the all-absorbing drama. He is now one of the richest men in the West. His name is Michael Scully."

Chapter LVIII.

AU REVOIR.

As soon as the carriage reached the entrance to the Palmer House Mrs. Scully got out. "Now, Herman, be careful and follow me."

Herman picked his charge up in his arms and followed Mrs. Scully and Miss Brown; a porter looked on inquiringly.

"Tell the manager to come to my suite," said Mrs. Scully, addressing him.

A number of loungers around the corridor looked on in wonder at a big stalwart policeman in his shirt sleeves, carrying a female up the stairs leading to the parlor floor.

Miss Brown went directly to the booth and telephoned for Doctor Fitzgerald to come right away. "Urgent," she said, in answer to his inquiry.

The manager of the hotel went to see what Mrs. Scully required.

"I want another room adjoining these, if you have one. I have a friend who is not strong, and she is going to stay with me for a few days."

"I am very much pleased to be able to accommodate you, madam—hope your friend is not very sick?"

"No, only run down; she will be better in a few days."

Fitzgerald arrived, shook hands with Miss Brown, was delighted to meet Mrs. Scully, and then examined the patient, who was already disrobed and in bed. The three of them then retired to an adjoining room.

"She'll be all right in a few days, the mental strain has told on her — no wonder, in fact, she's much better than might be expected. Miss Brown can attend to her."

"Well, doctor, since you and Miss Brown have a good understanding, I want you to call at least for the next three days, I want you to meet my husband. You will please give no publicity as to who your patient is or where she is located."

"I understand, madam; Miss Brown, you will see to having that prescription filled, and keep her quiet. Let no one irritate her."

Bright and early the following day Father Nolan arrived. He stood by the bedside of the sick woman.

"Oh, she's all right now, Father," said Miss Brown.

"She is. God bless her," said the kindly priest.

Florence looked up into his countenance; she felt at peace. "Don't talk now," he said to her. "Mrs. Scully says you are going away with her—come and see me before you go." He took her hand in his and gently pressed it.

Herman Wosta arrived shortly after; McCarthy had got

him a week's leave of absence. He reported that his mother and father had got safe home; the old man felt good and his mother hadn't felt so well for years. This news brought a happy smile to Florence's face. Just then there was a knock at the bedroom door. "Come in," said Miss Brown, and Scully entered.

"Hello, Herman, how are you today?"

"Never felt better," rising and shaking hands.

"Now, if you gentlemen are going to talk," said Miss Brown, "I will have to request you to go into the parlor," smiling.

"Let them stay," said Florence. "I like to hear them talk."

"There are some gentlemen outside who want to see you, Mike," said his wife, entering the room.

"Then you'll excuse me." Scully went to the parlor entrance. There were five young men, reporters, wanting to interview him.

"Well, this is an unexpected honor," he said, addressing them. "Come in, now be seated; what can I do for you?"

"We want to interview you."

"I'll be only too happy to give you boys any information you want that may prove interesting to your readers, and that will help you to frame a story; but you know I'm a Western man and must first show my hospitality. What will you all take?" as he rang the bell. The reporters looked at one another. The waiter arived, "Take these gentlemen's orders, and bring up a box of cigars. They know the kind I use at the office."

When the drinks and cigars arrived, each of the reporters lit a cigar. "Now go ahead," said Scully.

"Well," said the spokesman, "we came here to pump you; but, as we know you're a good fellow, tell us as much as you like."

"You're sure you'll not add to it?" said Mike, laughing.

"No, we'll treat you right."

"Well, my name is Mike Scully. I was born on the West

Side. Some ten years ago I went West and got a job on a ranch. I was a good boy——"

"And a good looker," chimed in one of them.

"Well, probably my wife thought so, and, as the story goes, after a time I married my employer's daughter and lived happy ever after."

"Pretty good," said one of his listeners. "Is that all?"

"No, we have four children, two boys and two girls, and a little property."

"I should guess so," remarked one of them, looking round. "How many rooms have you here?"

"Four."

"For two of you?"

"My wife and me ——, by the way, here she is. Mrs. Scully, let me introduce you to the Chicago press." The lady smiled, the gentlemen stood up and bowed.

"I have the Chicago Times here of November —, 188—," said one of his visitors. "I'll read you an item in it. We want to know if you're the same Mike Scully." As he read, Mrs. Scully became deeply interested.

"Yes, that was I, but of course you know it's embellished some."

"I know it's not," said one of the reporters, who was somewhat older than the rest, "for I was there at the time."

"Well, let it go as you said," replied Mike, whose wife had come and placed her arm on his shoulder.

"Now, one more question, Mr. Scully; how came you to take such an interest in Miss Burdett?"

"Well, when I came to Chicago I learned who her enemies were—I knew they were a bad crowd, and thought probably she had been badly used. I made inquiries, satisfied myself as to the facts, and determined to help her."

"You have her here, we understand. Can we see her?"

"No, she's too sick, and I know you fellows are all too manly to harrass a woman who has gone through what she has."

"I guess you're right," said one of them, standing up,

"we'll give the sheriff of —— County, Montana, a good puff, anyway."

Mike was surprised they knew so much. "Well, since you know where I live, if ever you come my way, I'll treat you right."

"You won't pinch us, will you?"

"Only for horse stealing," laughing. "Come, take another cigar before you go."

The next morning's papers had a flattering notice of Mike Scully and his charming wife, with an allusion to Scully's heroism in the rescue of Tony Murphy.

The third evening saw Florence sitting up. Mary Vann and her uncle were in the parlor, Florence had told Mary of her intention to leave Chicago forever.

"What are you going to do with your property?" inquired Mary.

"Going to leave everything behind me."

"That's foolish; why, you have some valuable jewelry."

"I don't care. Uncle Herman will have to do what he pleases with them."

"The furniture, too?"

"Yes, everything. What I would like to have done with it, if my grandparents would accept, is that it should all be sold, and that they should buy a home with the proceeds. No one has any claim on it, but, if they won't agree to that, then Herman must decide."

"Mr. Scully has been to a great expense in this trial," remarked Herman.

"I mentioned that and told them I would have to work to repay them. Mrs. Scully laughed at me and told me if I ever mentioned it again she would quarrel with me. No, Herman, with the articles I have you use your judgment. Mr. Scully has had Mr. King draw up a list of them and a deed making them all over to you."

Herman looked at Mary Vann, who said, "Well, if that's your determination, Herman will have to accept the responsibility."

"I should like to have a stone placed over my mother's

grave." Tears began to trickle down her cheeks at the thought of it.

"You never mind," said Herman, "I'll attend to that."

Scully and his wife were busy making preparations for their departure. Mrs. Scully wanted to leave an order for school books; Florence furnished her with a list.

Scully called on the sheriff, thanking him for his courtesy and hoped he would have the pleasure of entertaining him out West.

"Let's call on the state's attorney," said the sheriff, "and see how he feels." When they entered the office of the prosecutor he rose and shook hands with them. "Well, it was a good fight, Scully, and you and King won, but as true as I'm a man, I'm glad you did; I did what I believed to be my duty—how is the woman?"

"She's improving."

"Well, I know she won't believe I'm glad she was acquitted, but give her my best regards, anyway, and the same to your wife."

"Well, make a promise," said Scully, "some day, you'll come out to our country and square yourself."

"I would very much like; perhaps I may some day."

Mrs. Scully sent a note to Miss Margaret Jenkins to visit her and bring her boy with her.

Florence expressed her deep-felt gratitude to Margy when she came. "Margaret," she said, "I only remember your loyalty to me in my hour of trial."

Margy had to shed a few tears. "You were too good to me, Florence, I didn't deserve it. The day I met you, years ago, when you gave me the five-dollar bill, was the turn in the tide of my affairs, and you having Miss Vann to get me the place."

"How much salary have you now, Margy?"

"Twelve dollars. I run one of the departments."

When Margy was leaving Mrs. Scully took her boy on her knee. "Now, my little man, I am going to make you a present. You must not look at it till you get home." She

shoved it into his pocket. Margy smiled as she saw her place it there.

When they got home she asked him to show her what the kind lady had given him; he unwrapped a little parcel and found enclosed a large sized bill, of more value than his mother had ever been possessed of at one time.

The parting of Florence and her grandparents, the Longs and Mrs. Sloan, was at the old home, where her father and mother first made love. It awoke some memories in the old couple that made them sad, but they wished their granddaughter Godspeed and happiness in her new home.

"I will write you at least once a month, grandma and grandpa," were her parting words.

"God be with you, my child."

As Herman and she went down the street, she turned and kissed her hand to the group who still stood at the door.

Scully took a trip to Joliet and thanked Rock. "Keep your heart up," he said in leaving him, "I'll probably be able to do something for you."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing you can do. Ask the warden to let Margy and the boy come and see me. She's a little brick, and as game as they make 'em; when I get out of here it's a bee-line to Margy, and, if she'll forgive me, it's me and her partners for life."

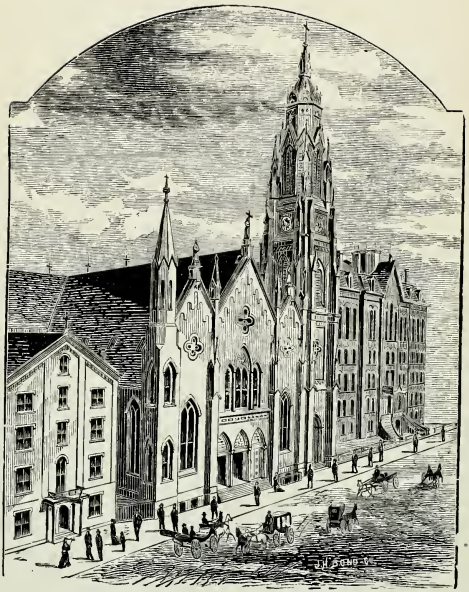
"All right, I'll fix it for you." And so he did.

When Rock was removed Scully said to the warden, "Now, there's one thing I want you to do for me; you have two men here, John Bert and Joseph Phipps, I would like to see them."

"Yes, them's the two that came the same time as Rock."

"Yes, I want to talk to them in private."

When Bert and Phipps were brought in they looked at the big burly man with the full beard. He extended his hand and they shook it mechanically. "You don't know me?" They both looked at him for a few moments and then shook their heads. Mike began to allude to some of their early innocent escapades, when they played marbles to-



Holy Family Church

gether. They smiled as he recounted some of them. "So you don't know me?"

"No," said Bert, "I was thinking of somebody, but you can't be he."

Phipps was scrutinizing him closely. "You can't be Mike Scully?"

"That's just who I am."

They laughed and chatted together for a full half hour. Mike told them a little of his experiences and how he had prospered. They rejoiced. "You know, Mike," said Bert, "we always looked up to you."

"Well, you can look up to me again. When you get out of here I want you to come out West. I'll make all arrangements with B. T. King, the attorney, for your outfit and transportation, but I want to exact one promise from you; that is, not to tarry in Chicago. Like myself, you have no one to mourn over there."

"Agreed." They shook hands and parted.

The Sunday morning after the trial a closed carriage drove up in front of the Holy Family Church, two men and two women stepped out, one of the women wearing a heavy veil. They walked down the aisle until they were ushered into a seat. The two men and one of the women crossed themselves devoutly, the woman wearing the veil knelt and prayed. When services were over they all went towards the rectory and were immediately conducted to an anteroom and Father Nolan was sent for.

"We came to bid you farewell, father," said Mike; "we leave tomorrow. This is Sergeant McCarthy, a gentleman to whom I am much indebted."

"I am pleased to meet him. How are you, Miss Burdett?"

"I feel well and happy, your reverence. I felt the effects of your blessing from the first time you visited me; and, with God's help, I will follow your advice."

"Well, my child, I won't see you, probably, any more to advise you; but you are in good hands. It is not my intention to tamper with your faith, but be good, anyway. What's the name of your pastor out there, Mr. Scully?"

"Rev. Father Chadwick."

"Then tell him, for me, that while this lady is not of our faith, still I am specially interested in her; and as she's going to teach school, he may safely intrust his children in her keeping until such time as he can organize a school of his own. I will also write him."

"Well, good-bye, father." They all shook hands, the priest going with them to the door and invoking God's blessing on them as they left.

On the day of their departure Herman Wosta and Mary Vann saw them off. "Now, Mary," said Florence, "I must depend upon you to write me."

"Do you think I'm not going to write to you?" said Herman.

"I know you are, uncle; but you will be busy. Let you and Mary decide what you are going to do for grandpa and grandma—I may never see you again."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor.

"Good-bye, Uncle; good-bye, Mary," as the train started to bear her from the scene of her many trials.

Chapter LIX.

FINEM RESPICE.

The lady members of the school board of Monroe township having been advised of the time their president and the school teacher would arrive, resolved to meet them at the depot and escort them to the Monroe homestead, where a special luncheon had been prepared.

Monroe, with the four youngsters and their nurse, was going, the nurse and the three younger children in a carriage, George driving. Monroe and his grandson had the democrat wagon, young John handling the lines. An empty carriage had to be taken along for the school ma'am—if she wasn't coming they would just have taken a saddle horse for Mrs. Scully, they knew she'd prefer it.

Smith, Stone and Shanks got a number of the fellows together to go meet the boss. The whole outfit wanted to go —as one of the young men said, it wasn't so much to meet the boss, as to get a look at the new school ma'am. As the train neared the station, Mike put his head out and, as he drew it in again, said, "Well, Virgie, I see you're going to get a reception."

"Who's there?" she inquired.

"Mrs. Bronson, Mrs. Randall, Miss Roloff, Miss Winegart and a number of others."

Mrs. Scully smiled at Florence. "Those are the officers of the school board. I'm sure you'll like them, Florence—they are all good souls."

As the train stopped there were a dozen women in front on the platform, all in short skirts, and between forty and fifty men behind them, in regular cowboy costume. Mike jumped off the train, followed by Mrs. Scully, Florence bringing up the rear. The committee hugged Mrs. Scully, kissed her and weclomed her back, then she introduced Florence and the ladies shook hands with her.

"There's father!" Virgie shouted, as she saw Monroe and her eldest son trying to crowd by the women. Then her three younger children were brought to her, each on the shoulder of a cowboy. The youngest she took in her arms, after kissing them all in turn. "Miss Burdett, this is my father." The old man doffed his hat in gallant style.

Florence was bewildered at the sight, she had been in many lands and met many people, but never anything so full of life and color as this.

Scully looked around in hopes of seeing Mort. As he wasn't there, he inquired, "How is the new man getting on, Smith?"

"First class; he's a very handy fellow—can put his hand to anything—the old man's stuck on him."

"That's good."

"Come, let's be going," said Monroe. They all walked toward the ferry. Mike had Anastasia in his arms, Mrs. Scully the younger child.

"Take that lady's hand," addressing her youngest boy, who gave his hand to Florence. Reaching the ferry, it took some time to get them all across.

"Are we all here now, George?" said Monroe, addressing the colored man.

"Yes, sah."

"Then let us be going." Florence, Mrs. Scully, and the three young children crowded into the carriage George was driving. A horse had been brought for Mike.

"Come, girls," shouted Mrs. Bronson. The ladies' committee vaulted into their saddles; the men then mounted their horses and they started.

It seemed like a dream to Florence. The women on horseback crowded around the carriage, and kept chatting to Mrs. Scully and the new teacher, all hoping she'd like the place.

A month afterward she wrote home a letter addressed to her uncle, a good long letter, in which she said in part:

"Uncle, this is like heaven. Every one so good and kind to me, the children are so mannerly I'm surprised, and the men here have rough exteriors but their hearts are like gold. * * * Love to all. P. S.—I have written to Mary Vann."

Florence had been six months in Montana when she received a letter from Mary Vann, which read:

"My dear Florence—I have left the Cleveland store, and stored all the furniture I had in my flat. My greatest trouble is with your Uncle Herman. I have refused him seventeen times. I have told him all I dared. A month after you left I severed all my connections and am living out South—you know I have a few thousand dollars invested and am all right. Your grandparents are going to move into their own home next week and they want me to go stay with them. I would, only for Herman."

Florence wrote back:

"My Dear Mary—I, too, have my troubles. There are at least ten men to one woman out here, so I need hardly tell you that women are in demand; of course, the men are respectful to me, but their attentions are sometimes irksome.

You know I have had enough to do with men for life; as for you and Herman, I couldn't advise you. We have one very gentlemanly person out here, they call him Hank. He seems to be a very close friend of Mr. Scully. He's from Chicago, I feel confident he knows some of the people I used to know but he never mentions any of them, and of course I don't ask him. How is Margy getting on?"

Florence had been just a year in Montana when she got a letter from Mary Vann:

"My Dear Florence—I have surrendered. The sergeant (note the promotion) had asked me the twenty-third time, you know they say that's an unlucky number. He said he would take me for better or worse. I said there is no better, it is all worse. Then he said, 'I'll take you for all worse.' 'Listen to me,' I said. 'No, I won't. I don't want to hear any confession,' he said. So I lowered my flag and surrendered unconditionally. We're going to be married next month. Your prospective aunt,

Mary Vann."

"P. S.—Miss Jones is now head of the millinery department in the Cleveland store and told me to send you her love. She says she knows she owes everything to you. Miss Brown is going to be married to Doctor Fitzgerald—you remember him? Margy has been to see Rock two or three times—she always comes back broken-hearted. She knows, or thinks she does, that when Rock gets out he'll be a good man. Let us hope so, for her sake.—M. V."

Florence wrote back:

"I wish you joy, Mary, I know you will be good and true to him, as you were always loyal to me. I am now a pillar of Father Chadwick's church, and teach Sunday-school for him. Henry Mort — Hank, as I mentioned to you in a former letter—does the collecting for him. He always sees me home, so I am not bothered much with other fellows. I have a notion to feel Henry out some time, to see what he knows about me; I don't like to ask Mr. Scully, but I begin to believe they are old acquaintances. Mr. Monroe, that is Mrs. Scully's father, is a grand old man — he often jokes

me that he won't be satisfied until he gets me a good, rich husband. I can't help laughing at him.

Mike Scully about this time received a letter from Sergeant McCarthy. It was so good, he had to send over for Henry Mort, to read it to him. It read in part:

"Hooligan has moved over to the South Side, and has opened a place near Polk and Clark Streets. It's a pretty swell place, he is still long on pictures, but instead of the Battle of Fontenoy, which used to be his principal work of art, now he has a large picture of the 'female form divine,' as they say. She's life-size and even devoid of garters. You remember the two pictures he had, one of Dan O'Connell and the other of Robert Emmet?—well, Robert has disappeared and John L. Sullivan has taken his place; The Great Emancipator has been removed and a picture of the 'Bath House' substituted. Both the frames he has had gilt anew, and points to them with pride. Over the saloon a lady by the name of Marie Ruinnetti runs an establishment. There is a great, big red globe out at an elevation of the second story window — you will note the change in the woman's name, when we first knew her her name was Moll Runt. Hooligan is as devoted to the alderman of the first as he was to the one of 'teenth. In speaking to one of our men the other day Hooligan was lamenting all the years he wasted on the West Side, 'amongst a lot of tarriers,' as he calls those who hadn't a proper appreciation of his services."

Five weeks after Florence had heard of Mary's prospective marriage with her uncle, she received another letter which began:

"My Dear Niece — We've been and gone and done it. Please address your next letter Mrs. Herman Wosta. I have bought a house in the same block as your grandfather's and have settled down for life. Hope to visit you some day. Your affectionate aunt,

Mary Wosta."

Florence cried when she read the letter, and wrote promptly in return:

"I wish you every joy. I look forward to the pleasure of meeting you. It's splendid, to have a man that loves you for what you are worth; who takes you for a partner, and who has no entangling alliances with any other woman. I am sure Herman is such a man. May God bless you both. Mr. and Mrs. Scully send their best regards, and have told me to invite you both out.

"I am happy. Henry Mort is all attention to me; in spite of my antipathy to his sex, I begin to have a kindly regard for him. He's a fine fellow. Mr. Scully said the other evening he intended to give him a partnership in the large store, and let him run it, as he, Mr. Scully, has so much to do.

"I have resolved to ask Henry some day what he knows about me. I did ask him one day what he knew about Chicago, and he said he knew too much and wanted to forget it. I saw my inquiry disturbed him, so dropped the subject."

A month afterward Florence wrote another letter to her aunt:

"I have learned a secret. Mrs. Scully told me that her husband and Henry Mort were brought up, boys, together, that they were both wild young fellows in their day, and that Henry knew me from the time I was a girl. I asked her if Mr. Scully told him of my trouble, and she said, 'No, Henry told Mr. Scully,' and it was he that led Mr. Scully to go to Chicago and see fair play for me. Wasn't it good of him? When I came to think over it, I remembered hearing the name of Mort, but couldn't locate him. Well, one Sunday when he was seeing me home from church I threw so broad a hint to him, about knowing something about his early career, that he stood and stared at me. 'I want you to come out with me this afternoon,' he said, so I consented. I forgot to tell you I've learned to ride a horse — all the women ride horses out here, just like the men. So that afternoon we took a long ride over the mountains. When we came to a quiet spot we dismounted and sat down on a rock. 'Now, tell me what you know about me,' he said. I felt somewhat embarrassed at first, so said, 'I only know

that you and Mr. Scully were brought up together and that you were wild boys.' He laughed, and, turning to me said, 'Florence, I never intended to say a word to you about what I know about you, nor never would, only I recognized your curiosity. But I know you from the time you were little more than a child. I knew how you were wronged, the temptation that was thrown in your way, and how you have suffered. Let it rest at that. You cannot be blind to the feeling I have for you; say the word and make me happy.' I had to cry, he was so tender to my feelings. He kissed me and said kind words to me. 'Come, Florence, let us look to the future.' I asked him if he thought he could be happy with me, knowing all he did. He said, 'I cannot be happy without you.' He kissed me again and again. Can you blame me for letting him? So I consented and told Mrs. Scully. She said she was delighted. Mr. Scully said he would stake his life on Henry, that I need not be afraid of him, he was always a man; and knew how to respect a woman, even in his worst days. Well, it seemed settled, so Mrs. Scully called the school board together and told them they were likely to lose their school-teacher. They all said they were sorry, so Mrs. Bronson—she's the treasurer—suggested that as I was going to be married, probably my husband would require me to help him in his business, but that if I was willing to accept the position of principal and look over the supervision of the school, they would get another teacher and that my salary would remain as it was. They called me in and told me. I said I was willing to do all I could and would accept the position, but that I would not take any salary. To this many of them demurred, but the matter was settled by Mrs. Randall saying that they could make it up for Miss Burdett in some other way; and then they passed resolutions complimenting me for my past services, and voted me principal of the Jefferson School of Monroe Township. My dear aunt, I feel as if I was in a new world, among new people. Love to all.

Florence Burdett."

"I Can Not Be Happy Without You"

It was a bright day in the autumn of 190—, the sun was gilding the top of Pine Ridge. A pony cart could be seen coming down the pass. A boy was driving—he couldn't be over six years old. Seated beside him was a little girl who didn't seem over three. On they came till they reached the large store at the corner of Monroe avenue and Main street, where the boy pulled up the pony.

"There's one of my boys," said Monroe, who was gossiping with Stringer, Roloff, Bronson and Randall. They were talking about horses and the elegant crops they had that season.

Henry Mort, hearing Monroe's remark about that being one of his boys, ran to the front door and said, "How do, Mike—ar'nt you coming in?"

"Naw," said the boy, in somewhat of a surly tone, "I want to see Aunt Flo."

"Ah, come in here, I have all the candy and cake and jam."

"Aunt Flo has candy and cakes, too," replied the boy.

"Well, she's round in the kitchen—what have you been doing to your sister?"

"O, she's a scaredy cat," replied the boy, as he started his pony up for the rear of the house.

As soon as he reached the kitchen Mrs. Mort ran out and seeing that the girl had been crying, said, "Dear me, Michael, what has Virgie been crying for?"

"Well, you see, Aunt Flo, I took her for a drive over the Ridge and when we were just up by that narrow place, by the Eagle's Nest, she looked down, and got frightened, and began to cry. You know I can drive, don't you, Aunt Flo?"

"Sure; yes. I know you can."

"Well, she's a scaredy cat, isn't she?"

"No, Michael, you mustn't say that of your sister," taking the girl in her arms. "You know she's only a little girl, and you're a great big boy."

"Uncle Mort wanted us to go into the store but I said I wanted to see Aunt Flo."

"Well, you know your Uncle Henry is always good to you."

"Yes, but I like you and mamma best."

"You must like everybody, Michael. Now sit down till I get you something to eat, and kiss your sister and promise you'll never frighten her again."

"Florence," said Mort, entering from the store, "hurry up; I see Scully and some men coming this way. I feel confident the two men he expected from Chicago are with him—they'll be here within half an hour. Where's Bridget?"

"She's somewhere around the yard—tell her to come in."

"I'll tell her," shouted the boy, who ran to find the servant.

As Scully, his son and two strangers entered the store, Monroe and the other men present rose to greet them. Henry Mort remained in the background behind the counter.

"This is my father-in-law," said Mike.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," said both, extending their hands.

Stringer, Bronson, Roloff and Randall were each introduced in turn. They all shook hands.

"Here's a Chicago fellow," said Mike, turning round and looking in the direction where Henry was standing, a grin on his countenance.

The new comers both looked at him, and then at one another.

"Mr. Henry Mort, let me introduce you to two of my Chicago friends, John Bert and Joseph Phipps." Long before this introduction was complete the three old chums were laughing and shaking hands vigorously.

"Henry, where did you get all the whiskers?" asked Joe, laughing.

"Why, it's the fashion out here, it's only boys like you that can't raise beards."

"Aunt Flo wants you all to come into the dining-room," said young Mike, running into the store.

"I see your wife coming," said Bronson to Mike, "she has

Father Chadwick with her." A carriage drove up to the door, his reverence, Mrs. Scully and her daughter Anastasia got out.

"Mrs. Scully, let me introduce you to two young gentlemen I was expecting. Mr. Bert, Mr. Phipps, my wife."

The men bowed as Mrs. Scully welcomed them to Montana.

"Bye-the-bye, Father Chadwick, those are two more of your kind," said Mike, laughing

"I am glad to know it. If they're only half as zealous in behalf of the church as Mr. Mort, they're doubly welcome."

Bert and Phipps looked at Mort.

"Well, come," said Mort, "let us adjourn. The missus is waiting for us."

"Are we also invited?" inquired Father Chadwick.

"Sure; come along," said Mrs. Scully, laughing. "We'll invite ourselves."

Bert and Phipps were duly introduced to Mrs. Mort, neither showing the slightest indication they had ever seen her before. They both, however, recognized the handsome woman, one they had known as a beautiful girl.

"You'll sit here, Father," said Mrs. Mort, pointing to a chair at the head of the table. "You, Mr. Monroe, Stringer, Roloff and Randall, will sit next to his reverence; Mr. and Mrs. Scully, you and the two boys will please sit here," pointing to the foot of the table. "Henry, you sit beside your two friends; 'Stasia and Virgie, you sit with me." When all were placed Father Chadwick rose and said grace, asking divine providence to bestow his blessing on all assembled. At the conclusion of his prayer, Michael Scully, with bowed head, solemnly said,

Amen

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